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THE DYNAMITERS

A GREAT CASE OF DETECTIVE WILLIAM J. BURNS

BY

HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

BURNS had slipped the catch on the door of the Pullman state-room. He had taken off his coat and thrown it up on a hook. He had drawn an unexpected revolver from nowhere, slapped it down on the seat opposite him, and covered it with a pillow. Now, in his shirt-sleeves, with his legs outstretched, at his ease, he looked out of the window at the world from which he had momentarily escaped,— a stand-still world through which the train was flying,— and he yawned a little at it, comfortably, and folded his arms tightly on his comfort, and hugged a slow, contented sigh.

Here he was, then — the "great" detective, who had proved himself cleverer than the cleverest counterfeiters that the country could produce, who had come out of the government Secret Service with the name of being the best operative that the department had ever known, who had made possible the success of the graft investigation in San Francisco, and ferreted out the evidence of the public-land frauds in Oregon and California, and pitted himself against public corruptionists and "yeggmen" and railroad thieves and bribe-taking legislators and murderers and dynamiters, successfully, without a failure, year after year. "Never-Fail Burns"! Here he was: one of the most conspicuous veterans of the social struggle of our day, apparently perfect for his particular work in the world, as interesting as genius — and as inscrutable. What was the power hidden in him that had made him what he was?

He had been for three days in Indianapolis, "cleaning up" the evidence against the men whom he had arrested for dynamiting the Los Angeles *Times* building in California; and during those three days he had been living, like a celebrity on tour, in the eyes of all the reporters of the town. He had been followed, wherever possible, by detectives "for the defense," employed to find out what he was doing, whom he was seeing, where he was searching. He had moved through this observation and surveillance with an easy, jovial manner, laughing and talking in the hotel lobby or on the street, without a trace of the manner of the traditional "sleuth," without so much as a glance behind him or a confidential word out of the corner of his mouth. And during the whole time he had been secretly meeting and directing his operatives, consulting with the police, and gathering by telephone and telegraph the evidence and corroboration of witnesses against the men whose movements for months past he had been carrying — mapped out to the last detail — in the silence that lay behind his breezy public manner and his candid, uncunning smile.

The Art of "Disguising" Naturally

William J. Burns is concededly a great detective; but any one who had watched him for those three days would never have suspected that he was a detective at all. His art is the sort that conceals itself naturally, as if in the mysteries of intuition. Not only is his personal appearance a perfect "disguise," but the outward habit of his mind is as good as an alias.

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His portraits represent him as a large, dark, presumably slow-moving person of the well-known police-captain type. He is red, brisk, rather small in stature, with the general appearance of a prosperous business man, quick in his movements and gestures, and altogether "dynamic" in his effect. He is as far from the typical police detective as he is from the "pale and penetrating" Sherlock Holmes. He is the son of a merchant who happened to be elected to the board of police commissioners in Columbus, Ohio. He interested himself in the local detective work as inevitably as genius of any sort is drawn to its aptitude. He had "the gift." It shows on the surface of his personality as little as skill in mathematics might, or the ability to guess the answers to charades.

Investigation Was Begun a Month Before the Los Angeles Explosion

When he began to talk about the case of the Los Angeles dynamiters, it was amusedly, with the pleasure of a business man relating the intricacies of some "deal" that he had just closed successfully. "You see," he said, "we began on this investigation away back in September, a month before the explosion in Los Angeles. September the fourth, 1910. Sunday night.

"At least, that was the night of the dynamiting that we were first called in on.

"On Sunday night, September fourth, about half past ten, there were two explosions in a foundry belonging to Lucas & Sons in Peoria, Illinois. One wrecked the foundry and the other damaged a big hoisting-crane in the yard; and the night watchman would have been killed if he hadn't been met just outside the building by some friend who was going by and stopped to talk to him.

"Almost at the same minute another explosion blew up some bridge-girders that were lying in the yards of the Peoria & Pekin Union Railway, about four miles away, in East Peoria, across the Illinois River. The explosive was evidently nitroglycerin; it had gone through a big, solid girder like a paper hoop, and fused the edges of the hole in a white heat.

"There had been rain around ten o'clock, and some of the yard watchmen had taken shelter in an empty box-car. They came out again at ten-twenty. Ten minutes later the explosion broke up their box-car, so there wasn't enough of it left to clear away. If they hadn't got back on their job as soon as the rain stopped, they would never have punched another time-clock."

He laughed good-naturedly. "The girders belonged to McClintic, Marshall & Company of Pittsburg, one of the largest concerns of this kind in the world. They were building the bridge across the river for the railway. They wired my Chicago office, and I sent out one of our best operatives to get on the ground and begin."

The Campaign of Dynamite

He put out an explanatory hand, arrestingly. "Now let me tell you, first, that these Peoria explosions weren't anything new in their line. The 'International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron-Workers' had called a national strike against the American Bridge Company, in August, 1905, because a sub-contractor was hiring non-union men. Two or three attempts were made during the summer and fall of 1905 to dynamite works that the company was engaged on; and some non-union workmen were assaulted — one blinded on a Buffalo job by having acid thrown in his face, and a time-keeper there beaten unconscious; and twice dynamite was found in the fire-boxes of hoisting-engines — and that sort of thing. Then, on May 1, 1906, most of the large structural iron companies got together, under the name of the 'National Erectors' Association,' and declared for the 'open shop'— for the right to employ union and non-union workmen as they pleased, and for the power to protect their companies and their investments from the absolute and irresponsible dictation of walking delegates, such as the notorious Sam Parks. So the fight for the 'closed shop,' which the unions were trying to force on the companies, naturally spread all over the country."

He had put on a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. He drew from the pencil-pocket of his waistcoat a little note-book, the pages of which he began to turn as he talked; but it was impossible to know, from his absent-minded manner, whether he was aiding his memory with the book or whether he was seeking something else in it while he continued with his narrative. It is a manner that is well known to every reporter who has interviewed him while he was busy — while he was glancing over letters at his desk or reading a newspaper at a café table. And the reporter will have noticed that his apparent absent-mindedness never betrays him into any inadvertent admissions, though it seems to prevent him from hearing questions to which he does not wish to reply.

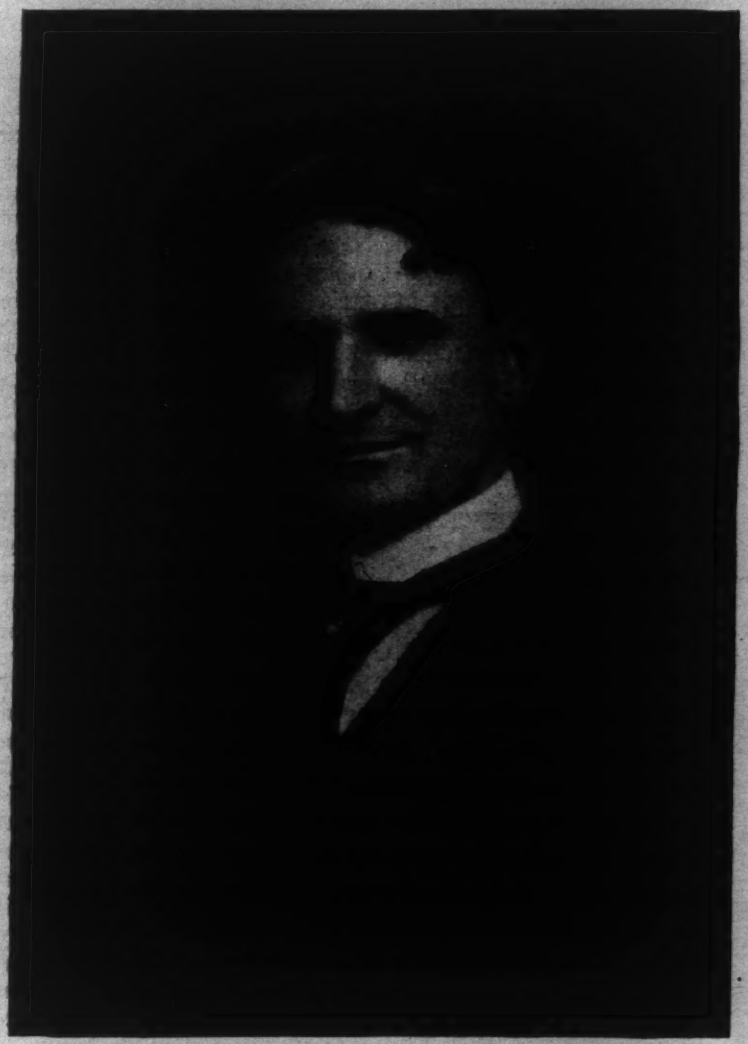
He went on: "That was the year — 1906 — that a policeman was killed on the Plaza Hotel job in New York City, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street; fifty union men attacked three policemen and the non-union workmen in the

building, you remember, and killed one of the policemen. The Pittsburg Construction Company had explosions on contracts they were doing in Newark (New Jersey) and Cleveland, and at Whiskey Island, near Cleveland. McClintic, Marshall had an iron mill burned in Conshohocken, Pennsylvania. A man employed by the Fort Pitt Bridge Works people, in Follansbee, West Virginia, was lead-piped and his skull crushed so that his mind was destroyed, and an American Bridge Company's watchman was shot and killed near Pittsburg, and there were a lot of assaults like those, and some dynamitings — but not many dynamitings.

Amounts to a "Reign of Terror"

"It was in 1906, too, that they found the first 'clockwork bomb'—on a Pittsburg Construction Company's job in Cleveland. I'll explain what I mean by a clockwork bomb in a minute.

"In 1907 the troubles seemed to localize in Ohio. The American Bridge Company lost a hoisting-engine in Cleveland, and there were explosions on a Cleveland Short Line bridge and a viaduct at Mills Creek on the Lake Erie. A McClintic, Marshall man had his skull fractured by an assailant at Pittsburg, and a foreman on a Pittsburg Steel job in Ashtabula, Ohio, was assaulted, and he shot and killed one of the men



JOHN J. McNAMARA
SECRETARY-TREASURER OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BRIDGE AND STRUCTURAL IRON-WORKERS. HE IS CHARGED BY DETECTIVE BURNS WITH FINANCING THE CAMPAIGN OF DYNAMITE OUTRAGES

attacking him. The Cleveland local union was involved in this assault, and the Erectors' Association got the idea that the Cleveland union was responsible for most of the explosions.

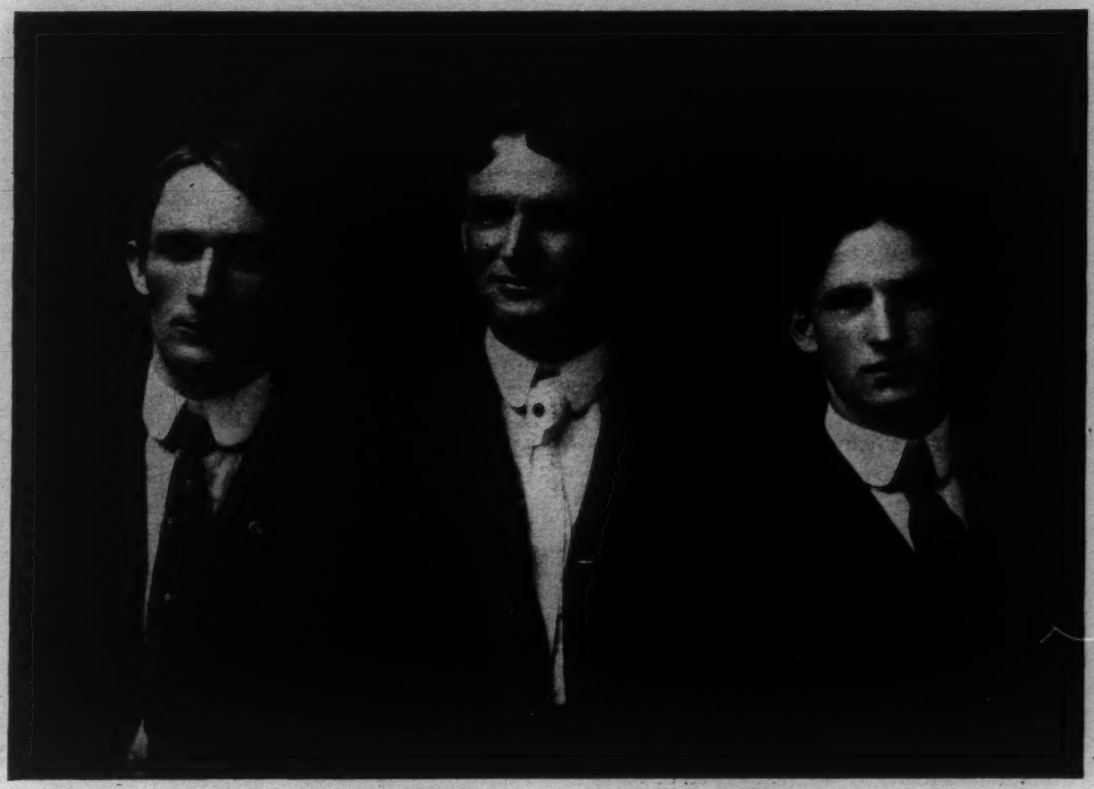
"In 1908 the dynamitings amounted to a 'reign of terror.' We were given a record for that year of twenty big explosions on different works, besides four attempted explosions and three cases of tampering with machinery. There were explosions in Cleveland, where some girders were blown up; in Elsdon, Illinois, where a building was wrecked; in Clinton, Iowa, on a railroad bridge; on a Pittsburg Construction job at Chicago; on a bridge across the Raritan River at Perth Amboy, New Jersey; on a B. & O. bridge near Bradshaw, Maryland; on the Chelsea Piers in the city of New York; in bridge materials for the American Bridge Company in the Pennsylvania Railroad yards at Philadelphia; on a bridge over the Miami River at Dayton, Ohio; on railroad bridges or viaducts at Bay Chester (New York), Aikin (Maryland), Somerset (Massachusetts), Buffalo, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and in buildings at Cleveland and Kansas City — and so on. On the night of July 1 a bridge was blown up on the Lehigh Valley Railroad at Buffalo just a few minutes before a passenger train was due, and the train was stopped within two hundred feet of plunging into the wreck and killing the passengers.

DYNAMITE FOUND IN THE VAULT OF THE IRON-WORKERS' UNION AT THEIR HEADQUARTERS IN THE AMERICAN CENTRAL LIFE BUILDING, INDIANAPOLIS

"The thing got so bad that a war wouldn't have been much worse. For 1909 and down to the time of the Peoria affair in September, 1910, we made a list of thirty-five destructive explosions, three other unsuccessful attempts, and seven assaults on workmen. A viaduct in Hoboken, New Jersey, was blown up in March, 1909, by a charge of dynamite that wrecked several neighboring buildings and nearly killed a number of people who lived around there. A viaduct over the New York Central tracks in Buffalo, New York, was wrecked in October, 1909, by an explosion that drove pieces of a bridge column through the walls of the near-by houses. A trestle for a street railway in Pittsburg was blown up in the night, July 15, 1910, and if a street car had been passing at the time all on board might have been killed. In Indianapolis, early in the morning of October 25, 1909, four simultaneous explosions wrecked buildings on which a contractor named Von Spreckelson was working. One damaged the Central Union Exchange building, another the Public Library building, a third Von Spreckelson's planing-mill, and the fourth his barn; the latter took fire from the explosion, and burned horses, carriages, and automobiles. A New York Central bridge across East Ferry Street in Buffalo was dynamited, in mistake apparently for an 'open-shop' bridge that was being built near by. Materials belonging to the Pennsylvania Steel Company were dynamited on a pier in New York City in May, 1910, and after the explosion parts of an alarm-clock and a dry battery were found — indicating the clock-work bomb. There were other explosions in Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Boston, Detroit, Salt Lake City, Omaha, Green Bay (Wisconsin), Steubenville (Ohio), Indiana Harbor (Indiana), Mount Vernon (Illinois), Davenport (Iowa), Greenville (New Jersey), Superior (Wisconsin), Clinton (Indiana), and elsewhere. After an explosion in the plant of the Pan-American Bridge Company at Newcastle, Indiana, the works were 'unionized,' and a member of the executive committee of the International Association of Iron-Workers assured the general manager that the company wouldn't be molested again.

Detectives Put on the Trail Without Results

"Now, of course,"— he put up his note-book and took off his glasses,—"of course, all these



THE THREE McNAMARA BROTHERS

JOHN J., SECRETARY-TREASURER OF THE IRON-WORKERS' UNION, IN THE CENTER, AND JAMES B. ON THE LEFT. HOGAN McNAMARA, ON THE RIGHT, IS NOT IMPLICATED IN THE DYNAMITING CASE

plants and buildings and bridges and viaducts weren't being destroyed without some attempt being made by the companies to find out who was destroying them. A number of different detective agencies had been put on the trail. One had drawn $40,000 without turning up a dynamiter. Some of the city authorities had offered big rewards — the Mayor of Indianapolis had offered $10,000 for the men responsible for the Von Spreckelson explosions. But the detective agencies had kept turning in reports of the 'to-be-continued' sort,— just going to catch the villain in the next chapter all the time, — and there didn't seem to be any prospect of arresting any one, much less of stopping the explosions. Consequently, you see, the call from McClintic, Marshall & Company put me on my mettle. I resolved to get those dynamiters and to get the 'higher-ups,' if there were any behind them."

He threw out an emphatic forefinger. "I'm no respecter of persons when they're criminals. If I had found evidence in this case to implicate the president of the largest corporation in the United States and the board of directors, I'd have been right after them all. That's my business, my calling. I'm conducting a detective agency. When I'm employed to find out who committed a crime, I go out to find him. I don't care a row of red apples who he is or where he is. The people who call me an 'enemy of labor' for running down these dynamiters are as muddle-headed as the jawsmiths in San Francisco who called me an 'enemy of capital' for going after the big fellows in the graft investigation out there. When I have my case against a criminal, I put the clamps on him just as quick whether he has diamond rings on his fingers or callouses as big as hoofs. That's none of my affair."

Burns has a cool blue eye. Now, as he grew angry, it grew colder. He speaks always with precision and an exact enunciation; now, with his indignation, he put, not more volume, but more force into his voice, and his utterance became more incisive and his tones more penetrating. And here he showed one of the secrets of his success — an aggressive personality, dominating, assured, forceful, convincing. It is this power of conviction that overwhelms the prisoner and draws from him the confession with which a Burns case almost always culminates. It is this self-assurance that carries him through the dangers of a chase, ready at any turn to

outface suspicion not merely plausibly but with angry innocence. Having once formed his "theory" of a crime and laid out his road to the capture of the criminal, it is this belief in himself that makes it possible for him to work himself and employ his operatives for months on a trail, confidently, after the men who started him have lost heart and refused to pay the expenses of his investigation — as they did in the Los Angeles case. Burns, in fact, is a great detective because in many ways he is a great character.

The Finding of the Clockwork Bomb

When he had relieved his indignation against the men who had been accusing him of "conspiring with capital to crush labor,"— and had rounded out his opinion of them in two or three sentences of comprehensive and soul-satisfying invective,— he continued with the Peoria case:

"The explosions at the Lucas foundry hadn't left any clue to anything there; but in the railroad yards at East Peoria, among the bridge-girders, a watchman had picked up an unexploded clockwork bomb. Now, then!" He plucked up his shirt sleeves to clear his wrists for explanations. "They had sawed out a piece of board about the width of a barrel-stave and, say, nine inches long, and they had fastened a small dry battery to it with wires that held the battery lying on its side. In front of the battery they had fastened a little alarm-clock. There was the usual thumb-key on the back of the clock to wind the alarm, and they had soldered to the flap of this thumb-key a thin strip of metal bent down in such a way that if the key were turned the strip would make a contact with another strip that had been attached to one of the poles of the battery. A telephone wire led from the clock to a ten-quart can of nitroglycerin; and there was a fulminating-cap on the end of it, in the glycerin. Another wire completed the circuit from the battery into the cap.

"That's a clockwork bomb. Now, suppose you set the alarm for ten-thirty. At ten-thirty the mechanism of the bell will be released, the alarm goes off, and the thumb-key of the alarm revolves backwards — the way the key does in these clocks. In its first revolution the metal strip on the key strikes against the metal strip on the battery pole, and the current of electricity explodes the cap in the nitroglycerin, and everything in the vicinity goes to glory in little bits. There is nothing left to show what touched off the explosion. And the men who set the alarm are miles away, establishing an alibi.

"Well, here we had their machine, and we went over it and over it, without finding anything that we could lead out from. It had been made as prettily as a toy, and it was evident that the man who had made it was expert with his tools and took joy in his work. The soldering was 'professional.' The wiring was neat. The clock was small enough to be a size for the battery, and the wooden base had been sawed down to be an exact fit. It was all new and bright. You could imagine the man who made it holding it off on the palm of his hand, and putting his head on one side, and being proud of it.

"The trouble with it was that everything about it was common hardware stock. There was no home-made evidence to start a suspicion from. It was like trying to identify a man by a new pair of shoes that he had made himself and never worn; all you could tell by them was that he must have been a cobbler. And yet, as the case turned out, that clock-and-battery contrivance made 'the rope to hang him.'

"At first sight the nitroglycerin can looked more important for us. It had evidently been made especially for its purpose, out of an extra heavy tin. On the metal was stamped — with the letters reversed so that they would read correctly only from the inside of the can:

X PENNSYL OLD METHOD

IX

OPEN HEARTH

X CUMMY MCFARLAND & CO.

But here again there was no label. The stamp in the tin was obviously put there by the maker of the metal. And there was nothing to show where the glycerin had been purchased.

"In a field beside the railway yards one of our operatives found a wooden box in which the glycerin can had been packed in sawdust. He gathered a sample of the sawdust and put it aside. All sawdust looks alike to you, probably. But that sample of sawdust proved to be another 'clincher.'

"An examination of the box showed that it had been constructed of two boxes of equal size; the ends of both had been knocked out and the sides joined together with cleats. One box was marked 'NEO black,' and the other 'NEO purple.' Our operative concluded that they had probably contained either paint or ink. Ink suggested the 'Neostyle.' He found that there was an agent for that machine in Peoria, and he hunted up the shop. There were a number of discarded boxes in the man's cellar, but he set no value on them; he gave them away to any one who asked for them, and they were even to be had without the asking. That clue ran out, consequently.

THE THREE McNAMARA BROTHERS AND THEIR MOTHER

"I'm telling you all this to show you how difficult it is to get a start — in a true detective story.

The Process of Elimination

"While we were working on these various 'leads,' a number of our men had been busy in Peoria and its vicinity, trying to find some traces of the dynamiters, either at livery stables where they might have hired a wagon, or at hotels where they might have stopped, or in the neighborhood of the yards or the foundry where they might have been seen. Nothing was discovered. We ran down a number of suspicions of different people in Peoria, and found that they couldn't have been implicated. And by a process of elimination it became evident enough that the dynamiters had driven to Peoria — in an automobile, probably — with a supply of their bombs, and placed these and set the alarm-clock hours before the explosions, and made a clean 'get-away' in their car without attracting any notice.

"However, we had been finding out some things about nitroglycerin. It can't lawfully be shipped on the railroads. If it's delivered at all, it goes by horse and wagon, from the factory. It seldom travels very far from the place of its manufacture, because of the danger of handling it. Besides, *there is no standard can for the trade.* Every manufacturer makes his own cans, and the cans are more or less distinctive.

"These apparently unimportant facts proved highly determinative.

The First Clue

"There was a man named M. J. Morehart, agent for the Independent Torpedo Company, in Portland, Indiana, about two hundred miles from Peoria. He read the description of the can, as circulated in the newspapers, and he suspected that it might be one of his. He was brought to Peoria, and he at once recognized the can as one that had come from his factory.

"That was our beginning. Things began at once to unravel. We found that on August 20 a man calling himself 'J. W. McGraw' had seen Morehart in Portland, and asked wholesale prices on nitroglycerin, and arranged for the purchase of one hundred quarts, to be used, he said, in a quarry owned by 'G. W. Clark,' of Indianapolis, on rock that was 'too hard to dynamite.' His story was plausible. He haggled about the price. He talked of having bought glycerin in wholesale quantities from another agent of the company. He was businesslike in his negotiations; and he left Morehart without giving cause for any suspicion.

"On August 29 he telephoned from Muncie, Indiana, and arranged to accept delivery of one hundred quarts of nitroglycerin from Morehart on the highway outside Albany, Indiana — since the law forbade the transferal of the explosive within the town limits. He met Morehart on the country road, in the appointed spot, with a light express wagon containing two packing-cases, some sawdust, and a long-handled shovel; and Morehart helped him pack the ten ten-quart tins in his boxes, with the sawdust around them. He paid Morehart $130 for the

hundred quarts, giving him about half of a roll of bills from his pocket to make up that amount; and he explained, at parting, that he was going to drive to Muncie and transfer the explosive to an automobile and take it on to Peoria. That was the last Morehart saw of him.

On the Track of "McGraw"

"We went to Muncie and found the hotel where he had registered as 'J. W. McGraw,' and we took a tracing of his handwriting. We found the livery stable where he had hired the express wagon, and the store where he had bought the shovel, and the farm-yard where he had stolen the sawdust from a pile beside a new barn. There was sawdust still in the bottom of the wagon, and sawdust at the roadside where he and Morehart had packed the cans; and all this sawdust matched the sample taken from the discarded 'Neostyle' box in Peoria. We traced him back to Muncie, traced two men in an auto out of Muncie to the Illinois River, and there we lost them.

"So, as the result of about three weeks' work, we had several good descriptions of 'J. W. McGraw,' a specimen of his handwriting, a plain trail connecting him with the Peoria explosions, and one of his clockwork bombs. We had arrived also at the probability that he was one of a band of men who were using nitroglycerin in large quantities, and making 'infernal machines' with the skill that comes only from experience, and ranging long distances in their operations, and going well supplied with money for their work.

"Now, as I told you a moment ago, 'McGraw' had told Morehart that he wanted the glycerin for a 'quarry' in Peoria owned by 'G. W. Clark' of Indianapolis. The fact that 'McGraw' had actually gone to Peoria showed that he wasn't a very fertile liar. It seemed likely that he might have been equally clumsy in mentioning Indianapolis. That's exactly the sort of little clue that a criminal is sometimes caught by.

"Our operative, Detective Allen, who had opened the trail in Peoria, went to Indianapolis to search for 'G. W. Clark,' an owner of stone quarries. There wasn't any such man to be discovered in Indianapolis. But there were traces of two men, one of whom answered the description of 'McGraw,' in certain quarters in Indianapolis; and these two men had been overheard talking familiarly of a John J. McNamara, secretary-treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron-Workers.

"This was the labor union that had been fighting the Erectors' Association to compel a 'closed shop,' you understand. Its headquarters are in Indianapolis. If its funds were being used to pay for a campaign of dynamite outrages, the secretary-treasurer would probably handle the money.

"We had learned in Peoria that some time before the explosion in the railway yards, John J. McNamara, the secretary-treasurer, and H. S. Hockin, a member of the executive committee, had called on a railroad official in Peoria and warned him that unless the work on the bridge were unionized there would be trouble. I detailed a number of our operatives to watch the union's headquarters in Indianapolis, to shadow John J. McNamara, and to 'run out' every one with whom he connected."

The Real Burns

The Burns who was talking now was not the Burns who had gone smiling about the streets of Indianapolis. Neither was it the indignant Burns of the dominating personality. His eyes had puckered in keen wrinkles; he rubbed his thumb down the edge of his jaw, thoughtfully, protruding his chin; he picked out his sentences as carefully as if he were on the witness-stand. And it is this aspect of him that is the real one, probably. Burns is naturally shrewd, silent, reserved, and cautious. In repose his face is that of a worried man of affairs, and he looks "sandy Scotch" rather than the ruddy Irish of his public appearance. This is the Burns who lays out the "theory" of a case, with a logical imagination, for the other Burns to work on — who remains concealed behind the bustling joviality of the celebrity in the public eye — who conceives in silent astuteness the arguments and persuasions that draw the final confession from the criminal who has been only half caught.

He drew down the blind on the car window — against the afternoon sun — and squared his shoulders into the corner of the seat. "It was well on towards the end of September before we concentrated on Indianapolis," he said. "And on the first of October the *Times* building in Los Angeles, California, was dynamited.

The Labor War in Los Angeles

"At one o'clock on the morning of October 1 — while the printers and stereotypers and the office staff of the *Times* were getting out the morning issue of the paper — there was a terrific explosion in an interior alley behind the building. It blew down almost the whole of the south wall. Some of the more heavily weighted floors collapsed. Fire sprang up from the basement, and before help could arrive from the

THE BARN NEAR INDIANAPOLIS THAT WAS RENTED BY JOHN J. McNAMARA, SECRETARY-TREASURER OF THE IRON-WORKERS' UNION, FOR THE STORAGE OF A PIANO-BOX IN WHICH TO KEEP "OLD RECORDS." THE BOX, WHEN OPENED, WAS FOUND TO CONTAIN DYNAMITE AND NITROGLYCERIN

fire department the wrecked building was in flames. Twenty-one bodies were taken from the ruins — bodies of men who had been either killed by the explosion or burned to death. All of them were heads of families, with wives and children depending on them. Some of them were union men, and none of them, as far as I have been able to learn, had been guilty of any offense against union labor or anything else.

"While the police were still holding back the hysterical wives and relatives outside the fire lines, later in the morning, word came that another bomb had been found in the basement of General Otis' home — Harrison Gray Otis, the owner of the newspaper. The gardener had found it — a suit-case — and telephoned to the police. A couple of detectives went up, and carried the suit-case into the road, and started to cut it open with a knife. They heard the alarm whir, and they ran. The thing exploded and left nothing but a hole in the ground.

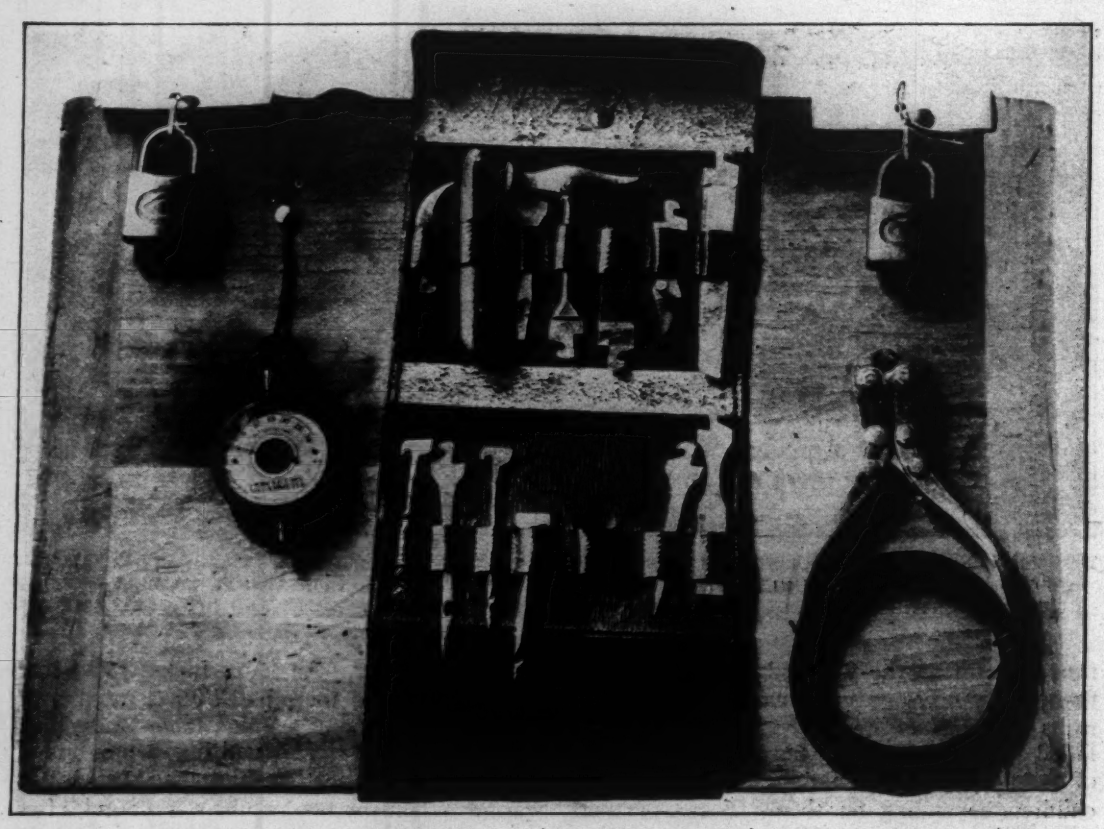
"Then a third bomb was found beside the house of the secretary of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association of Los Angeles. A police officer went there and cut the wires that connected the battery with the fulminating-cap in the dynamite, and this bomb was saved. It proved to be an exact duplicate of the one that we had found in Peoria — battery, clock, and all. The alarm had been set for one o'clock,— the same as on the *Times* building,— but I understand that it had been wound too tight.

"There had been a strike of the Iron-Workers in Los Angeles, and the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association had been helping in the fight for the 'open shop.' So had General Otis, in his newspaper. An 'Anti-Picket Law' had been passed, and there had been a number of arrests under it, and a union labor leader had been imprisoned for assaulting a non-union workman, and altogether things had been pretty warm. When the two bombs were found, after the explosion, the town went panicky. It looked as if some madman were loose with enough dynamite to destroy all Los Angeles.

"I was on my way there to attend the annual convention of the American Bankers' Association — whose detective work is all done by our agency — when I got a wire that Mayor Alexander of Los Angeles wanted me to undertake the investigation of the dynamiting. I telegraphed our operative, Detective Allen, to come on from Indianapolis, because he would be able to identify the bomb if it were one of the 'McGraw' pattern. And, after a meeting with the Mayor, I started to work.

On the Trail of "J. B. Bryce"

"The trail was as plain as the lines in the palm of your hand. The dynamite in the bomb was a high-explosive — 80-per-cent — gelatin. And dynamite of that grade is little used and is invariably made to order. We soon found the office of a powder company in San Francisco where the order for it had been taken. On September 24 a man giving the name of 'Leonard' had called there to purchase dynamite for his employer, 'J. B. Bryce,' and he had asked for the 80-per-cent. They asked him what he wanted it for. He said he wanted it to blow up stumps with. They objected that it was too



A KIT OF TOOLS TAKEN FROM A SUIT-CASE FOUND IN THE POSSESSION OF JIM McNAMARA AND ORTIE McMANIGLE WHEN THEY WERE ARRESTED. ON THE LEFT IS A BATTERY-TESTER, USED TO MAKE SURE THAT THE CURRENT OF THE CLOCKWORK BOMB WOULD BE STRONG ENOUGH TO EXPLODE THE FULMINATING-CAP

powerful and dangerous an explosive to be used for that purpose. He replied that there were some boulders to be blasted, too, and that anyway 'Bryce' wanted the 80-per-cent, and he had to get it.

"Later 'Leonard' and 'Bryce' called together and paid for one thousand pounds of 80-per-cent, and took a receipt, and were told that the explosive would be delivered to them at the company's works in Giant, California. The officials of the powder company had been made suspicious by the actions of the men, and they warned the secret service department of the Southern Pacific Railroad of the purchase of the dynamite — because they thought it might be used to wreck a train. When the dynamite was ready for delivery they warned the railroad detectives again, but no attention was paid to them.

"The men called to get the dynamite at the factory in Giant; but they came without the proper order for delivery from the San Francisco office. A third man, giving the name of 'Morris,' was sent to get the order. Then the three arrived together in a small power boat, to carry away the explosive from the Giant works, and no more was seen of them.

"We found the place where the boat had been hired; we discovered that the dynamiters had changed the name from the *Peerless* to the *Pastime;* and we traced it in its cruises from place to place. We turned up the remainder of the dynamite in a house in South San Francisco, where all but one or two boxes were still stored, each box wrapped in burlap, and all covered over with a tarpaulin that bore the name of the maker. He identified it as one that had been bought by a man named 'Capp'— the man 'Morris,' who had called for the order for the delivery of the dynamite. 'Capp' had actually given the tarpaulin dealer his home address, and there we found that he was a David Caplan, a San Franciscan, who had never had any connection, apparently, with the labor unions. We had no difficulty then in identifying 'Leonard' as M. A. Schmidt, a former Chicagoan who had been rooming in a house in Mission Street. He had at one time been a member of the Mill-Workers' Union in Chicago, but he had apparently not been connected with the unions on

the Coast. And finally we found where 'J. B. Bryce' had been rooming, too; but we could learn nothing of him, except that he was apparently the leader of the three.

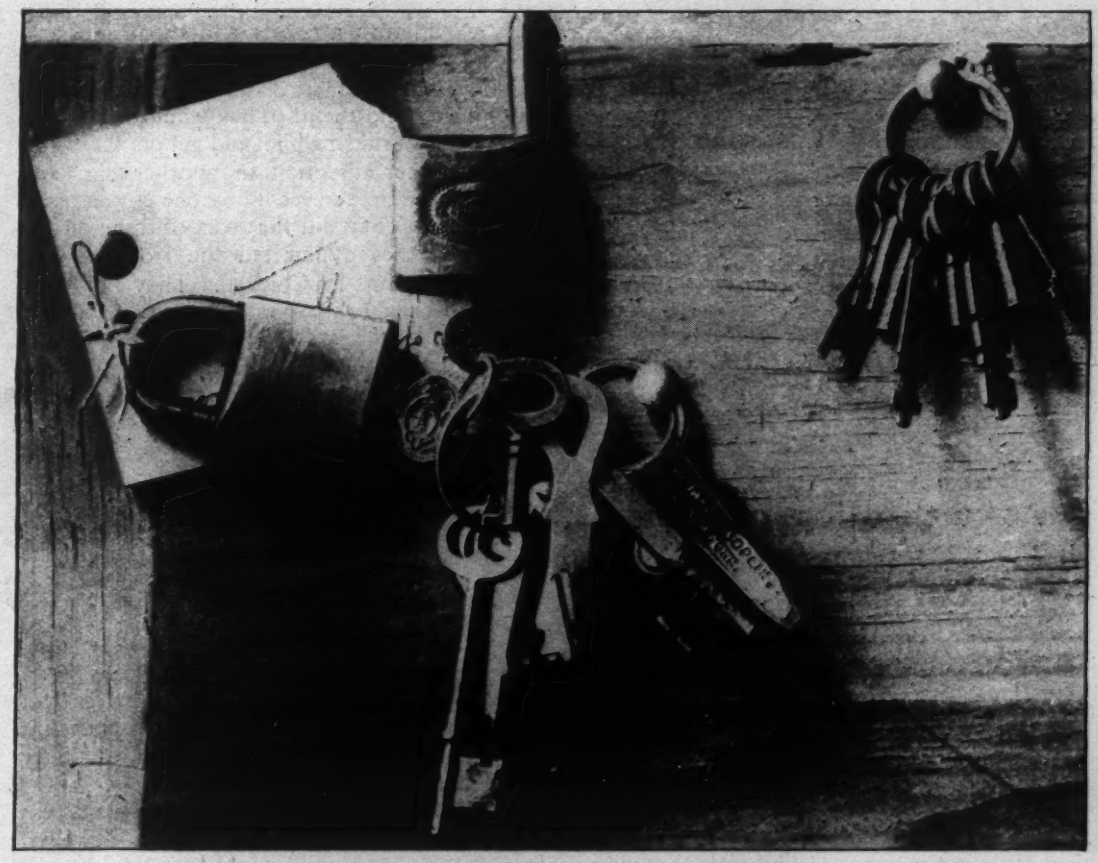
"Some of This Story Can't Be Told Till the Trial"

"Of course, they had all disappeared, and I can't tell you how far we trailed them, nor where we lost them — for reasons of policy. There's some of this story that can't be told till it's told at the trial. We don't want anybody arranging any alibis in advance.

"One thing that puzzled us was the fact that no one answering the description of 'McGraw' of the Peoria explosion had been working on the Los Angeles explosion; yet the two bombs were exactly alike. Then there was a difficulty that never arises in the detective stories of fiction: the money wasn't readily forthcoming to carry on our investigation. The Mayor had been paying me, as he had promised, for the work; but there were others in authority who did not trust me any more than they trusted other private detectives. And I didn't blame them. Private detectives, as a class, are the worst lot of blackmailing scoundrels that live outside of prisons. I have stated in all my public utterances that to follow the calling a man should first fortify himself with a reputation for honesty and integrity — then he need not care what people say about detectives.

"The authorities wanted me to make daily reports of what I was finding, so as to show progress; but I was resolved not to report anything to anybody until I had caught the criminals, because I didn't know where there might be a 'leak.' The Mayor was even called before a Grand Jury to report what had been done in the way of getting evidence; but I had not told him anything, and so he had nothing to tell. Our Los Angeles manager was also called to appear; but I had been handling the case myself, and he knew nothing of it. Our office was broken into that night, and the desks and the filing cabinet forced; but all our reports on the case were in safety-deposit vaults at Chicago.

"The end of it was that I had to go ahead and finance the investigation myself. It cost me



THE KEYS THAT WERE FOUND ON THE DYNAMITERS, AND SOME OF THE LOCKS TAKEN FROM THE BOXES IN WHICH DYNAMITE WAS STORED

ORTIE McMANIGLE, THE DYNAMITER WHO CONFESSED

$14,000 before I landed the McNamaras and McManigle, but I knew that I could get them and I was not worrying. I knew that our operatives in Indianapolis were watching the right rat-hole, and I intended to keep them there as long as I could raise the money to pay their wages.

"Now see how simply my 'theory' worked out. 'McGraw' hadn't been concerned in the Los Angeles affair, and he didn't know that every one hadn't forgotten about the Peoria explosions, so he came back to Indianapolis to get into touch with John J. McNamara, the secretary-treasurer, and our men recognized him as answering the description that we had of 'McGraw,' and they proceeded to 'tail' him. They 'took him' back to Chicago, where he had his wife and family. His real name proved to be McManigle,— Ortie McManigle, — and we investigated him and put another squad of operatives to watch him and his house.

"One day he took a train to a place called Kenosha, in Wisconsin, and our men followed him and saw him meet a man who answered the description of 'J. B. Bryce' of the Los Angeles trail. 'Bryce' turned out to be Jim McNamara, a brother of the secretary-treasurer, living with his mother in Cincinnati. And after that, wherever those men went, night or day, singly or together, they had a body-guard of operatives tailing them.

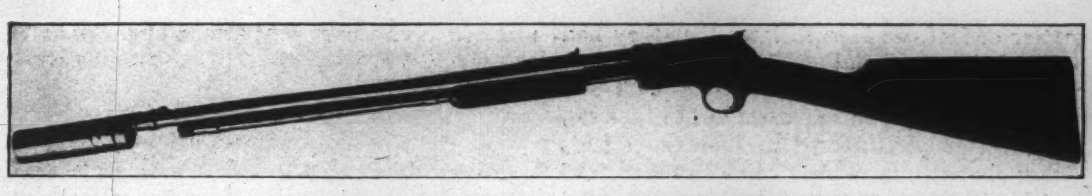
"Tailing" the Suspects

"And there's the trick that solves most of the detective mysteries in these days — the 'tailing.' It's what good palming is to sleight of hand. It's the thing the operative has to learn before he can move on a case at all. He has to learn to follow a man on the street, in railroad trains, on street cars, in hotels, picking him up and dropping him and picking him up again, without ever really losing sight of him and without ever being seen or suspected himself. We kept track of McManigle and Jim McNamara, in that way, for months. Our men even followed them on a hunting trip, and 'roped' them, as we say — made friends with them and camped and hunted with them. We got a wholesome respect for Ortie McManigle's and Jim McNamara's ability with a gun, too. They could stand off at a good distance and roll a tomato can along the ground with revolver shots.

"McManigle has told us, since, that they never saw a sign of any one shadowing them. And they were always 'testing' themselves. They would turn a corner and then hide, and watch to see if any one was following. They would go long distances on unfrequented streets, watching behind them. They would jump on a street car and ride a while, and get off again and go in another direction in another car, and watch all the time to see if any one got on or off after them. They did that sort of thing on the night that they dynamited the Iroquois Iron Company's plant in Chicago. They both had parcels in their hands, and we could guess that these were bundles of dynamite by the respect they had for them. But they dodged and doubled about so much that our men had to drop them. Our men had orders to drop them always, rather than betray themselves. We were determined to find out to whom they were responsible,— from whom they were getting money and orders for their work,— and it would have been fatal to let them suspect that they were being watched.

Dynamite Carried on Passenger-Trains

"McManigle disappeared from Chicago for ten or twelve days at one time, and we find that he went to Los Angeles to blow up the auxiliary plant of the *Times* — not satisfied with the original outrage! But this auxiliary plant was too well guarded, so he dynamited the Llewellyn Iron Works as an evidence of good faith, and came back home again. He carried the dyna-



RIFLE FOUND IN THE DYNAMITERS' SUIT-CASE. IT IS FITTED WITH A MAXIM SILENCER — FOR SHOOTING NIGHT WATCHMEN WITHOUT RAISING AN ALARM

mite and fulminating-caps from Chicago, on the train, in a hand-satchel. Imagine what would have happened to the passengers on that train if a little accident had exploded the satchel!

"Well, so it went on, until I decided that we had all the evidence we needed and couldn't get any more without an expenditure that I couldn't afford to make. We determined to arrest the dynamiters the next time they went on a 'job,' and we planned to take McManigle and the two McNamaras together, or simultaneously, so that no one would be able to warn the others, or remain free to destroy the evidence that we thought we'd find if we could get to it first.

"In a campaign of this sort, the arrest is as important a piece of detective work as anything in the whole business.

"On April 11 our operatives, following McManigle and Jim McNamara from Chicago and Cincinnati, met in Toledo and wired us: 'Number one met number two.' That was our signal to begin. I went to Chief of Detectives Captain Stephen B. Woods at Chicago Police Headquarters to get assistance, and I sent my son Raymond, the manager of our Chicago office, with more of our men and two Chicago officers, to Toledo, with instructions to seize the dynamiters, if possible, with the bombs in their hands. Our party registered at a hotel opposite the one in which McNamara and McManigle were stopping, and watched them all day. It became apparent that they were not going to do any dynamiting in Toledo. Next morning they went to the railroad station and bought tickets for Detroit. They watched till the last moment before they got on the train — to be sure that they were not followed!

"They sat in a day-coach full of women and children, and they had suit-cases that presumably contained dynamite,— besides being fully armed, of course,— and our detectives decided not to tackle them where a blunder might cause a great loss of life. Coming into Detroit, they showed a good deal too much interest in several bridges that they passed. It became plain that Detroit was to be their objective point. As a

THE SUIT-CASE CHECKED IN TOLEDO BY JIM McNAMARA. THE DARK SPOT IS A STAIN FROM NITROGLYCERIN THAT SOAKED OUT OF DYNAMITE

matter of fact, we learned later that they had five 'jobs' to do there!

"When the train stopped, they got off and scrutinized every one who came out of the cars, and then they wandered around the streets rather aimlessly until they came to the Oxford Hotel. Our men watched them register and argue with the clerk,— who wasn't able to give them a room right away,— and then they checked their suit-cases. That was the cue for

DETECTIVE WILLIAM J. BURNS (ON THE LEFT) "CLEANING UP" EVIDENCE IN INDIANAPOLIS, FOLLOWED BY NEWSPAPER REPORTERS

the arrest. The lobby was crowded with a theatrical troupe, and McNamara elbowed his way through towards the door, with McManigle following. McManigle was in handcuffs before McNamara missed him. We grabbed McNamara at the door. As it happened, they had left their revolvers in the satchels — along with a rifle that was fitted with a Maxim 'silencer' for picking off night watchmen, six clock-batteries of the Los Angeles and Peoria pattern slightly improved, caps, wires, tools, and even a battery-tester. 'Well, what the hell's the matter?' McNamara kept demanding. 'What's this for?'

Outwitting the Dynamiters

"We had arranged to take them on a charge of safe-blowing, because we were arresting at the same time some twelve yeggmen who were wanted for cracking safes in banks belonging to the American Bankers' Association; and we made the charge to them that they had blown open a safe in Chicago on the previous Saturday night — knowing that McManigle had been down on State Street, in Chicago, on Saturday night, shopping with his wife and children, and believing that he would think he could easily prove an alibi on the charge. We took them to the Detroit police station and made this charge against them, and — as we had expected — McManigle agreed to sign a waiver and return with us to Chicago. McNamara stood out for his 'rights,' but McManigle per-

suaded him to sign, too, and come along. And he came."

Jim McNamara Would Blow Up the Whole Country to Get His Rights

Burns remained a long time silent, musing blankly, and thoughtfully fingering his mustache. "They were both frightened," he said at last. "They didn't know what they were really wanted for, and they didn't know how to find out. McNamara said: 'You don't want me for a Chicago job. You want me for a Los Angeles job.' Our men didn't enlighten him, but he guessed it. He tried to buy them off. After some talk to the effect that they were not 'fools' and knew good money when they saw it, he offered them twenty thousand dollars to let him get away. My son Raymond objected that this was not enough — that it would 'have to go too many ways.' Then he offered thirty thousand. Raymond asked where he would get so much money. He answered: 'From the higher-ups.' When he found that he was merely being played, he gave up that attempt.

"He talked a good deal on the train, justifying himself in what he had done, because he had done it, he said, to further the cause of union labor. When one of our men objected that the killing of innocent printers would not advance the cause of union labor, he replied: 'I'd blow the whole damn country up if I thought it would get us our rights.' I did not see him until he arrived in Chicago. I told him what the charge against him was. I warned him that he was in a serious situation. I advised him that, of course, whatever he said would be used against him, and advised him not to make a statement under any circumstances. He replied that he hadn't anything to say.

"McManigle, when I saw him, was rolling cigarettes and smoking nervously. I warned him as to his rights, as I had warned McNamara; and then I went over the case with him, telling him where he had been and what he had been doing for months past, and proving to him that we had a perfect and complete case against him, and left him, saying that if he concluded he wanted to see me he could send for me. A few hours later he sent for me, and gave me the truth about the whole conspiracy. There was no 'third degree' used. I have never used it in my life.

"It was necessary to wait for the extradition papers from California before we could proceed with our arrests. McManigle and Jim McNamara had been caught red-handed — but John J. McNamara was another sort of game. We knew that we could not expect to find him carrying bombs in a hand-bag. We knew that if we arrested him prematurely, without the papers from Los Angeles technically perfect to hold him, he would get out of jail on a bond and destroy any evidence of his complicity, and finally escape us.

"But while we were waiting we had to prevent him from taking alarm. Our men who were watching him reported that he seemed worried and uneasy. There had been no explosion in Detroit. The two dynamiters, of course, couldn't send him any explanations. Their silence would be suspicious.

"I got McManigle to write a note to his wife telling her that 'everything was O. K.,' and I sent the letter to Detroit and had it mailed back to her from there. I was calculating that, no matter how worried J. J. McNamara might be about his brother and McManigle, he would not be in any fear for himself. He would suppose that the two men, if caught, would 'stand pat,' and trust to him and their other friends to assist them at their trial. He wouldn't guess — any more than McManigle had guessed — how complete our case was against him.

The Arrest of the Union's Secretary-Treasurer

"When the papers arrived, they were brought by the assistant prosecuting attorney of Los Angeles, with two Los Angeles police detectives and a deputy sheriff. We went to Indianapolis and appeared before the Governor. He found the papers correct, and necessarily he authorized the warrant for McNamara's arrest. That warrant was taken by the Los Angeles officer and presented by him to the Chief of Police of Indianapolis, who detailed two of his men to take McNamara into custody. I accompanied them to the headquarters of the Iron-Workers' Union, where the executive committee had been in session all week. We knew from our men that John J. McNamara was still there. An Indianapolis officer knocked at the door and asked for McNamara. The man who had answered the knock said, 'I am that gentleman.' The officer replied: 'The Chief of Police wants to see you.'

"He looked over at us and turned pale, but said nothing. He was rather tall, well built, neatly dressed, smooth-shaven, with gray hair and good features. I saw that we were going to have no trouble with him. He prepared silently to accompany us.

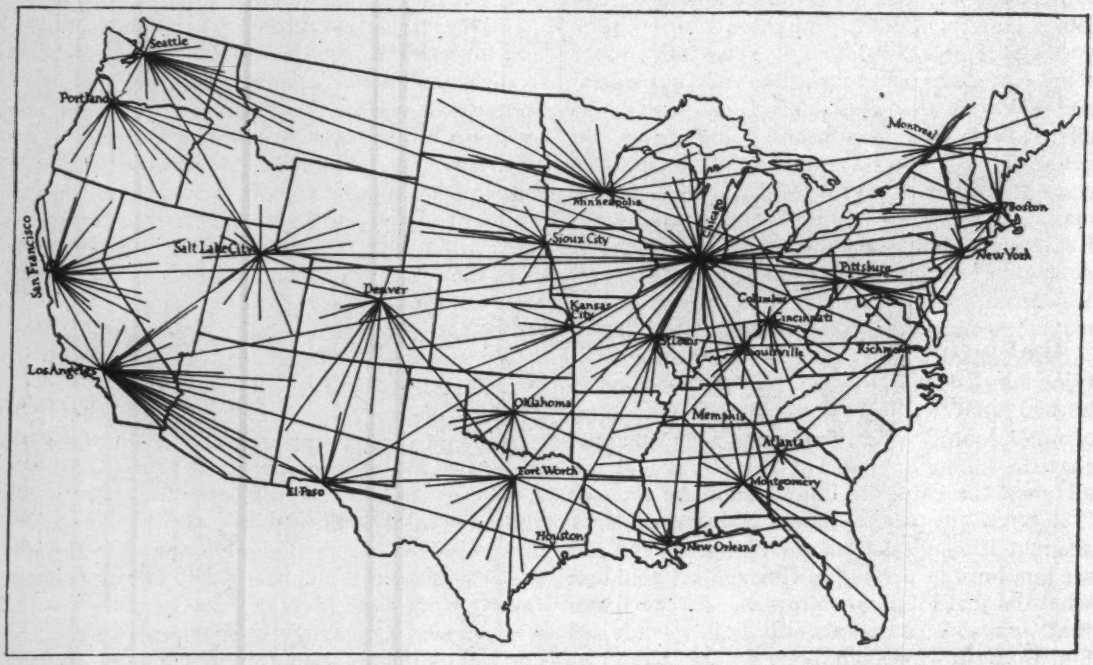
Legal Formalities Scrupulously Observed

"At police headquarters, the Indianapolis chief of detectives, in the presence of the super-

intendent of police, read the Governor's requisition and the warrant of arrest to McNamara, and proceeded to search and 'book' him according to the regular routine. He was then taken by the Indianapolis officers before Judge Collins, who had always heard such cases, and Judge Collins examined the papers and found them correct. According to the law, he had only to determine the identity of the prisoner, so as to make sure that he was the man named in the papers. McNamara said: 'I don't deny that I'm the man.' There was nothing left for the judge to do but to turn him over to the Los Angeles detective, James Hosick, who was the agent named by the State of California and by the State of Indiana to transfer the prisoner to Los Angeles. Hosick took McNamara back to the desk sergeant, had the things returned to him that had been taken when he was searched, and put him in an auto to start him on his journey to the Pacific Coast.

"Throughout the whole proceedings every legal formality was scrupulously observed; but I knew that we were dealing with men who were dangerous, and I had our movements planned and prearranged so that if there were any dynamite bombs handy we might proceed too silently and too swiftly to be intercepted or overtaken. That was the alleged 'kidnapping' of John J. McNamara!

"As soon as Hosick had departed with McNamara in the auto, I started out, with Indianapolis officers, armed with search warrants, to find whether McManigle in his confession had told me the truth about where the men had their explosives hidden and their clockwork bombs. We rode out Washington Street in an automobile on my directions, and turned to the right at a road that McManigle had described to me, and continued until we came to the railroad tracks, and then kept on to the left until we came to the farm-house of a man named D. Jones. I had never made the trip before,



THE BURNS WEB

A MAP SHOWING THE OFFICES OF THE BURNS DETECTIVE AGENCY AND THE TERRITORY THEY COVER

and naturally my knowledge of the road seemed uncanny to the police officers, since they did not know that McManigle had confessed.

"Union Records" that Were Packed in Sawdust

"Jones answered our summons at the door. He was in appearance a mechanic, as he was in fact, for he was an iron-worker and a member of the union. We asked him to take us to his barn. It was now seven o'clock in the evening and growing dark. Jones brought a lantern and the barn key. When we entered the barn we saw a piano-box in one corner of it, beside the grain-bins, opposite the stalls. 'Jones,' I said, 'whose box is that? Whom does it belong to?'

"He replied, 'To J. J. McNamara.'

"'What is it doing here?'

"'Why, he has it to keep books in.'

"'What sort of books?'

"'Records—the union's old books.'

"'Didn't you know there was dynamite in it?'

"'No!' He grew so frightened that he could scarcely answer.

"The box was locked with a heavy padlock. We opened it with one of the keys that we had found on Jim McNamara in Detroit. In the sawdust with which the box was packed were forty pounds of dynamite and a small tin of nitroglycerin. I asked Jones: 'What sort of books did you think they were going to pack in sawdust?'

"He replied that John J. McNamara, the secretary of his union, had hired storage-room in the barn to keep old books and records, paying a year's rent of sixty dollars in advance; that McNamara had bought the piano-box at Baldwin's music store in Indianapolis, and the smaller box that went inside it; that McNamara had hired him to buy the sawdust and haul it and the boxes to the barn; and that there *his* part in the affair had ended. His wife corroborated him. Their statements were taken down in due form by the police.

Dynamite in the Union's Vault

"Our next step was to make speed back to the American Central Life building, where the police officers were still on guard at the doors of the executive committee's council-room. There we found a safe which the union officials declared themselves unable to open. The superintendent of police sent for an expert safe-cracker. When the safe had been drilled and forced, the books were taken from it for examination. And all this was done by authority of search warrants, in a criminal case.

"Then we proceeded to the basement, where the union had a sort of 'vault' that had been built by Secretary McNamara's orders—for the storage of more 'books,' apparently. None of the keys in my possession would open it. A police officer forced the hasp of the padlock, and we found, on the floor inside, four packages containing, in all, about eighty pounds of dynamite, each package wrapped in newspapers, and a corner of each torn open as if to make a hole for the insertion of a fuse. We found also fourteen of the little alarm-clocks that were used to explode the bombs, a box of fulminating-caps, some yards of insulated wire, a number of the metal strips that were to be attached to the thumb-keys of the alarm-clocks, and some odds and ends of electrical apparatus to be used in the manufacture of 'infernal machines.' Also we found a sort of valise of 'fiber-board,' specially made to fit exactly one of Morehart's ten-quart tins of nitroglycerin so that it might be carried handily.

"We found on the bureau of John J. McNamara's bedroom, in his boarding-house, another of the little alarm-clocks; and the police of Cincinnati found tools, wire, a battery-tester, and a lot of interesting correspondence in Jim McNamara's house.

The Charge that Burns "Planted" Evidence

"They're saying I 'planted' these things before I found them. Well, if I were the most fiendish murderer that ever drew the breath of life, I might have 'planted' dynamite in the piano-box in Jones' barn. But how would I persuade John J. McNamara to buy the box and have it placed there for me and have the sawdust hauled to pack it with? What sort of records does a labor union pack in sawdust in a country barn? How did I get a lock on the box to fit James McNamara's keys? How did I arrange it so that McManigle's keys would duplicate them? How did I get all the materials of clockwork bombs placed in the labor union's vault, built by its secretary's orders — materials that were the same as those in the bombs found in Peoria months before, and in Los Angeles months before, and in the suit-cases that McManigle and Jim McNamara were carrying when they were arrested in Detroit? The thing is not worth discussing. It is not only humanly incredible: it is humanly impossible.

"Next we went to Tiffin, Ohio, and found a cache of five hundred and forty pounds of dynamite in a shed on property that belonged to McManigle's father. We found the quarry from which this dynamite had been stolen, and the liveryman from whom McManigle and Jim McNamara had hired the horse and wagon that they used to haul the explosive from the quarry to the shed in Tiffin. We found a suit-case soaked with the nitroglycerin from dynamite in the railroad station in Toledo where McNamara had left it. In short, having rounded up the three men together, we were able to find all the evidence we needed to support every detail of our case against them, even without McManigle's confession. Do you mind if I take a little nap?"

Burns "Has Some Fun" with the Constables

It certainly seemed as if he had earned it; for, if he had been asleep in the forty-eight hours previous, no one had heard him snore. He

laughed to himself as he settled back against the cushions; and it was anything but the laughter of guile. "We had some fun with those constables, anyway," he said.

As a matter of fact, the "fun" that he had had with the constables makes as good an example of Burns' simple and effective sleight of hand as any case of his that could be recorded. This is what it was:

A warrant had been issued for his arrest in Indianapolis on a charge of "kidnapping" John J. McNamara, and he came to Indianapolis — to attend to the final details of the "investigation"— knowing that the county officers would be waiting to arrest him. But, instead of slipping into town in an automobile, he arrived by train; and, instead of hiding in some friend's house, he went to the most conspicuous hotel in the city and registered, but asked the clerk not to give out the number of his room. He called his men to him by telephone, consulted with them in his apartments, and was receiving his friends openly some hours before the county constables could convince themselves that his name on the register was not a clumsy ruse to mislead them.

By observing the coming and going of visitors, they decided what floor he was on; and two constables were posted at either end of the corridor to watch doors. This interfered with Burns' activities; he wished to see several men who could not now get access to him. He took his hat in his hand, humped up a shoulder, shortened one leg, and limped down the hallway past the constables to the elevator.

"You see," he explained afterward, "they did not know me by sight. They had my description, but that did *not* include a limp. I waited at the elevator shaft — with one of the constables not three yards from me — till the cage came. Downstairs I straightened up and walked out."

He met the men whom he wished to see, returned to the hotel, rode up in the elevator, and limped past the constables to his room again!

Simple? Yet an elaborate disguise would not have been any more effective.

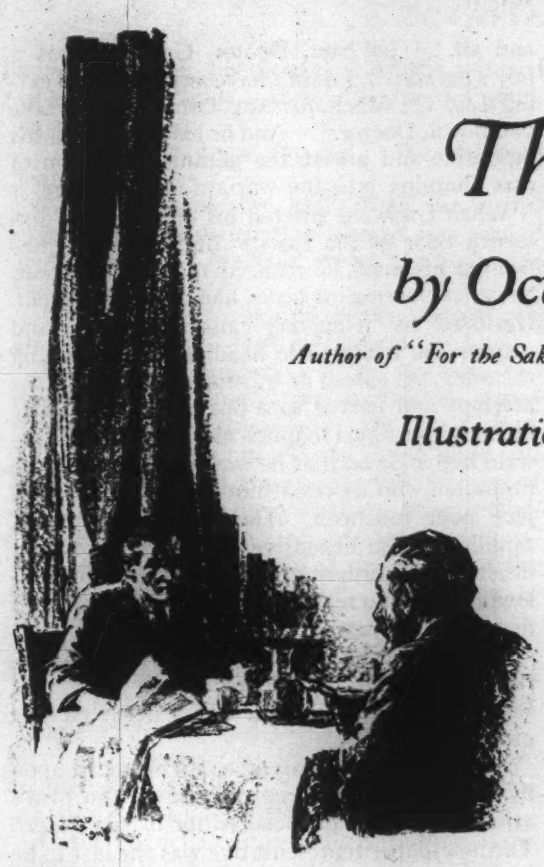
The joke was too good to keep. The reporters who had recognized him downstairs were laughing at the constables. They raided the room into which they had seen Burns go. As soon as they knocked on the locked door, Burns said to his assistant, "Open it." He stepped into the bath-room and turned the catch. There were three doors together on that side of the room — the bath-room door, the door of a clothes closet, and a locked door leading into the next apartment. The constables tried all three, and, concluding that the two locked doors opened into the next room, they went back into the hall to make their way into that closed apartment. Burns came out of the bath-room and went on with his work.

Absurd? But that was an element in its success. The constables would hardly suppose that he would do anything so inadequate as to lock himself in a bath-room.

"They just wanted the satisfaction of turning a cell key on me," he explained afterward. "I held them off till I was sure that bail had been arranged, and then I went down to the courthouse and surrendered myself."

It was good comedy. And it was more. It was an instance of how surely Burns can "outguess" the man who is pursuing him as well as the man whom he pursues. His manner throughout was as natural and easy as a trained actor's. He invented the simple tricks of deception without so much as a shrewd pause of thought, busy with other matters on his mind. When it was all over, he laughed and went to sleep — to waken in Columbus, Ohio, where another squad of his operatives had trapped and exposed a band of corrupt legislators by tactics that he had laid out, in a campaign of which he had been receiving reports even while he was dodging the constables in the Indianapolis hotel!

IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE WILL APPEAR AN UNUSUAL STORY OF THE TRAILING OF A SUPPOSED COUNTERFEITER



The Price

by Octavia Roberts

Author of "For the Sake of Her Children," "Neighbors," etc.

Illustrations by Howard Giles

ECONOMY of time had become so thoroughly the habit of Milton Griswald's life that even after a sleepless night he did not forget to telephone his order for breakfast to the head waiter the instant he arose. This morning, owing to the confusion of his wardrobe after a short European journey, he was perhaps three minutes late in entering the breakfast-room. The waiter, with his fruit, was already at the little table near the large mirror.

As Griswald faced the mirror, peeling his apple with nervous fingers, his own reflection disconcerted him. The lines under his handsome dark eyes were heavier with every added breakfast of his life. "I look like the advertisements of dyspeptics," he frowningly recognized — and thus remembered to order the waiter to invite Dr. Hammersmith to breakfast with him.

"Tell him I want to consult him," he added, "and that this is the only time I shall have."

A moment later, the doctor, a serious-faced little man in tortoise-rimmed pince-nez, had left his own table for Griswald's.

"You feel no better after your vacation?" he began, as he poured out the rich brown coffee he had advised his patient to let alone.

"Worse," said Griswald, pushing away his apple.

"The sea voyage didn't rest you?"

"Not in the least. I couldn't eat anything, and couldn't sleep."

"Umph — umph," the doctor reflected, as if filing the symptoms away for further consideration. "Did you have anything on your mind, Mr. Griswald? Any little business affair, for instance?"

Griswald smiled grimly, as if affirmation were superfluous.

"How did you spend your time on the other side?" the doctor continued. "Restfully?"

"A wireless got me on board ship," Griswald admitted, "in which the head of our firm asked me to attend to a matter in London, which I did; otherwise I loafed about hotels and smoked too much."

The doctor regarded his patient with a growing severity. "You should have some pastime, Mr. Griswald, to get your mind off your business. Photography, for instance. Have you ever thought of that for diversion?"

"I have not," Griswald assured him curtly.

"Golf — what about golf?" the doctor persisted. "There you combine exercise and amusement."

Griswald declined golf with a shake of the head. "Too busy to get out to the clubs."

"A course of physical exercises," the doctor urged. "I'll send you to Finlay; he'll be just the man for you — or didn't I send you to him before?"

"You did," was the dry rejoinder. "I've paid Finlay over thirty dollars, now, for treatments I either forgot or didn't have time to take."

The doctor was not discouraged. "What did you like to do as a boy, Mr. Griswald? You've told me, I think, you were brought up in the country."

Griswald's manner softened. "There wasn't

anything I *didn't* like to do. I fished, and played ball, and skated, and took the girls to sociables and picnics. Delighted them by sawing away on my father's fiddle winter evenings and singing bass in the choir Sundays. I was quite a boy in those days." He smiled broadly.

After a moment he continued, his face clouding: "My father and grandfather owned a little bank in Gardener we all had our pride in. When I was just eighteen the bank failed and father died. From that on my fun was over; I had to turn in and support mother and my sister Lizzie. It was then I came to the city, lived in a hall bedroom, and lived on nothing a year. For diversion I went to night school."

He paused and ran his hand over his forehead, smoothing out the lines of care. "I worked all the play out of me. I was borne down with anxiety for years. Just as I began to have some success, mother died and my sister married and went West."

He paused as if at the end of a chapter; after a moment he resumed: "When the receivers had wound up the affairs of Griswald's Bank, there had been assets enough to pay in the neighborhood of fifty to sixty cents on the dollar; but I always felt, if the time ever came when I was able to, I should like to pay our creditors dollar for dollar. After my mother died I managed to do this. It took me a good many more years of life, but five years ago I cleaned them all up."

"You certainly were under no obligations to do that," the doctor frowned.

"No; but I knew father and grandfather would rest easier in their graves. Griswald used to be a good old name in Gardener; I like to think there's nothing against it." His manner changed abruptly. "However, that's neither here nor there. I want you to fix me up something to enable me to eat and sleep. I'm going to pieces."

He turned to the waiter: "See if my machine is ready, Oscar; I don't want to wait a second. And, by the way, never bring me a Snow apple again. Mushy little things — they aren't fit to eat!"

"Snow apples!" the doctor exclaimed. "I didn't know that apples had different names. They all taste alike to me."

"You'd know if you'd been raised in Gardener." Griswald smiled reminiscently. "My, my! Didn't you ever taste a Jonathan — a nice rosy Jonathan, that came off at the first shake of the tree?"

His eye kindled as he continued: "I don't want anything better than the Paysons' orchard on a fall day, gathering apples with little Annie. Her father's place was directly back of ours. I can see it all yet — pasture, orchard, barn-yard, and all. I tell you, Doctor, Gardener was a boy's paradise. I didn't have any trouble in eating *then*. . . . Machine ready, Oscar? Can I take you down, Doctor?" And he led the way to his limousine and joined the gliding procession of cars charging into the warfare of commerce.

When Griswald entered his office on the sixteenth floor of the Equity Building, and confronted his mail, he realized that his vacation, by concentrating his tasks, had multiplied them. Harassed by telephone calls, telegrams, and visitors, he made little headway in decreasing the pile. At eleven he was forced to give up the attempt and hasten to a board meeting. The meeting consumed so much more time than Griswald had allowed that he was obliged to ask the promoter who awaited him to outline his project over luncheon. They ate indifferently, rapidly, of the expensive dishes the promoter insisted upon ordering, Griswald meanwhile following with increasing strain his companion's figures on the margin of the menu.

"I'll have to see you again, Harris," he interrupted, at last. "I'm not myself yet; that syndicate deal in London was a nerve-racking proposition."

And he escaped to his office, to be seized upon by the Philadelphia representative, the firm's attorney, and the financial editor of the *Planet*. The newspaper representative was the last to be admitted. With warnings to his secretary that they were not to be interrupted, Griswald composed himself for the interview on the foreign deal.

Half an hour later the secretary opened the door.

"Well, well, well!" came Griswald's frowning recognition of his presence.

"A Mr. Cooper insisted upon my telling you that he was here. He won't take no for an answer; says you'll remember him," the secretary explained.

"Cooper! Cooper!" Griswald jerked forth. "I don't know any Cooper. Find out if he can't see some one else. Bosworth isn't busy."

He turned to his stenographer and continued his statement: "The deal has been successfully closed abroad."

The door opened again, and Griswald whirled about in his swivel-chair to confront a large man with a fresh, ruddy face lighted by mild blue eyes and a smile of expectant welcome.

Griswald raised a protesting hand against his advance, and began, "You'll have to see some one else, sir; I'm simply too busy to see you."

"Why, Buck!" The big man smiled broadly. "Don't you know me, Buck?"

For twenty years Milton D. Griswald had not been so addressed. His shoulders relaxed their

nervous tension, his mouth's hard slit softened to a tentative smile. Half extending his hand, he arose.

"You don't know me yet," the big man regretted.

Griswald shook his head; then slowly his expression of mystification merged into one of joyful certainty; his hand struck the big man's shoulder.

"God bless me!" he said, with a kind of solemn satisfaction. "It's old Stump Cooper."

The big man pumped Griswald's arm up and down joyfully; from time to time he wiped beads of perspiration from his florid face. "Thought I'd come to sell you a gold brick, did you, Buck? Or get you to subscribe for a set of books? I've come for something more important than that." He sank into the chair Griswald offered him, and looked meaningly at the stenographer and the editor. "Got time to talk to me?"

"Well, I should say I had!" Griswald beamed. His hand laid detainingly on Cooper's arm, he turned to the editor. "I'll get that statement completed for you to-night, Mr. Sanger. Or — here! Let me see!" He ran his eye over the stenographer's notes. "Take these; this is practically all I had to tell you, anyway."

As the financial editor stiffly withdrew, Griswald pulled his chair near to his old friend's and let his hand linger on his knee.

"First of all," Henry Cooper began impressively, "I want you to come to dinner with me at my hotel. Afterwards we'll take in a show, unless, of course, you've seen everything in town."

Griswald laughed his tender delight in Stump's simple-heartedness. "I wish I could, old man, but I've promised to take dinner with Hargrave, the head of the firm, to-night. If it wasn't a formal affair I'd break the engagement. You'll be here to-morrow?"

Henry Cooper shook his head. "No, sir; if you're busy I'm off for home to-night. I've been hanging around here now for three days, waiting to see you. I'm sick to death of that hotel, wondering what I'll have to eat and tipping fellows for doing what they're paid to do. I've bought my hat two or three times over, paying a fellow to guard it while I e't. I've had enough of a town where you can't lay your hat down without fear of somebody grabbing it. I don't see how you stand it, Buck!"

In the outer room, the secretary heard Griswald's delighted laugh of amusement. "Didn't know the boss ever limbered up that much," he mused.

From time to time the press of business forced him to break in upon the two men's reminiscences:

"Kindly sign this, Mr. Griswald."

"Will you be able to see Mr. Pitkins this afternoon, Mr. Griswald?"

It was after many of these interruptions that Henry Cooper said: "They make you work pretty hard here, don't they, Buck?"

"I'm a busy man," Griswald admitted.

"On a salary still, Buck?"

Griswald smilingly acknowledged the salary. In Gardener it was every man's ambition to have his own business by forty.

"Well," began Henry Cooper, "I've not been hanging around here for three days for my health. The directors of the First National Bank of Gardener want me to lay a little matter before you."

"What can I do for them, Henry?" Griswald asked patiently, relapsing into his business manner. "The First National was father's old bank, wasn't it? I was always sorry that they changed the name."

Henry Cooper nodded. "The president retired the other day, Buck, and you were the unanimous choice of the directors for his place. I tell you, down our way the name Griswald still goes. Your grandfather and your father built that name up to stay, and I want to tell you that you didn't hurt it any when you took care of the old claims. I'm authorized to offer you three thousand dollars a year salary — and, of course, we'd like you to take a little stock. The bank has been losing ground, but if it goes ahead under you as they believe it will, in another year you can probably make thirty-five hundred, and you'll be your own master. I hate to see a man of your age working as hard as you do here and getting as little for it."

"Stump," Griswald answered gently, "I appreciate this offer more than any honor that has ever come to me. I wish I could accept it."

Henry Cooper drew a long breath. "You don't think you can?"

"I can't afford to."

"You got a better thing here?"

"Yes," Griswald admitted reluctantly.

"Maybe the boys can go a little higher," Cooper persisted. "I tell you, they want you bad. What do they pay you here, Buck? I don't ask for curiosity."

"I've been worth twenty thousand a year to the firm for several years," Griswald admitted, with manifest reluctance, "and of course I have opportunities to pick up things on the side."

"I'll be corn-swiggled!" said Henry Cooper solemnly. After a moment he laughed mirthlessly, nodding his head at his own simplicity. "Well, Buck, you've got the laugh on us. I suppose, boarding the way that you do in that club, you save most of it, too, don't you? You can soon quit work altogether?"

"No," Griswald sighed. "I can't see my

way to retiring for years to come, and live the way that I want to live."

The secretary was again in the room. "Langdon and Hudson want an immediate answer on that bond deal, Mr. Griswald."

Cooper now arose; but Griswald held out a detaining hand. "I can't let you go this way, Stump! Just step into the outer office — that's a good fellow — until I see these people." He addressed the secretary: "Bring in all the data, Wilson, in this affair, and send some one to take dictation."

An hour later he pulled on his overcoat wearily. His spine felt like a red-hot cord. But at the sight of Stump in the outer office his face broke into a relieved smile. "I was afraid you'd gone, Stump; I had no idea that last matter would take me so long. Did you manage to amuse yourself, old fellow?"

"Time never hangs heavy on my hands," Henry Cooper assured him. "I went out and bought some bass flies I can't get at home — bucktails, Montreals, and Parmachenee belles. Like to fish as much as you used to, Buck? I picked up a couple of apples, too, from an Italian feller. Have one? They're no good. Miserable little Snows! He didn't have a Jonathan."

With a last sharp bite of his sound white teeth he finished his own apple, opened the window of the sixteenth story of the Equity, and unconcernedly tossed the core two hundred feet below.

The secretary openly sniggered, but at Griswald's quiet frown the smile faded from his lips.

"The machine is here, Mr. Griswald," he said hastily, and accompanied the men to the car below. When they were comfortably seated, he stored a box at Griswald's feet and handed him a packet of letters.

"My cylinders," Griswald explained to Henry Cooper, indicating the box. "I have a phonograph in my room."

"Got some new rolls?" said Henry Cooper easily. "My girls have some fine records. You must hear a lot of good music here, Buck, don't you? Do you still play your violin? I remember yet how you and Annie Payson used to play 'Alice, Where Art Thou?' at the M. E. sociables."

Griswald's laugh ended in a sigh. "I haven't thought of my violin for years; I haven't heard a concert for ten. I'm too tired to sit still. My phonograph is for commercial purposes, Stump; I answer my letters this way every night — otherwise I should never get to the bottom of my correspondence."

The suspicion of a twinkle in Cooper's mild blue eyes caused Griswald to demand: "What's so funny, Stump? Out with it!"

"Nothing," Cooper demurred, belying his words by an irrepressible smile. "Only, it just came to me, Buck, the only fellow I ever knew that worked as hard as you do was the gray squirrel old man Adams kept in a treadmill. Remember, when we sneaked over there one night and let him out, how mad old Adams was?"

He paused, uncertain whether to attribute Griswald's reluctant laugh to an acknowledgment of the justness of the comparison or to amusement at the memory of an old prank. It was some minutes before Griswald's words gave him a clue: "A man wants to succeed in life, Stump, at any cost."

"W-e-l-l," Henry Cooper ruminated. "What is success? I'm beginning to think the feller to be congratulated is the man that gets what he wants before he's too old to enjoy it. If you're doing that, it's worth all it costs you. Now, this big man you're going to take dinner with to-night ——"

"Hargrave, our senior member," Griswald supplied.

"He wouldn't think much of my lot," Henry Cooper continued,— "a storekeeper in a country town. But I've got a good wife (you've known Letty all her life; you know what she is!), three of the smartest children in Mason County (if I do say it!), a comfortable home, a garden, a horse and surrey, and my own cows. Now, that suits *me*. I don't want any better success than that. . . . Hello! are we here?" His eye traveled appreciatively over the imposing exterior of Griswald's club, before whose brilliantly lighted portal the big limousine had paused. "So this is *your* home, Buck. I guess that you think a lot of it, too."

It had never occurred to Griswald to regard his club with affection, nor as anything but a convenience where living was reduced to such a science that friction vanished. Nor had the place ever seemed less personal than now as he led his old friend through the marble corridors from floor to floor, showing him the gymnasium, swimming-pool, library, and empty banqueting-rooms.

"It beats the Ricky House all to pieces!" was Stump's generous tribute when, their inspection over, he sat waiting for his friend to dress, as he used to do as a boy.

"The Ricky House!" Griswald exclaimed. "I haven't thought of it for years. Does old man Ricky still run it?"

Instead of answering, Stump said unexpectedly: "You've asked for every one in Gardener to-day, Buck, except one person."

"Annie Payson," Griswald promptly supplied. "I think I was afraid you'd tell me she was getting old, like the rest of us. I think of her, you know, in a white dress with a blue sash, and with a braid down her back. Out with it,

"THEY PLAYED HALF THROUGH THE OLD BOOK"

Stump! Whom did she marry? Has she a son as tall as I am?"

For a moment Henry Cooper did not answer; then he said succinctly: "You know her brother-in-law spent all her money?"

"No!" Griswald protested.

"Yes," Stump continued. "She's been teaching music and playing the organ Sundays for the last ten years."

To this Griswald made no answer save, "I'll drop you at your hotel, old man. It breaks my heart I have to leave you."

As he spoke he drew on his overcoat with reluctance, for the October evening was unseasonably warm, and led the way to his automobile.

He was so late in starting that when he dropped his old friend at his hotel he was forced to cut short his parting words. His heart smote him for this as the car tore down the avenue toward Hargrave's. The solicitude of Stump's "You want to take care of yourself, Buck," lingered in his ears.

Hargrave's dinner, as Griswald, from former experiences, knew it would be, was long and dull — without even the merit of ending early; for at the dinner's close the guests were driven to a musical comedy, where Griswald, from his back seat in a box, yawned until its close, flinching from a draft.

During the performance Griswald wondered, as he had often wondered before, that Hargrave, with his giant intellect, could find diversion in the jiggle of the dance, the cheap ragtime of the songs. Country-bred as he was, he knew better things. A little slip of a girl in Gardener had taught him the difference years and years ago. How charming she had been! Stump's talk of old times had kept her sweet presence before him all that day.

In his early years in the city his one pleasure had been her letters and his answers wherein he poured out to her all the vexations and discouragements of those hard years.

Then, one day, the tide turned; his real chance came. It was up to him, Hargrave said, to make good. And he had; he was Hargrave's right-hand man. But, in the meantime, his work had waxed so heavy, his responsibilities had so enormously increased, that he had long lost the habit of Annie. Her letters had lain neglected until he was ashamed to answer them; when he had gathered courage to do so, she no longer replied. At the time he had been too preoccupied to care. Yet, after all these years, when either joy or sorrow came to him his first impulse was to tell her. Her sympathy and understanding had been one of the few perfect things that life had given to him. . . . And

Stump had told him that she was poor, and that she earned her bread with those slender little fingers he had often held in his own!

He started absently to his feet with the others and helped Mrs. Hargrave into her long cloak. They were not going home, even now. Hargrave had proposed supper in a noisy restaurant.

It was one o'clock when Griswald reached his club bedroom. Once there, he slipped into his dressing-gown, adjusted a cylinder in his phonograph, and began painstakingly to speak into the trumpet, referring, as he did so, to the first letter in his packet: "In connection with the proposed underwriting ——"

For some reason Griswald did not find it easy to finish his letters with his usual despatch. It was two o'clock before he came to the bottom of the packet and went to bed.

Tired as he was, he couldn't lose himself in sleep even then, and lay on his pillow, wondering dully whether the strained feeling in his head made him abnormally sensitive to the purrs, the hums, the screams of the motor-cars flying below his window in an endless stream. Even when he lost himself for brief moments, he heard them still as through partial anesthesia. The deep bellow of a klax horn became the fog-horn at sea. He was again pacing the deck of the *Victoriana*, fleeing from care, when wireless leaped through the mist and whispered: "Pending foreign deal must be completed; must ask you to take it up."

Wide wakefulness succeeded this dream. In desperation, he arose, found the powder the doctor had given him, and sank gradually into the profound slumber of the drug.

The lights from the cars below continued to filter up the bedclothes and past his face, or down the headboard over his face, and so away. Griswald, in his sleep, thought that he was riding endlessly up the avenue, faster and faster and faster, until he moved in a whirling circle. Somewhere the senior member was calling, "You'll have to go faster, Griswald, if you make good!" And this speed increased, though his fatigue had become so bottomless that he was weeping. It was not until he heard a funny little laugh with a minor note that he knew he was not in a car at all, but in a treadmill, and that, pedal as he might, he wasn't going anywhere — he was standing still.

He wasn't sure, in the confusion of his dream, whether it was Annie or Stump who let him out, nor who it was that first proposed a ride in his father's old spring-wagon. He only knew that for the remainder of the night a feeling of ecstatic happiness flooded his being.

With the pleasant visions of his sleep still blurring the hard edges of reality, long hours after Griswald awoke. Not until a big clock in a tower suddenly struck eleven was he really himself. It wasn't possible that he had slept through two appointments and a summons from his attorney to appear in court! His watch assured him that he had. Try as he would, it would be noon before he could get back into the treadmill.

He had never felt greater aversion for his tasks, for he knew well what the afternoon would be after a morning's absence, in a day that was all too short at the best.

"I'm not going down at all," he abruptly decided; "I'm going to take a few days' vacation. I'm played out. I'll run out to Gardener and refuse the directors in person."

That night at five, Griswald, on the eighteen-hour westward-bound express, left the clanging city and its last winking electric-light sign far behind. In its furious run the express paused fleetingly only at the greatest cities. To reach Gardener, Griswald was obliged on the following day to forsake its luxury for a deliberate old accommodation train.

He had dreaded this second stage of his journey, but, to his surprise, after the impetuous rush of the express the local's slow creak through the corn-fields soothed his nerves. When it stopped for water, he made the pause an excuse for a walk along the roadside, and found his reward in filling his pocket with hazel-nuts before they started again on their way.

When the train brought him, that afternoon, to Gardener, he exchanged the leisurely progress of the local for a peace even more profound.

A solitary landau awaited a chance passenger. It was in charge of a driver who had managed to effect a compromise between servility and a manly independence in a livery consisting of a wine-colored coat with brass buttons and a brown derby hat worn challengingly over one eye. To this citizen Griswald intrusted his bags before giving himself the pleasure of an hour's ramble incognito through the shady streets of the old town.

His walk in the fine October weather led first to the square around which Illinois likes to build her towns, thence past the old stores to the corner where the bank stood. Everything was as of old. Above the familiar fixtures, through the open door, he could see his father's and grandfather's portraits in oil, suspended still above a worn old desk. A thousand memories long forgotten tugged at his heart.

He began with his practised eye to look over the town and to study out for himself why those golden accounts from the farms had fallen away. It bit his pride that the cheap new bank in the newer portion of the town had left Griswald's be-

hind. A very little energy,— half of what he put into Hargrave's business,— he knew, would place it in the lead again throughout the country-side.

He walked from corner to corner, mentally choosing a new site, planning involuntarily what he would do if he controlled the major share of stock. It would be play to him then to reorganize the old place, as well as a matter of pride and sentiment.

When he had settled definitely in his mind the imaginary site of the new bank, he strolled slowly down Gardener's main street, past the old homesteads, in their ample grounds, to his own home at the end of the town. Yesterday, when Griswald had wanted an excuse for his journey, he had told himself that he was going to Gardener to see what the old place required to be made salable. As it stood, untenanted, it was a dead loss to him.

But, when he opened the creaking gate and walked down the graveled path between the evergreens to where the old house stretched low and broad under two giant walnut trees, Griswald knew that he should never sell it while he lived — knew in his innermost heart he had clung to it because he had always meant to end his days under its spreading roof.

For the rest of the afternoon, whether he peered through broken shutters into bare, deserted rooms, or wandered down the paths past broken fountain and yellowing foliage, or contemplated the barns, of solid walnut like the house, standing in the ruined garden, his imagination played with the possibilities of restoration. How much of life had slipped away! It frightened him to think of it. How prodigal he had been of his friends, his health, his happiness! He was forty-three, and he hadn't yet one thing he really desired. Stump was right: success consisted in getting what you wanted before you were too old to enjoy it. Measured by that, he was a failure. He could spend his vacations here, at least, he decided; and he clambered over the stile that separated his lot from the Paysons', to lay his plans before Annie. Without her interest, he suddenly knew, he should have no heart for the building.

A moment later he was standing on a sagging porch that had long cried for paint, and was pulling an ancient door-bell.

Griswald told himself afterward that he should have known that thin, pretty little face with the sweet, sensitive mouth anywhere; but he made her admit that there was an appreciable hesitation upon her part before her reserve melted into that cry of surprise, incredulity, and tender welcome that rang in her "Oh, Milton, is it *you?*"

The cry touched Griswald to the heart. He had not known his coming could mean so much to any creature upon the earth. Her hands fast within his own, he could only murmur huskily: "Why, Annie, *Annie!*"

In another moment she had recovered herself and drawn him into the family's old living-room, where, on winter nights in his boyhood, he and she used to get their lessons by the table under the center lamp. He reminded her of this now, and of the scheme he had found for working problems in which he found the method and she made sure of the accuracy. "I've been finding methods ever since, Annie," he told her, "and it's pretty well worn me out."

Annie raised her gentle eyes to his. "Tell me everything," they seemed to say; "there is nothing I shall not understand — nothing I shall not care to hear."

In his joy that, after all these years, he had but to stretch forth his hand to find that sympathy and interest awaiting him, Griswald, from the depths of an old chair, told her of the years of stress and emptiness, of Cooper's visit and the longing it had stirred within him to escape, for a time at least, that pressure of life and lose himself in Gardener. "I didn't tell even Hargrave where I was going," he smiled into the tender gravity of her face. "And now that I'm out of the treadmill" (he had told her of his dream), "I'm not sure I shall ever go back. Could I do better than to run the old bank, live in the old house, and turn my back forever on that grind?"

For a single instant she caught her breath in the joy of such a possibility; then she smiled and shook her head. "Ah, you think so now, but how long before you would miss the whirl?"

"Never!" he was quick to assure her. "However, I shall do nothing rash. I will ask the directors for several weeks in which to consider their offer."

He walked restlessly to the window and looked out at the twilight hanging blue and misty in the trees. "I can't tell you, Annie, how lovely all this looks to me. I wanted to touch every tree I passed to-day, as I ambled up the street. Do you know that in a city no one ever ambles? If they are down and out, they loaf; if they are poor, they rush and scramble; if they are rich, they whirl. But to amble one must come to Gardener." When she laughed at his drolling, he added: "For the rest of my days that shall be my gait."

"Do you remember," she asked, "how much you used to wish to ride in a gondola? Then, one day, Hargrave sent you to Italy and you got your chance. And what happened? It was too late. You were so restless, you got out and tore up and down the canals in a dreadful steam-launch with other Americans. From that point

of vantage the gondolas were still alluring. Do you remember writing me about it?" She lifted her laughing eyes from the needlework she had taken from a little basket on the table.

Did he remember! Was there anything he hadn't written Annie!

The dusk was now so complete that she rose to light the lamp. Her action brought Griswald to his feet. "It is late; I must go; I left my bags at the Ricky House."

Her reproach was quick: "In Gardener we do not let old friends go to a *hotel*."

It followed, therefore, that he stayed to share her tea in the silent old house where, in the absence of an aunt, she acknowledged to him, she was much alone.

It was here that Henry Cooper discovered him some hours later when he came with Letty to bring Annie tidings of an old friend in New York. His astonishment upon finding that friend rummaging through a cabinet in the faded splendor of the drawing-room (in the easy fashion of Gardener, they had entered without knocking) was so profound that he was the greater part of the evening recovering from it. For an hour after he was either shaking his head incredulously at Griswald or reviving himself with copious draughts of water from the swinging pitcher in the hall.

It was Letty, a more matronly Letty than Griswald had left, who drew from him the confession that they had been searching, among other keepsakes, for his father's violin. When Annie came upon it, they gathered about the square piano for the old duets. The uncertain bow that Griswald at first rasped across the strings made them laugh; but before he was through "The Angel's Serenade," Annie's accompaniment a sure support through his unexpected retardments and sudden accelerations, the bowing grew easier. They played half through the old book before the evening ended.

Griswald, his chin on the fiddle's curve, his eyes straying from Annie's brown braids to the pleasant, familiar faces of Stump and Letty, felt as if he had never left Gardener. The rattle of trains, the din of the streets, the click of typewriters, were immensely remote — the real world a sleepy old town peopled with friends who loved him and who had known and loved his parents before him.

When the last sweet strains of "Alice, Where Art Thou?" died away in the echoing house, he awoke from his dream. He was no longer a youth to play with time; he was a man of middle years at the last parting of the ways. Youth, with its dreams all unfulfilled, had slipped away; the middle years were hard upon him, with no fairer promise. Should he let them cheat him with their dross?

At ten o'clock, when they all arose to leave, the charm of the quiet evening was still upon him. On the way home, with the moon filtering through the shade of whispering trees, he confided to Stump that the presidency of the little bank looked better to him every minute. When he was settled at the Ricky House, smoking a contemplative pipe at the open window, the plan seemed even more alluring. He played with it still as he fell asleep to the sound of a rising wind in some evergreens, his head on a pillow of hops that Annie had made him try for his insomnia.

Whether or not it was their virtues, he slept the night through without a break. He had seldom felt more alert than when he met the directors. Though he would not give them a final answer for a fortnight, he was glad to spend the morning outlining plans for the future with the leading members of the board. They were willing listeners to the tales he drifted into, toward the morning's close, of Hargrave's mastery of the business game and the triumphs they had scored together. "I don't mind telling you, though," he finished, "that I'd be glad to stop. It's a dog's life."

It was noon when he rose, with Henry Cooper, and sauntered back to the hotel on his way home with him for dinner. The talk at the bank had left him abstracted. Twice he interrupted Stump's stories of fishing with: "I could make that old place hum! I believe I could do it from New York."

"Oh, come, now," his friend warned him, "we're not looking for a proprietor of a three-ringed circus. I suppose, with practice, a man could run more than that, but I bet you the fellow with one ring lasts longer and has more fun as he goes along."

Upon their entrance at the hotel the clerk handed Griswald a yellow envelop. He stared at it angrily as he slit it open. "I thought, for once, I'd gotten away from business," he said to Cooper. "Trust Hargrave to find my whereabouts, if it suited his purpose." He lost himself in the contents for a long moment. When he raised his eyes, his intense preoccupation ignored his friend's inquiring smile. "When can I get a train to New York?" he asked the clerk.

"I've got to get back at once, old man," he explained to Stump, handing him the message. "Hargrave refers to a deal I've been trying to get him to let me put over for a year." He pointed out these words with a hand that trembled with excitement:

Am now convinced your Erie proposition would be good business. If you still believe you can carry the deal through, would urge your returning to city at once. If successful am not unmindful of credit due to you.

Henry Cooper whistled ruefully. "That ends our little scheme here, Buck?"

"N-o-o," Griswald debated with himself; "when I'm through this particular business I'm ready to quit."

"That's what old Poker Watkins used to tell the preachers," Stump reminded him.

Griswald was too preoccupied to hear. "I couldn't leave Hargrave at this point of the game." He pulled out his watch. "If I am going to make that train I shall have to make haste. Tell the girls" — for a moment his face softened — "that I'll probably be back in a week or so; I'm sorry not to be able to go over the old house with them this afternoon."

Short as his visit home had been, Griswald reached the city with accumulated energy. He plunged into the opening negotiations of his big project with a zeal that spelled success. Even Hargrave paid him tribute. "You're worth any two men I know," he vouchsafed, "when your fighting blood is really up."

In the face of such praise Griswald postponed mentioning his intended resignation. Hargrave would think he had lost his reason if, at the very climax of his career, he buried himself in a country town. Indeed, he himself began to see that, in view of his rising fortunes, he would do well to hang on a few years longer before giving up the game. If possible, he would go back to Gardener once a year to recuperate — or, at least, every *other* year at the outside. In the meantime he was determined to take regular exercise and to stop working at night.

The night he made these resolutions was at the end of his great day — the day his big deal had been successfully consummated. Of necessity his mail had been neglected. To-night, therefore, he should be obliged to get his cylinders ready once more for the stenographer. He seated himself before the machine and began speaking into the trumpet. At the end of his packet he hesitated. One cylinder remained, and the directors of his father's bank awaited his decision. He had promised himself to write them at length in his own hand; but the hour was very late, and the next few days presented an unbroken wall of engagements.

"ONE CYLINDER REMAINED, AND THE DIRECTORS AWAITED HIS DECISION"

He therefore adjusted his last cylinder and began:

"DIRECTORS OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
GARDENER, ILL.

"*Dear Sirs:*

"After serious consideration, I have decided not to become associated with the First National Bank. I do not underestimate the value of the opportunity given, but it is not practicable for me to take advantage of it at the present time.

"With sincere thanks and appreciation for the honor shown me, Yours very truly,

"MILTON D. GRISWALD."

This letter, Griswald was conscious, lacked the friendliness and regret he had hoped to express in it; but, in the face of the day he had passed through and the day that loomed before him to-morrow, it seemed the best that he could do. After all, he reflected, to succeed, a man must concentrate on a few things worth the doing and be content to let minor matters slide. Hargrave had taught him that in his youth, and furthermore that if there was a choice to be made the firm should be "first, last, and all the time." Griswald had made this his motto, and no one who had followed his career could deny that he was a shining example of what the system accomplished.

Shortly after, he was ready for bed. He had given up the noisy rooms on the avenue for a suite on the court, where, if the elevators did not disturb him, he now hoped to lose himself in sleep.

Mrs. Peyton Interferes

by Neith Boyce

Author of "The Blue Pearl," etc.

Illustrations by Robert Edwards

PERRY MAXWELL read Mrs. Peyton's letter with astonishment and reread it with wrath. After the second reading he bolted for a telephone and called up her suburban house. The usual delays exasperated him, and finally the butler's suave voice, informing him that Mrs. Peyton had just stepped out, but might be in again at any moment, provoked a full-bodied swear. Perry confided to the tingling wires a message that he was coming out to luncheon, slammed down the receiver, and hurried for a train — which he just missed. Then he had half an hour in which to pace the platform, and each moment added fuel to his righteous anger. He had been obliged to telegraph, breaking a pleasant luncheon engagement in town; but, with this unheard-of thing on his mind, he felt he couldn't have met anybody. Mrs. Peyton was his very good friend; but by the time his train started he had thought up a number of unpleasant things to say to her. What the deuce did she mean, anyhow, by interfering? What business of hers was it to call him to account, even if he had done what she alleged? After a friendship of ten years, to be as good as told that she considered him a dishonorable person and a bounder — without even waiting to find out that her information was mistaken! But he would show her! She was an incorrigible meddler, and he would tell her so.

Suddenly a thought struck him cold. Perhaps Harriet Bisbee was still at the house. That would be most awkward. Harriet must have fibbed outrageously about him, and he wished to say so, but not to her face. However, the place was big enough to avoid her in, and she probably didn't want to see him, either. If she was there he wouldn't stay to lunch. A nice way she had behaved! He didn't like women, anyhow. What was the use in trying to be friends with them? You never knew when they were going to round on you. *They* didn't want friends. He arrived at the pretty snow-covered suburban station with his resentment still hot.

Mrs. Peyton's house was the largest in the Park. It began at one end as an Italian villa and ended at the other in a Queen Anne effect. It had thirteen bath-rooms and a suite of drawing-rooms furnished with palms and plush divans, and an entrance-hall with columns and a marble floor. The Park was divided in opinion as to whether it more resembled a hotel or a railway station. Mr. Leary said he never went there without an impulse to push a button and order a drink. "Resist it," advised his wife. "It isn't Liberty Hall — or, if it is, the liberty is all on Mrs. Peyton's side."

This was assuredly true, Mrs. Peyton being a benevolent tyrant whom it was not well to cross in her occupation of doing good. The house constantly sheltered from two to half a dozen hangers-on, male or female — poor relations of her own or of other people. Them she bullied charitably until she had bullied her friends into giving them positions which they were generally incompetent to fill. She had always a governess or a companion or a secretary on hand, whom nobody wanted but somebody had to take. Or it was a wife who had quarreled with her husband or got bored with her household, and Mrs. Peyton never rested till she had scolded them together again. She lectured her dependents and her friends alike. She was as prodigal of advice as of money. She saw her friends' faults, and frankly spoke of them. If she thought you drank too much at dinner, or treated your wife badly, or lived beyond your means, she would tell you so. She was her brother's and her sister's keeper; and if, after being shown the light, they did not mend their ways, so much the worse for them! She was indignant and washed her hands of them. Of course she blundered inexhaustibly, as Providence always does; but if anybody showed her her mistake, she would be honestly, charmingly

penitent. She was without guile and without false pride.

Perry had to wait for her half an hour after he reached the house, and he did not spend the time reflecting on her good qualities. She came breezily in about one o'clock, dressed in one of those wonderful garments that she seemed to have extracted from some one else's rag-bag. She was a big woman who looked magnificent in evening dress, when it fitted, and generally dowdy at other times. Clothes bored her. She kept an impecunious second cousin to do her shopping for her, and heedlessly wore the results. To-day she had on a black-and-tan striped costume and a fur hat which made her look like a pursy dowager. She greeted Perry coolly, and his internal fire leaped to a blaze.

"You got my letter?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed, I got it," said Perry. "And very much surprised I was to get it, too."

Mrs. Peyton took off her coat and sat down judicially before the fire. Perry remained standing in the dock.

"Surprised? Perhaps you think it was none of my business," proceeded Mrs. Peyton calmly. "But you knew Harriet was under my care — you couldn't expect me not to feel responsible."

"Responsible for what?" demanded Perry hotly.

"Why, for your making her in love with you, and then coolly telling her that you're going off to Tangier indefinitely."

"I haven't done anything of the kind!" cried Perry.

"Yes, indeed, you have. And you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"But I — I tell you, I haven't! I never had an idea of making her in love with me. It's nonsense — you imagined it! What on earth would I want to do that for — even supposing I could? She isn't in love with me."

"She is."

"Oh, nonsense! Did she tell you so?"

"Yes, she did. She feels she'll never get over it."

"Oh, come! *Harriet?* That cool little piece of egotism? I don't believe it for a minute. She was kidding you."

"No, Perry Maxwell, she wasn't! The girl is terribly unhappy."

"Well, I can't help it," cried Perry. "I haven't made love to her. Did she say I had?"

"She — well, you see, Harriet is a girl who doesn't get a great deal of attention. She's rather cold and egotistic, as you say, and she isn't as popular as girls with half her beauty and cleverness. So, when you kept coming out here and showing an interest in her, of course she thought ——"

"But, see here, didn't you ask me to? Didn't you ask me to try and make it pleasant for her here, as a favor to you? You did! I don't see why I should be expected to fall in love with her, though, by Jove! But perhaps you did expect it?"

Mrs. Peyton looked a little guilty.

"I thought it would be nice if you did," she confessed.

"Well, I didn't! I think she's interesting, and I was sorry for her, and I tried to amuse her, and I enjoyed it. But I didn't fall in love with her, or make love to her. I never even kissed her. From your letter, one would think I was a Don Juan. Fellows don't do that kind of thing, you know."

"Oh, yes, they do," said Mrs. Peyton cynically.

"Well, I don't. I give you my word of honor, I never thought of such a thing. I was dumfounded by your letter. And I still believe you've been taken in by Harriet. She's got the histrionic temperament, you know, and she just wanted a little excitement. It's a pose. She isn't any more in love with me than I am with her."

Mrs. Peyton looked up at the young man's ruddy face and clear, steady blue eyes, across which the brows met, frowning and earnest.

"That's just like you men," she said after a moment, shifting her ground remorselessly. "You think that a woman can't possibly permit herself to love you unless you request her to. You go on being as charming to her as you can, without the slightest responsibility; and then, if she does lose her heart unasked, you're indignant."

Perry looked bewildered, then laughed painfully.

"'Sweet, thou hast trod on a heart,'" he quoted, with a ghastly cackle. "Oh, come, this is a little *too* ridiculous. I ain't such a charmer as all that."

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Peyton. "All I know is, Harriet is broken-hearted, and I certainly understood that she had been led to expect ——"

"It's all a game," declared Perry. "*Must* be. *She* doesn't want me — she's just amusing herself. Why, I bet if I faced her with it she'd back down quicker than —" A sudden look of horror overspread his face. "I wouldn't see her for a thousand dollars!" he gasped. "Is she — is she in the house?"

"Of course she is," said Mrs. Peyton. "And luncheon is just ready."

The butler appeared in the doorway as she spoke. Perry made a dive for his coat and hat.

"This looks like guilt," said Mrs. Peyton, rising majestically.

"No — only fright," murmured Perry palely. "Does she know you wrote to me?"

"I didn't tell her I should. I don't know what she expected. But I hardly think she would have said what she did if she hadn't expected something."

"Well, I don't know what it could have been. I'm off. It's a muddle — if it isn't a plant. I can't help it! I don't believe a word of it, anyhow. I can't. Good-by."

"I shall write you again," said Mrs. Peyton, looking very dissatisfied. "Do you still mean to go to Tangier next week?"

"Why, yes," stammered Perry. "Good-by. Can I get out?"

He looked apprehensively into the hall; and, finding it clear of Harriet, fled.

He traveled back to town, having missed his luncheon, in a proportionately bad temper. He felt himself a much-injured man. Never again, he declared to himself, would he try to be kind and friendly to any woman. He would fly to the East, home of wisdom and of men who banished the female element to seclusion, where it belonged. He set himself to recall his last walk with Harriet, when he had babbled to her of his pleasure in being free at last to go back to Tangier; of the appeal to him of that calm, remote life; of the desire he had felt to turn his back forever on the struggling West, even to the point of wreathing his philosophic brow with the turban. Yes, he recollected, she had been very quiet as he talked; and then suddenly she had said she was tired, and they had gone back. But there was nothing unusual about that. She was usually quiet; she was always saying she was tired, and her face often wore the pinched look that had spoiled her beauty as he bade her good-by. She was anemic and stayed indoors too much; and for months he had tried to get her to walk and to eat more. He had made her get a pair of high, stout boots, and had urged her to take a tonic. There was nothing romantic about these attentions, or about his attitude toward her. He had laughed at her constitutional *Weltschmerz* — tried to jolly her out of her cynicism, which he pronounced a youthful pose; striven to reconcile her to the world that she condemned without knowing it. And — yes, he had enjoyed it. And many a time his heart had softened to the poor, pale, sorrowful beauty — purely platonically, you understand. That she had no good reason to be sorrowful had not made him less sorry for her. And now this was his reward — this discomfort, this feeling of guilt, quite undeserved!

It was no use just swearing at the situation as a wanton feminine tangle, and resolving to dismiss it from his mind. It wouldn't be dismissed. The thought that Harriet could possibly think that he had treated her unfairly haunted and hurt him during two busy days, while he continued his preparations for going to Tangier. Mrs. Peyton had asked him calmly if he still meant to go to Tangier. Well, rather! He was free and his own master, he hoped! If a man could live to thirty and keep out of matrimony and other serious entanglements, he certainly deserved to spend his hard-earned leisure as he chose. What good could he do by not going to Tangier? — even supposing — and Perry, having the usual amount of masculine modesty, was finally brought reluctantly to suppose it — that a girl imagined herself in love with him? Needless to say, he couldn't marry her. For one thing, no decent girl, much less Harriet, would take him on such terms. For another, he assuredly wouldn't offer himself. He was no worldly prize, whatever he might be in other respects. Happily, nobody could wish to marry him for a home, and certainly he would never marry for one, nor for any other reason than that he jolly well wanted to; and that contingency was as remote as ever — quite beyond the horizon.

On the third day came Mrs. Peyton's letter:

Dear Perry:

Harriet has left me abruptly — gone to the Wilshires. I wash my hands of her — she is certainly the most unreasonable person I ever knew. Will you believe that she assumed to be indignant with me because I had — she said — betrayed her confidence to you? As if she hadn't meant that I should tell you! When I reproached her for misleading me about your attitude to her, she denied the whole thing — said she had never said you had made love to her. Now, she knew that I so understood it, and she must have known that I would do something about it. I am at least active, though I may not be capable of reading the mazes of such a mind as hers — and, goodness knows, I don't want to! You are right about her — she is one mass of pose. The best thing you can do is just to drop the whole thing, and let her get over it. I feel now you were not to blame, and I apologize for my letter to you. But almost any one might be taken in by Harriet, much more single, straightforward people like you and me. I'm glad you weren't taken in. I would like to shake her!

Yours penitently,

LUCIA P.

Just drop the whole thing! Yes, that was easy, wasn't it?

If Perry had been uncomfortable before, he now became positively unhappy. He thought Mrs. Peyton extremely unfeeling. What right had she to condemn Harriet as "one mass of pose"? Supposing he had said it himself? A woman ought to understand a woman better than that. But, of course, you could hardly

"'YES, INDEED, YOU HAVE. AND YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF'"

expect a blunt person like Lucia Peyton to comprehend a girl like Harriet. Perry himself was very conscious that he didn't understand her. But evidently his first impression had been a sorely mistaken one. Harriet hadn't fibbed about him; Mrs. Peyton had misunderstood. Harriet hadn't meant him to know — she had been overcome at finding that Mrs. Peyton had betrayed her. That looked sadly like genuine feeling — poor little girl! And Mrs. Peyton thought he could "just drop it" and go off carefree to his holiday. She had spoiled it for him. If she had only held her tongue! And yet, he didn't wish that she had, somehow, after all — for perhaps Harriet had misunderstood him, and he wanted to set that right. He went on half-heartedly making ready to go; but Harriet haunted him. If she cared for him, he knew just how it had come about. He had been a sort of window into life for her. His joy of living had warmed her. She would miss him. He had been a live interest to her — and she had not many. And, meaning only to cheer her a little, irresponsibly, he had hurt her, harmed her. It only showed that one couldn't mix up with human beings at all, unless one were willing to be responsible for unmeant harm. It came to this, that he couldn't go without writing to her or seeing her. But what, in heaven's name, could he say? Impossible to write — he tried it. He must see her. He hadn't the least notion what he could say, but he resolved to go out unannounced to the Wilshires, and trust to the moment.

They were a jolly household — a pair of permanently juvenile parents and three strapping, athletic girls. It was pathetic to think of Harriet fleeing to them for shelter; but, if she wanted to be unnoticed and let alone, it was not a bad place. The house was always full of people, gaiety, and noise. Visitors were expected to make their own choice of the variety of sports provided and to entertain themselves. Beyond seeing that they had abundance to eat and drink, the family paid little attention to them.

It was a bitter cold day when Perry set forth again into the country. He found no vehicle at the station, and had to walk half a mile to the house, where he was given a whisky-and-soda and told that the family was skating on the lake. Even Harriet was out. He walked another half

mile, and discovered the three girls and two young men, in sweaters as red as their cheeks, executing fancy figures on the ice. They greeted him with shouts, and said that Harriet was somewhere about. He found the parent Wilshires sitting by a bonfire and roasting marshmallows; and there was Harriet, too, huddled up on a log, a bundle of brown furs. She saw him, and her face went scarlet, then white. Mr. Wilshire, a portly gentleman in knickerbockers, made Perry boisterously welcome, and handed over to him a sharpened stick with a half-toasted marshmallow on the end.

"Mightily glad you've come — you must stay a couple of days. We wanted somebody to amuse this little girl here!" he shouted. "The others are a bit too lively for her, and she rather mopes — don't you, Harry? Where are my skates? I'm off — see you at lunch in half an hour. Mother, you'd better come along with me, and let the young folks move on. Harry wants to get some color into those cheeks of hers."

In an appallingly short time Perry and Harriet were left alone. Harriet looked up.

"Did you know I was here?" she asked chillingly.

"Yes; I came to see you," he answered.

"Then you ought not to have come."

Perry threw the stick and the marshmallow into the fire. "I wanted to see you again," he stammered.

"You said good-by to me a week ago. You didn't expect to see me again then."

He was silent. Well, he had not expected it to be pleasant!

"Won't you get up and walk with me a bit?" he asked. "You look half frozen."

"Yes; I'll go back to the house."

She rose — a tall, slim, straight shape, with a small face that looked dead-white against the brown fur.

"I suppose Lucia Peyton told you I was here," she said, in the same cold voice.

"Yes."

"She's a fool."

"And I'm another, I suppose?"

Harriet was silent.

She could certainly be very disagreeable, Perry reflected, as they walked side by side through the wintry woods. Her delicate profile wore its most repellent look. Her long eyelids drooped with an expression of ineffable weariness. He was used to think that that expression hid a complete lack of feeling; but now ——

"Harriet, don't be rough on me," he begged. "Perhaps I'm an idiot, as you say; but we've been such good friends!"

Harriet stopped short and turned suddenly blazing eyes on him.

"I hate you!" she said. "I hate Lucia Peyton, and I hate myself. She misunderstood horridly what I was fool enough to say to her. If you believed what she told you, you ought never to have come near me. But now you have come,— I'm sure I don't know why, unless it was to make me more miserable than I was before,— I wish you'd please go away again."

"I will," said Perry. "Good-by. I'll cut through here to the station."

"Of course I don't mean that. You must come back with me and stay to luncheon. Otherwise I shall have the whole family at me with questions and suspicions."

"Oh, very well — as you say," he said grimly.

They walked on again.

Harriet certainly was an egotist, Perry thought angrily. She didn't think of him — of how deucedly uncomfortable it was for him — for a moment. He did not speak until the house loomed up white through the leafless trees. Then he said hurriedly:

"What I wanted to tell you was that, of course, I understood. I mean, whatever Mrs. Peyton imagined, I knew well enough that you — that it was a mistake, about you. I don't want you to think that I thought for a moment it was true. And it has been so pleasant to me — our friendship — that I felt I couldn't go without knowing that you understood — that you wouldn't let whatever Mrs. Peyton said bother you. It was just a mistake of hers. Why should we let it spoil our feeling for each other? Why should you say you hate me? You don't hate me, do you?"

She did not answer, and, looking earnestly at her, Perry saw a tear slide down her cheek. She hid it instantly with her muff, and then said:

"No, I didn't mean it. You've been very good to me."

Perry was so overcome by the tears, the unheard-of gentleness of her voice and words, that he could only follow her in silence into the house. There was no one in the big hall with its blazing log fire. Harriet slipped away up the stairs, and did not come down again until the whole party were assembled and luncheon announced. She sat opposite him, but the length of the table away, and, if she had talked, he could not have heard her low voice in the robust babble of the others. With mighty appetites the Wilshires and their other guests assailed the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. Perry watched Harriet covertly. She did not once look at him. Her long eyelids drooped, with a chastened look of

"'WHY SHOULD YOU SAY YOU HATE ME? YOU DON'T HATE ME, DO YOU?'"

"HE WENT ON HALF-HEARTEDLY MAKING READY TO GO, BUT HARRIET HAUNTED HIM"

tears. She wore a brown corduroy dress; her dusky hair and eyes were the same color. She looked, as she often did, remote, pathetic, somehow suggesting Maeterlinck's frail, intangible women — a being out of tune with life, helpless, with idle, empty hands.

Perry saw her refuse, with a shudder, the red, succulent beef. She seemed to lunch on biscuits and milk. He felt a desire to shake her, to lecture her, to — well, to kiss her! But, alas! the time had gone by for the harmless two of those occupations; and for the third it was certainly no time to begin.

Or was it?

Perry pulled himself up with a start, and for the rest of the meal devoted himself to hearty Phyllis Wilshire on his left.

His visit was unsatisfactory, of course. It left him just where he had been before. No, not quite. He had a new picture of Harriet, with tears on her cheeks, speaking gently from behind a muff. This picture stayed in his mind, which was a new thing. He had before recognized Harriet's beauty; but it had not touched him, appealed to him, lingered with him.

Now he could not get her out of his mind — and he did not want to. He realized shamefacedly that it was pleasant to think of her. It was low to be flattered by the idea of her feeling for him, and yet he was. He was touched by it, and began to feel very tenderly toward Harriet. Mrs. Peyton telegraphed, asking him to go out for dinner before he sailed; but he replied, regretting that he was too rushed. He did not want to talk about Harriet. He omitted to say that he had just put off his sailing for two weeks.

He telephoned to the Wilshires because of something he had forgotten to say to Harriet, only to find that she had left there and gone to an aunt who lived in a small Connecticut town. This place was the nearest thing to a home that Harriet possessed. She was an orphan, and traveled about a good deal, on a tiny income of her own. Between-times she stayed with the aunt, who was distinctly queer. Perry was much vexed that she should have gone there now. He wrote to her, making the request he had forgotten before, which was that she would write to him frequently, beginning with telling him her plans for the next few months. He hoped she didn't mean to stay where she was, said he should miss her very much, and asked an immediate reply. Not receiving one, he telegraphed. Harriet responded by wire:

> Shall stay here till spring. Will write sometimes, but not much to write about. *Bon voyage.*

He was much put out. Of all possible ways of spending the next few months, Harriet had chosen the worst for herself. He recalled one visit he had made at that house — the chill eeriness of it, the wasted, brilliant-eyed woman whose obvious crack in the brain let in strange fancies out of the dark. It was intolerable to think of Harriet staying there. He telegraphed, asking what afternoon he could run out for a couple of hours. Harriet replied: "Don't bother. Am resting. Prefer you should not come." Perry spent ten minutes in considering whether she meant "don't bother me" or "don't bother yourself." Then he set his jaw grimly and looked up the trains.

"I simply will not have you stay here!" he cried to Harriet, when he had haled her forth from the house. "If you do, you'll be as dotty as your aunt by spring! That kind of thing is catching — indeed, it is; and you're — well, I won't say you're exactly predisposed to it, but you're very impressionable — oh, hang it, that's not what I meant! But you can't stay, that's all."

"But, really, I haven't any other place to stay," Harriet explained. "And I rather like it. She doesn't talk to me when I don't want to be talked to. She doesn't bother me."

"But what you need is to be bothered," snorted Perry. "Why don't you go abroad? You've got friends in England and Italy; go and visit them."

"They haven't asked me."

"Well, go anyway, on your own hook. You've done it before. See here, why don't you come to Tangier? Girls travel everywhere alone nowadays, and I'd look after you. You'd enjoy it — it's novel, picturesque. Why not come, Harriet? I'd like it awfully."

She smiled dreamily. "It would be nice; but I can't go abroad this year."

By dint of hammering, Perry discovered that she had not money enough to go. She was very gentle that day — seemed gratified by his interest in her, and apologized for appearing such a forlorn person. It was a new Harriet — polite, composed, quite resolute. He was not to worry about her any more. It was none of his business, she hinted mildly. And he knew that Lucia Peyton, who by now had started for Florida, had invited Harriet to go with her there. Before their break it had been all arranged. He hazarded a question here. Harriet flushed and said sharply: "Oh, of course I couldn't sponge on Lucia Peyton now."

Ruffled, she put an end to the discussion, declared she had a headache, and insisted on going back to the house. She did not ask him to stay to dinner, and, when he requested an invitation, explained that they did not dine.

"You know, two women together — all we want is tea and toast," she smiled.

"Then come out and eat a beefsteak with me somewhere," said Perry savagely. "I suppose we can find one in this forsaken town."

"I doubt it. And, anyhow, I don't feel like talking any more." And she looked her very weariest.

"Oh, very well. Forgive me for boring you. Of course I know when I'm frozen out — though perhaps you think I don't. I'll say this, anyhow, Harriet: you could give pointers to a cold-storage plant for hospitality. But never mind. Of course, if you want to make me thoroughly uncomfortable, you know how to do it."

"Don't bully," said Harriet.

Having totally lost his temper and gained nothing, Perry returned to town.

He now discovered that it is misery to be preoccupied with a person whom you can't bully. If you could bully that person, naturally you wouldn't be preoccupied with her; you would just tell her what she had to do, and she would do it, and your mind would be free to consider more important things. Why, oh, why had the West turned its back on the immemorial wisdom of the East? Out there Harriets were not permitted to become a problem. Tucked away safely behind a curtain, a Harriet might be an agreeable companion. Of course the curtain needn't hide any one but Harriet; she would be a whole harem in herself, he reflected. It would be pleasant to have coffee with her in the garden — he supposed she might be permitted to come as far as the garden. She would be veiled, and her veil would be lifted only to him. She would have nothing to do but to think of him. Perhaps she would like that,— if she really liked him she would,— and he thought he would like it, too. Should he propose it to her?

He smoked a great many meditative pipes over the proposition, regarding himself as a fascinatingly free agent, and not sensible for a moment of a hook in the jaw. Harriet was not like some girls; she would not expect him to make money or a social position for her. She would understand that he wanted to possess his soul in peace, and that a man who had once sunk deep into that calm life, with its four times daily reminder of eternal things, couldn't get back into the trivial hustle of the West. He knew a spot of land high up on a cliff-side overlooking the blue strait; he would build a white four-square house there, and Harriet might live in it, if she would be good and not bother him, but only offer incense at due times. . . . In something soft and blue, with a veil over her dusky hair, and her eyes glowing and softening as he had never yet seen them. . . . (The hook was pretty fast by this time.)

A week later Perry had thrown the handkerchief; and it had been handed back to him, promptly and firmly. Instead of coming to his arms, all softness and joy, Harriet had frozen into a statue of ice with an icicle for a tongue. She had even laughed at him. He had never heard of a girl not being commonly polite to a man who asked her to marry him! Tradition informed him that a proposal of marriage should be taken as a compliment, and, if declined, declined gently. But Harriet had been positively rude.

"I'm not quite so badly off as that!" she had said. "There isn't anything I wouldn't rather do than marry you," she had added. "So you did believe it, after all!" she had taunted him. "You've been thinking it all this time, and racking your brains to arrange my future for me. And this is all you can think of!"

There was enough truth in this to deprive him of speech to protest; there was enough falsehood to make him thoroughly conscious, at last, of the barb.

Instead of a kind-hearted, affectionate person conferring a benefit, he had been made to look like a fool. Oh, yes, he had felt like a fool, all right. Why hadn't he taken Lucia Peyton's advice and "just dropped it"? Why, why had he taken it for granted that Harriet was pining for him? Yes, he had believed it. Of course she laughed at him. But now, not for all the Lucia Peytons in the world would he drop it. His vanity had been rent from him. It was a superficial drapery, and he let it go. He sat humbly down to think things over. By Jove, she had said it once, and he would make her say it again! If it took all winter, he would; and he wouldn't go without her.

He soon discovered that kissing a girl, even with conviction, is not the way to make her own her love. Not a girl like Harriet, at least. She seemed stonily resolved not to admit even that he cared for her, much less that she cared for him. Apparently she was prepared to stand a siege — and a siege it became. It really seemed that it would take all winter. He reminded her mournfully, now and then, that time was passing, that they were missing the blue and white and golden days out yonder; and she always said it was a pity, and urged him to lose no more. He thought she enjoyed tormenting him; and yet, she did not seem to flourish on it. She grew thinner and paler and more irritable. They quarreled almost as often as they met.

By now Perry's first fond picture, of Harriet offering incense, had become badly dented and dimmed. But another, more vivid, came and abode with him, and grew more aggravatingly clear each day: just Harriet — there, or here, or anywhere. Just Harriet! The conviction that she needed him was gone — kicked out of sight — didn't matter. The point was that he needed her. To make her see that point took, day after day, all his energy and life. And he thought he had never met so dense a female. Usually they were ready enough to believe it, if you told them so day after day, and proved it by giving up your most cherished pleasures. But Harriet had her answer always: "No, you don't. I don't believe it. You're only saying it to be kind."

"Oh, kind!" he howled, with a mad desire to beat her. "Do you suppose a man marries a woman to be *kind* to her?"

She was like the wintry earth iron-bound in frost. Day by day he tried to melt her, and failed.

One evening, when the suddenly warm air touched the cold earth and the snow was vanishing in mist, they sat together on the steps of the house. They had been talking — or Perry had, and he was very tired. He had just told her bitterly that he had given up going to Tangier.

"Not my fault," she said.

"Yes, yours," he said sullenly.

Then they sat in silence for some time, Perry looking sadly at the vague red sunset beyond the skeleton trees. The air was soft and damply sweet; he turned his cheek to it as to a caress. In the stillness he heard the dropping of the mist on the leaves, the stirring of the wet earth under the snow patches. It was the turn of the year — a newly stirring spirit. . . .

He became conscious that Harriet was looking at him, and averted his face impatiently. He was tired, and he had caught a confounded cold. Yes, there might be tears in his eyes, but hanged if she should see them!

An arm went round his neck, a palm firmly pressed his cheek. Reluctantly he turned his head.

"You're — you're crying for Tangier!" Harriet taunted quaveringly.

"No — for the moon," he said grimly.

"You only want it because you can't get it."

"Yes, of course. Your perspicacity is amazing."

"If you got it you would not want it."

"You wouldn't risk that, on the chance — of course not!"

"Well, it's a good deal to risk, isn't it?"

"I risk it, too, don't I? And I'm willing."

"Oh, well, if that's all," said Harriet tremulously, "so am I."

From Tangier, in the first quarter of the moon of honey, Harriet wrote secretly to Mrs. Peyton, and sent her a piece of native embroidery in purple and silver.

When Mrs. Peyton's answer came, two months later,— sweet, warm, and rejoicing with them,— Perry read it, out in the garden, and smiled.

"Good old girl!" he said. "But what did you write her, Harriet?"

"I thanked her," said Harriet demurely.

"Oh, I say! It would have happened anyhow, you know — bound to," said the bridegroom loftily.

But, now, would it?

"'I THANKED HER,' SAID HARRIET DEMURELY"

"THE WAVE BROKE OVER THE 'OSIRIS,' AND DALTON, ALMOST UNCONSCIOUS, STOOD ALONE UPON THE DECK"

Dalton of the "Osiris"

Illustration by W. J. Aylward

THE winter day was cold and clear. The wind, a biting blast from the north, with the free sweep of over two hundred miles of open water behind it, had raised great white-capped waves, which dashed madly over the newly constructed breakwater. Inside the haven of safety anchored vessels tossed restlessly, while the craft tied up to the piers grated and ground against the fast splintering fenders. Few there were who exposed themselves to the hurtling force and biting cold of the gale; it was the greatest "blow" that had been known for years upon the Lakes. At six o'clock the night before the weather had been thick and muggy, but quiet, with what little wind there was at the south; by seven o'clock it had veered first to northwest, then to north, and by eight o'clock it had reached a velocity of nearly sixty miles an hour.

"A puff from the north," said the experienced watermen who gathered in the bar-room of the tavern upon the lake-front that evening to "talk it over." "A puff from the north. 'Twill blow itself out by midnight."

Upon this point all agreed save "Jimmy" Dalton, commander of the Chemical Company's tank barge, the *Osiris*, then lying at the company wharf, her tanks full of vitriol, ready to start out upon her long journey up the lake to Clairton, a hundred and fifty miles north. He puffed moodily upon his pipe and said nothing.

Dalton had sailed aboard the *Osiris* more years than he cared to remember. He had followed the sea as a young man, and when, some forty-odd years before, he had landed in the "States," he had drifted West "to see the country." An empty pocket-book had driven him to seek employment at the Chemical Works, where his knowledge of ropes and knots soon made him a valuable man as a "rigger." Then the *Osiris* was launched, and he had applied for a position as her commander, and it had been given to him. In all the years that had passed since his appointment, he had never missed a trip. Captain and barge had grown old together. The company had added new barges to its fleet. Most of them had gone to the "marine graveyard" or had been lost on the Lakes; but the old *Osiris* still held on, where newer, larger, and stronger barges failed.

Dalton had married soon after he obtained command of the *Osiris*. Jeanie Downs, the daughter of one of the acid-makers at the Works, had been the bride. The young couple traveled together upon the *Osiris*, and life seemed very fair to them. But their happiness was short-lived. Less than a year after they were married Jeanie stayed ashore while Dalton made a trip up the Lake. When he returned, those with whom he left her met him on the wharf, where, with white, drawn faces, they told him that at the house there awaited his coming something that had once been his wife, and a little daughter. The child had lived.

As the years passed by, life held but two things of interest to Dalton — his barge and the child. The girl grew up and married the captain of another of the Company's barges, who had sailed long with Dalton as a mate. Dalton often visited their snug home, and delighted to have his grandchildren climb upon his knees and pull his grizzled beard and search his pockets for the goodies that he always brought them; but he never slept ashore.

Now, at sixty-seven, he was tall,— over six feet,— broad-shouldered, and muscular, with a bronzed and weather-beaten face, which framed a pair of keen, piercing gray eyes. He looked younger than his years, and, in a physical way, was a better man than many who were years younger than himself.

"Ye've said nothin', Dalton," at last observed the waterman nearest to him. "What think ye of the weather?"

Dalton slowly removed the pipe from his mouth and for a moment stared uncomprehendingly at the speaker, who repeated his question.

"The weather?" he said at last,— "the weather? The gale will last all night — mayhap till to-morrow noon; then 'twill fall flat — for a time; but we'll have more of it by to-morrow night, come supper-time; more of it — and worse, mayhap."

There was a chorus of dissent: the men around him had faith in his judgment, but upon this point he stood alone in his belief. He listened

patiently while they again advanced their opinions.

"That's all well enough for an ordinary storm," he said, "but this isn't an ordinary storm; it's a gale of wind out of a clear sky. I've been through one like it. 'Twas just after I got the *Osiris*, and I nearly lost her — and myself with her. We were out on the Lake, maybe fifty miles from here. It came on just like this, and it blew for hours. The tug and the tow — there were three barges on — weathered the first blow. But the second — man alive! — the tug held us up to wind'ard as long as she could; but at last she had to give in. The *Osiris* was the barge next to her. I stood at the bow and Archie Campbell was at the wheel — poor Archie, he's been dead these thirty years agone; they gave him a barge the next winter, and the ice finished her and her crew before the end of the season. I stood in the bow and saw one of the deck-hands aboard the tug cut the hawser; they had given up the fight and meant to run for it. I saw the tug's head come around as they tried to get her before the wind, but she never got around. She turned broadside onto the rollers, then a great lipper of a wave came along and swept right over her. She never came up; her yawl filled with water, drifted past us, and that was all we saw of her afterwards. The other two barges parted their towlines and drifted away to the leeward, and that was the last we ever saw of them, too. They were the *Rameses* and the *Cleopatra*, both new boats not a year old."

He paused for a moment, lost in gloomy reflection, then he roused himself.

"Once you see a gale like that — and live through it — you'll never forget it, nor the signs that go with it," he said.

"And what did you do with the *Osiris?*" asked one of the younger among the crowd of listeners (most of the older men had heard the tale before). "How did you manage to weather the storm?"

"We got sail on the *Osiris* and lay to; we drifted until the gale blew itself out, and for two days afterward until we made port."

A few minutes later Dalton arose from his place by the fireside, and, bidding the company good night, started for the wharf.

"The same — the very same," he muttered, as he strode along, leaning heavily forward to counterbalance the force of the gale; "but this time the old *Osiris* and I are in harbor, and 'tis well that we are; she's not the barge she once was, nor am I the man."

By noon of the next day the gale had apparently blown itself out, the wind had settled down to a steady breeze from the north, and the waves, although still running high, were rapidly diminishing in force; they no longer broke over the breakwater, and inside of it the water was almost as motionless as on a still summer day.

The tug *Storm King*, one of the largest and fastest of the harbor tugs, drew s'owly up alongside of the *Osiris*, and her captain hailed Dalton.

"Hurry up, Dalton," he called. "Cast off and we'll make fast to you. We've lost a lot of time already — eighteen hours of it; but I'll make some of that up after we get under way."

"Don't be in a hurry, Graham," replied Dalton slowly; "to my mind, we haven't seen the last of this blow yet — there's more coming."

"More coming!" cried Graham. "Why, man, all the signs point to clear weather."

"To clear weather, but not to calm weather," was Dalton's reply. "The old *Osiris* is too weak to be trusted in a heavy seaway such as we'll have in a few more hours."

"I have my orders to get under way as soon as possible. Got yours?"

"Yes. But I'm going up to see the superintendent first."

A tall, angular figure, Dalton strode away up the wharf and through the yard to the office. Here he found Hallock, the superintendent.

"I thought you were away by this time, Dalton," observed that gentleman rather sharply. "That's a rush order for the Kaska Company, and we are over eighteen hours behind with it now. I have ordered Graham to drive the *Storm King* for all she is worth. Hasn't he hooked up yet?"

"He's alongside," said Dalton coldly. Few of the men liked Hallock, and least of all Dalton. Hallock's manner toward his men was not such as to inspire kindly feelings toward him; he was inclined to be arrogant and dictatorial.

"Alongside? Well, why aren't you off, then? What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Hallock," said Dalton steadily, "it's no time to be going now. This gale ——"

"Is over," replied Hallock sharply. "There is no excuse for further delay."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but it isn't over; we'll get more of it before night, and worse, mayhap. The old *Osiris* isn't strong enough to stand it, if it comes on to blow again like it did last night. She needed repairs in the fall, but she didn't get 'em, and she's weak."

The question of repairs to the *Osiris* was a sore one between Dalton and Hallock. The former had asked for them, and the latter had refused to have them made.

"She has run all right in some pretty stiff blows this winter," observed Hallock acidly.

"But no gales, sir. If you want to be sure of delivering that vitriol, Mr. Hallock, you'd better

wait until this second norther blows itself out. We'll get it up in a jiffy then."

"If you are afraid to take the *Osiris* out, Dalton, just say so," observed Hallock, "and I'll get some one else to do it." To himself he thought: "The man is getting old and we'll soon have to lay him aside."

Dalton's face flushed redly, and his big hands clenched the railing, upon which he leaned, so hard that it creaked. For a full minute the two men stood looking each other in the eye. Hallock's eyes finally fell before Dalton's steady gaze.

"Mr. Hallock," said Dalton at last, speaking slowly and sternly, "in the forty-odd years that I've spent at these Works you're the first man to say that I'm a coward. I'm not one. What I've told you I've told you for the Company's good and yours. I thought it my duty to warn you. I went through one of these northers in the old *Osiris* years ago, and I know what they are and the danger that goes with them. If, after what I've told you, you still see fit to order me out, I'll obey orders."

For a moment Hallock hesitated. But the idea of giving in to a subordinate was intolerable to him.

"You are to go, and at once," he said.

Dalton departed without a word. As he went down through the yard, he met the foreman; the two were old friends.

"Can you spare me two men, Wade?" he asked. "Two strong young fellows — single men, both? I've a notion that this trip is going to be more risky than common, and I want extra help with me."

Wade looked up at the clear blue sky.

"It don't look it, Dalton," he remarked.

"Do you remember the night when the *Cleopatra* was lost?" Dalton asked.

Wade nodded.

"This is the same kind of a blow. We'll get more before night. You'll give me the men?"

"I'll send them down to you right away."

"I'll be ready in a few minutes," Dalton called to Graham, as he stepped aboard the *Osiris*. "I'm waiting for two extra men."

He went below, and, sitting down at the cabin table, began to write. The task was a slow and laborious one for him, cramped and stiffened as his hands were by years of toil. By the time that he had finished and inclosed the scrawl in an envelop the extra men were aboard the barge. He hurried on deck and handed the letter to a man upon the wharf, with a request that he would deliver it to his daughter. His face was set and stern as he stepped into the wheel-house, but its expression became tender and wistful as his eyes rested for a moment upon a little cottage upon the bluffs at the back of the town.

"God bless you, Jeanie," he muttered softly — "bless you for your own sake and the sake of the other Jeanie that's gone all these long and weary years."

The *Storm King's* propeller threshed the water, and the *Osiris* began to move slowly ahead; following the tug, she made a graceful sweep athwart the harbor, and headed away for the breakwater. An hour later the man in the tower at the end of the stone pile could determine her position only by a faint black smudge of smoke far away to the northwest. Graham was doing his best to cut down the time of the run between the Works and Clairton.

That afternoon Wade paid particular attention to the fastenings of the smokestacks; he had the faith in Dalton which Hallock lacked, and had taken his words as a warning to be heeded. Hallock found him, late in the afternoon, overseeing a gang of men who were busily engaged in strengthening a wire guy that had been somewhat weakened by the late blow, and, in his usual assertive manner, he asked him why he did it.

"I'm getting it in shape to withstand a gale, Mr. Hallock," was Wade's reply.

"A gale? The gale is over."

"Dalton doesn't think so, sir."

"Dalton!" sneered Hallock. "What does Dalton know about it? Do you all swear by Dalton around here?"

"He's followed the water a good many years, Mr. Hallock — and he knows." Wade was loyal to his old friend.

"Humph!" observed Hallock, and walked away. In spite of his usual self-confidence, he felt a little uneasy.

Hallock went home to supper at six o'clock. As he walked along, Dalton's words of warning still rang in his ears. He had learned that Dalton had called for two extra men. Evidently the old man was sincere in his belief that there would be another gale. Then he looked up at the clear sky and the twinkling stars and was reassured.

"It's all a delusion upon Dalton's part," he muttered, as he entered his house. "He is overcautious; it is a common failing of old age."

By the time that supper was over he felt entirely at his ease again; and, as he sat after the meal chatting with his wife, he told her of Dalton's prediction, and laughingly alluded to it as "an old man's whim."

He had scarcely finished speaking when there arose a sound outside the house. Shrill and insistent, it continued for a moment — then died away — only to arise again. Both he and his wife listened intently, their faces paling as it continued, finally settling down into a shrill, steady

roar — the roar of a gale heavier than the one of the night before.

Hallock rose unsteadily to his feet and passed from the dining-room into the hall. When he reappeared a few minutes later he was in his overcoat and cap.

"I must go to the Works," he said. "You are not afraid to stay alone for a time, are you? It may be possible to do something to help Dalton and the men with him."

"No, no," she answered. "Go. Go quickly. I am not afraid. I will wait up for you."

She accompanied him to the door. She was trembling as he kissed her.

"You are afraid," he said. "I will get one of the neighbors to come in and stay with you."

"I am not afraid," she repeated. "But — but it seemed like an answer to what you had just said."

The gale drove Hallock before it to the Works, and he marveled at its fierceness as he hastened upon his way; there were times when he thought that it would sweep him off his feet. Overhead the stars were still shining; clear and bright they were, and it seemed to him that they mocked in silent contempt the scene of tumult beneath them. As he drew near to the Works he could hear the thunder of the seas upon the breakwater, and once, as he passed an opening in the houses, he could see that they were going clear over it, as they had done the night before.

In the office he found Wade. The latter had come down to see that everything was all right. In troubled silence the two men looked at each other for a moment. Wade was the first to speak:

"A bad night this, Mr. Hallock. It has turned out as Dalton said it would; this blow is worse than the other one." Then he voiced his chief anxiety: "I wonder where Dalton is by this time."

"Safe, I hope," replied Hallock, forcing a ghastly smile in an effort to appear calm and at his ease. For a moment his will triumphed over his fears; then, with the recollection of Dalton's last words, he lost control of himself, his face became white, and he sank into the nearest chair.

"Can't we do something — anything — to save him? The tugs — order them out, Wade; tell the captains to go to his assistance."

"A tug can't get out of the harbor now, Mr. Hallock," Wade said quietly but firmly, "much less live after she gets out. Poor Dalton is in other hands than ours. God be good to him!"

For a long time neither spoke.

"I sent him," said Hallock hoarsely, at last — "I sent him! It was upon my order that he went. He warned me of the danger; but I thought that he had turned coward in his old age, and told him that if he was afraid I would get some one else to go in his place."

"Jim Dalton a coward? Never!" cried Wade. "There isn't a braver man on the Lakes than Dalton. You couldn't have held him back with a team of horses after you said that to him."

There was a knock at the office door. Wade opened it and admitted two persons — a man and a woman.

"I'm M'Leish, Dalton's son-in-law," said the man bluntly, "and this," laying a large hand tenderly upon the woman's shoulder, "is my wife. Have you any news from the old man yet?"

"Nothing," replied Hallock dully. It seemed to him that there was a wordless accusation in the woman's eyes as she turned them upon him, eagerly searching for something that might afford a ray of hope.

"We got a letter from him; it said that he had orders to go out, although he mistrusted the weather. From the way he wrote," added M'Leish, in a whisper intended for Hallock's ear alone, "he thought that it might be his last trip; he said that the barge lacked needed repairs and that she was shaky beneath him. Jeanie was anxious and overwrought about it, and would have me bring her down here to see if you had any news, good or bad."

"Nothing," Hallock repeated.

The telephone bell rang sharply. Its sound galvanized him into action. The instrument stood upon his desk, and he mechanically took the receiver from its hook and answered.

"Is that the Chemical Works at Undine?" came the reply.

"Yes." The voice did not seem to him to be his own; it appeared to come faint and far, from other lips than his.

"This is the Cohanset Life-Saving Station. One of your tugs — the *Storm King* — came ashore here an hour ago. We managed to save two of the crew — Captain Graham and Engineer M'Dermott. The other five were lost. We have recovered the bodies of three of them; the others are still missing, and our men are looking for them."

Hallock had not expected this. The *Storm King* was the newest and strongest of the Company's tugs, and it had never occurred to him that she would be in any particular danger; his fears had been for the barge. For a moment he sat stunned, while his companions gazed at him in a mute agony of supplication. Then he gathered his faculties sufficiently to ask the question upon the answer to which hung the happiness of the woman before him.

"What of the barge *Osiris?*" he asked. "She had her in tow."

"Did she have the *Osiris?* Wait a minute."

For some moments he could hear a muttered conversation at the other end of the line; then:

"Captain Graham has just come to; he's not very clear in his speech as yet, but from what he says we make out that the barge broke adrift soon after the gale began. He tried to get up to her again, but while he was getting the tug's head around she drifted out of sight to leeward."

"Do you think that there was any chance for the barge?" faltered Hallock.

"Little or none. When a powerful tug like the *Storm King* is driven ashore in spite of her engines, there is but little hope for a barge like the old *Osiris*. I'm afraid that Dalton has made his last trip. We'll take care of Graham and M'Dermott until you send for them. Is there any other question you would like to ask? No? Good-by."

With a mighty effort Hallock controlled himself. Turning to the others, he imparted the news that he had just received. Wade and M'Leish received it calmly; it was no more than they had expected to hear. Mrs. M'Leish heard him to the end, and then sank silently upon the floor. When they had revived her and her husband had taken her away, Hallock turned to Wade.

"There is no use in our staying here any longer," he said; "we can do no good here."

Wade assented. Together they left the Works and walked up through the town. When they reached the corner where their paths diverged, they parted in silence. Neither of them slept that night. And the gale howled and shrieked and moaned louder and louder as the night advanced.

After the *Storm King* and her tow had cleared the breakwater and straightened away upon their course, Dalton called one of the extra men to the wheel-house and turned the wheel over to him; then he strode forward. The *Osiris* carried two stumpy masts and three sails — a jib and two sails known as "lugs." The lugs were triangular pieces of canvas, small in spread; they were of little aid in urging the hull through the water, and were seldom used except in cases of dire necessity, when they served a purpose in aiding the barge to lie to or scud before the wind. The jib was tied down tightly upon the stumpy bowsprit and the lugs were lashed tightly to their booms. Dalton cast the jib loose, then retied it loosely. Then he went to the foremast and, casting off the lashings of the lug, hoisted it, taking particular care to see that the wooden rings attached to the sail ran easily upon the mast. They did not quite suit him, and he called one of the crew and ordered him aloft with a bucket of grease to "slush down" the mast; then he carefully and minutely examined the shrouds and stays. This inspection seemed to satisfy him, and, after loosely refurling the lug, he went aft to repeat the performance at the mainmast, where he found everything to his liking. The crew eyed his movements curiously, but none of them ventured to make any remarks: they respected both the man and his skill too much for that.

The afternoon passed slowly. After Dalton finished his tour of inspection he went into the wheel-house and sat down behind the man at the wheel. Filling his pipe, he lit it and sat smoking in somber silence, looking straight ahead of him at the *Storm King* as she wallowed heavily yet swiftly along. Never had the old *Osiris* traveled faster, he thought to himself; Graham was certainly doing his best to cut down the running time between the Works and Clairton.

Only once during the afternoon did Dalton speak, and that was when the man at the wheel began to whistle softly the refrain of a popular song.

"Why do you whistle?" he demanded, with some asperity.

The man, a young fellow scarcely of age, laughed lightly.

"I'm whistlin' for wind, Captain," he replied, "for just such a wind as we had last night, only aft of us, to make a quick trip to Clairton; then it can shift again and blow us back to the Works if it wants to. I want a quick trip, so that I can get back before my best girl forgets me. I was to see her to-night."

"Pray God you may live to see her again," muttered Dalton beneath his breath; then, aloud:

"We'll get wind, boy. We'll get it. But not aft; 'twill be dead ahead, and a gale."

He lapsed into silence again, from which he was roused by the call to supper.

The sun had set as he came up on deck after the meal was over. He looked anxiously at the western sky mottled with purple and red and gold; then, shaking his head ominously, he looked at his watch. The hands pointed to a few minutes of six.

"'Twould be strange if I was mistook in my judgment of the weather," he muttered as he walked forward. "I'd be glad to be, if it wasn't for Hallock. The other men about the Works understand me and know that I'm no man to cry wolf without cause. But he as good as said that I was a coward. Me — Jim Dalton — a man old enough to be his grandfather — a man that's followed the water for fifty-odd years and faced dangers that he's never even dreamed about — me a coward!"

His face darkened and his hands clenched convulsively as he entered the wheel-house.

"Go get your supper," he commanded the man at the wheel. "And tell Bates to get the lanterns lit and hoisted; it'll be dark before he gets it done."

After the man had gone Dalton slipped a becket over one of the spokes of the wheel to hold it steady, and leaned upon it while he again anxiously scanned the horizon. Darkness was falling; the color was rapidly fading from the sky; the *Storm King* loomed, an indistinct black bulk, in the gathering dusk far ahead; and as he looked at her a bright star rose to the top of her signal-mast, quivered for a moment, and then remained stationary. Graham had set his steering-light for the guidance of the helmsman upon the barge.

Dalton filled his pipe and lit it, then stood lost in reverie. His thoughts took him far back over the days that were gone to the days when he was a young man; memories of his early life, its pleasures and sorrows, came to him. Gradually he came back to the present — to Hallock's scornful words and the imputation that they carried with them, and again his face darkened.

Suddenly he noticed that it became colder; he noted, too, that the wind had risen a little. In an instant he was himself again — alert and resourceful.

"It's here," he said aloud, as though he had a listener. "It's here at last; in a minute or two we'll get the first puff."

As if in answer to his words, a blast descended upon the *Osiris*, howling and scuffling through her scanty top-hamper — then another and another and another — each one harder than its predecessor; the sea rose rapidly and slapped viciously against the bluff bows of the old barge. The men came running forward to the wheel-house, where they stood clustered together, looking anxiously ahead.

"We've got it, as I said we would," Dalton yelled to them; there seemed to be a note of triumph in his deep tones. "One of you come in here and help me with the wheel, and the rest of you get in the lee of the wheel-house."

The men had been in the shelter of the wheel-house only for a few minutes when the *Osiris* began to wallow heavily, and some of the larger waves broke over her bows and washed aft along the deck. The light aboard the *Storm King* rose and fell, and, as the heavy rollers came in between her and the *Osiris*, there were moments when it was entirely lost to view.

It took the combined strength of Dalton and his helper to hold the *Osiris* upon her course. As she dashed down the watery declivities her stern was often completely out of water and the controlling power of her rudder gone; then, as she rose upon the waves, the gale would force her bows around, in spite of all that they could do, and they were barely able to keep her from falling broadside onto the waves. The stout hawser slackened and tightened with ominous jerks that made her quiver all over, like some wounded thing; but it held, and the constant strain upon it told that she was still advancing, although how rapidly none of those aboard her could tell.

Inside of a quarter-hour the men behind the wheel-house found their position there untenable, and they managed to get inside, where they stood huddled behind Dalton and his helper at the wheel. The gale increased in fury as the minutes went slowly by, and the seas rose higher and higher; some of them — icy-cold — came into the wheel-house, and often all there held their breath, fearing that the *Osiris* would never rise under the weight of water that lay upon her decks. But each time she rose sluggishly to the surface, only to have another wave bury her from bow to stern.

Suddenly from out of the gloom ahead of them came the deep and mournful sound of the *Storm King's* whistle. Four blasts there were — long drawn out — the signal that the tug wished to know how her tow was weathering the storm.

At the imminent risk of his life, one of the crew crept forward and bent on and hoisted the two lanterns at the foremast that meant "All well." A short blast from the tug, denoting that those aboard her saw and understood the signal, was heard. Then he hauled down the lanterns. He had unbent one from the signal-halliards, and was just reaching up to grasp the other, when Dalton saw an enormous sea close aboard.

The yell he gave was heard clearly above the roar of the gale. The man heard him and understood; for, without looking behind him, he dropped the lantern and ran quickly down the already sloping deck toward the wheel-house. At the same instant two of the other men sprang forward to catch him and drag him within its shelter. It all happened in an instant. The wave, a great black comber, came swiftly in over the bows and rushed aft — a solid wall of water, topped with white, wind-driven foam, that towered far above the little wheel-house. There was a gasping, strangled cry for help from one of the men — and all three were gone.

After the wave had gone by, Dalton, bruised and battered, drenched from head to foot, yet still retaining his grasp upon the wheel, groaned aloud in his anguish. His helper, less fortunate than himself in being torn from the wheel and thrown against the back of the wheel-house,

lay, a limp and sobbing heap, upon the floor beside him. He was an experienced "Laker," but the scene through which he had just passed had completely unmanned him.

When Dalton saw him lying there, he kicked him.

"Get up!" he yelled savagely. "Get up and do something, or we'll soon be like the rest of them."

Dominated by Dalton's iron will, the man staggered to his feet and stood, still sobbing, at the wheel.

"We've got to get her clear of the tug," yelled Dalton. "It's our only chance. She draws us under these waves; without her drag upon the barge, we'll ride easier over them. Hold the wheel while I go forward and cut the hawser. Keep her steady, mind, and don't let her fall away before the wind after it's cut. Understand?"

The man nodded dumbly. His nerve was gone, but he would do his best to obey orders.

As Dalton ran forward, ax in hand, he heard again the four blasts of the *Storm King's* whistle.

"Blow away," he muttered — "blow away. There's none here now with time to answer you."

He paused for a moment at the bitts and looked intently at the hawser. It was strained almost to the breaking-point; tense as a bar of iron, it stretched away over the bows until it was lost in the spume of the seas ahead. He hesitated, undecided whether to cut or to let it stand; perhaps there would be no more waves like the one that had just robbed him of three good men.

The sight of another wave approaching decided him. The ax fell upon the distended strands just where they met the bitts. The hawser parted with a report like that of a gun, and the bows of the *Osiris* rose just in time to escape the greater part of the force of the wave. As the hawser parted Dalton threw himself upon the deck aft of the bitts; the portion of the wave that came aboard washed over him, but left him uninjured.

Leaping to his feet, he ran forward and cast loose the jib, cutting the frozen fastenings with his ax. Then he pulled desperately upon the halliards. The sail was heavy and frozen, but by exerting every particle of his great strength he at last succeeded in getting it up.

The sailor at the wheel was holding the *Osiris'* head to the wind in good shape, and Dalton yelled a word of encouragement to him as he sprang to the fore lug and cast off its lashings.

This sail, high up above the deck upon its boom, was comparatively dry, and it required less effort to hoist it; this was true of the main lug also.

"She rides easier without the drag of the tug," Dalton yelled to the sailor as he reëntered the wheelhouse. "We must get her off before the wind, and run for it. I'm going to wait until we are in the trough between two big waves, and then throw her around. Be ready to help me."

The sailor nodded dumbly. Dalton narrowly watched the seas ahead. Several times he made a motion as though to throw the wheel over, but each time checked himself. Then finally, as the *Osiris* settled down between two huge waves, he spun the wheel swiftly over. Slowly — too slowly — the bows of the *Osiris* came around. She rose, broadside on, upon the crest of the oncoming wave. With a flap like the report of a cannon, her sails filled, dragging her head swiftly to leeward. But the movement came too late to save her. As her bows fell away before the gale, the wave broke over her. It struck the wheel-house upon its side. There was a sound of rending, cracking timbers, and a moment later Dalton, almost unconscious, stood alone upon the deck, still grasping the spokes of the wheel, and looking vainly to leeward for a sight of his late companion. Only his iron grip had saved him from a similar fate.

Everything movable had been swept from the deck; the wheel-house was gone, and the iron wheel itself was badly bent; the cabin hatch had been torn off, and the bulwarks upon the starboard side had been completely carried away.

It took Dalton some little time to realize that the *Osiris* had come around and was running before the gale. He felt weak and dizzy, and a desire to lie down and sleep almost overcame him. After a time the stunning effect of his injury — a blow on the head — wore away, and he was able to see things more clearly.

One thought was constantly before him — a torturing, harassing thought. Less than an hour before there had been five active, able-bodied men aboard the *Osiris*, and now he was the only survivor. He shivered, but not with the cold, although his clothing was frozen upon him. There were Bates and Saunders — they had sailed with him for years. And the two extra men — these, too, he knew well. The young fellow who had wished for wind and a quick trip, so that his "best girl might not have time to forget him" — what a merry young fellow he was! And they were all gone. There was no hope for any of them. Miles from shore, numbed by the chilling water, weighted down by their wet clothes, they stood no chance of saving themselves. And his own chance was little better than theirs, although his head was still above

water and the planks of the old *Osiris* still stood between him and death. The heavy seas would batter her to pieces, old and weak as she was. But he would make a fight for life, so long as her timbers held together, for the sake of Jeanie and his grandchildren, if not for his own. And, if he had to die, he would die fighting. With this thought, he bent his energies to the task before him.

The night wore on. The gale increased in force, and the *Osiris* tore along before it, safely guided by the master hand at her helm. The wind and the waves were driving her in toward the shore, and from time to time Dalton could see lights which he recognized. At ten o'clock he saw the red revolving light at Sandy Point, twenty miles above the Works; at ten-thirty he saw, close aboard, a headland that he knew. He passed so near the headland that he could distinctly hear the roar of the breakers as they beat in impotent fury against its rocky face.

By midnight the gale seemed to have lost some of its force; the weather had thickened perceptibly, the stars no longer shone brightly, and it seemed warmer to the lone watcher upon the storm-swept deck of the old barge.

"Snow," he muttered. "It feels like it. I wonder if I can't make the harbor at the Works. The wind is fair, and I must be near it."

He lashed the wheel and picked his way forward over the ice-covered deck. Steadying himself by the bitts, he gazed long and anxiously ahead, looking for the light upon the end of the breakwater. He did not know that early in the evening the gale had blown the top out of the lantern and driven the lightkeeper to seek refuge upon the shore. Once he thought that he heard the sullen booming of the breakers ahead; but he could not be certain, for the gale still roared and scuffled about in such a manner as to drown out all lesser sounds. Finally he gave up his effort to locate the light and started aft.

As he reached out his hand to grasp the spokes of the wheel, there was a grinding, crashing shock, which threw him flat upon the deck. The *Osiris* had struck something, but whether vessel or shore he could not tell. There was a cracking and splintering of heavy timbers; then, lifted upon the crest of a great wave, the *Osiris* was borne away from the obstruction.

Hastily putting her upon her former course, dead before the gale, Dalton ran forward. The starboard bow of the *Osiris* was a complete wreck, battered out of all resemblance to a bow. Across the wreckage lay a huge piece of timber which Dalton recognized as one of the top stringers upon the crib at the end of the breakwater at the Works.

As he saw this a dull feeling of utter despair came over him. To be so near a haven of safety and not to be able to enter it! Surely the fates were unkind to him that night.

He tried the pump. The test showed that there was a bad leak. There was but one thing to do — man the pump and try to keep it down until he could beach her or until some passing vessel took him off.

Slowly and wearily he went to work. At first he worked fifteen-minute stretches with five-minute rests between. Morning found him still pumping, but in five-minute stretches with five-minute rests. The leak was not gaining upon him, and the gale had greatly abated in force, although it still blew stiffly.

As soon as it was light he endeavored to ascertain where he was; but the weather was so thick that he could not see the length of the *Osiris* ahead. Then he examined the damaged bow. Most of the injury had been done above the water-line, but a plank was battered and crushed just at the water-line, and this, he thought, caused the leak. He looked carefully, and could find nothing below it, but it was bad enough as it was to sink her if he allowed it to get away from him.

Then an idea came to him. The *Osiris* carried four tanks — two forward and two aft. All were filled. He would empty the forward ones, and the weight of the vitriol in those aft would lift the bow out of the water, so that the leak would be several feet above the new water-line. But first he would breakfast; he felt weak and hungry and his head ached strangely; the food would strengthen him.

He went below. The heavy seas had flooded the cabin, putting the fire out and throwing things in sad confusion about the floor. He found some bread and cold meat in a cupboard, and a bottle of whisky in his locker, and upon these he made his meal.

After the meal he went forward again. He got the fore hatch off after half an hour spent in chopping away the ice around it. Getting down upon the tanks, he unscrewed the dome and inserted the siphons that were used to draw off the acid. The hand pump which started the siphons was out of order, and it took him so long to fix it that he had to knock off twice and take to the pump in order to keep the leak from gaining upon him to such an extent as to make the *Osiris*' case hopeless. It was with a feeling of great relief that he got the second siphon started and saw the stream of yellowish liquid running from it.

Emptying the tanks by means of the siphons was a slow operation, but by noon the bow of the *Osiris* had risen until the leak was more than a

foot above the water. The tanks were half empty by this time, and Dalton made a careful examination to determine how far the clearance of all acid in them would throw the leak out of water. He estimated that it would be at least three feet, and decided to let them run.

And now he would get some sleep. The condition of the weather and of the crazy craft both promised to remain unchanged for some hours to come. The wind was no stronger than a full-sail breeze, the sea had gone down, and the waves were no longer crested with white, but rolled by in long, black, oily undulations; the weather was still thick, and occasionally a few fleecy flakes of snow fell.

He brought the *Osiris* round until she was head to wind, lashed the wheel, and went below. He made another meal off the bread and meat, took several more drinks of the whisky, and threw himself into one of the bunks. But he did not sleep soundly; his head bothered him, and he lived over again in dreams the events that had happened since the *Osiris* had left the harbor at the Works. Once he awoke, fancying that he heard the whistle of a tug in search of the *Osiris;* but he decided that he must have been mistaken, and fell asleep again. It was after ten o'clock that night when, unable to sleep any longer because of the pain in his head, he arose and went up on deck, to find that it was snowing heavily, and that the *Osiris* was shrouded in white from bow to stern.

The night wore slowly away. In the morning watch the wind shifted, bringing the *Osiris* dead before it.

When the morning came, Dalton's first anxious glance was cast in the direction in which he supposed the shore to lie. He was near it — much nearer than he had expected. Less than half a mile away high bluffs reared their bulk before him. He had not been down that way for years, but he fancied that he recognized them. If his guess were a correct one, the *Osiris* was about forty miles south of the Works, and he had but to keep her upon her present course to harbor there. After all, fortune had favored him, he thought. He was still afloat and in condition to navigate.

All through the day he urged the *Osiris* along at as rapid a pace as her crippled condition would permit. He ran close in along the shore, and as landmark after landmark came into view they served to confirm his first guess as to his location.

His head hurt him a great deal. There were times when it seemed to him that it would burst, and he feared that he would not have strength enough to last the voyage out. At times he was delirious, and talked to himself as he stood at the wheel, and sang snatches of old and long-forgotten songs that he had known when a young man. He fancied, too, that his wife — his long-lost Jeanie — stood beside him with her hand upon his arm. He had short intervals of lucidity, in which he would mentally brace himself against a recurrence of his wild vagaries and firmly fix his mind upon getting the *Osiris* safely into harbor at the Works, only to relapse into his former condition a little later on.

It was cloudy all day. Night found him ten miles south of the Works and about two miles offshore. Had it not been for the haze, people on the shore must have seen the *Osiris* as she drifted along up the coast. To Dalton, aboard her, the land appeared as a heavy blur to the eastward. Soon after dark the haze thinned a little, and far away to the northeast Dalton could see lights. Few they were and faint, but he knew them, and he set the *Osiris'* course by them — they were the lights at Undine. And now he felt sure that he would make the harbor,— he, Dalton, the despised, the coward!— and the feat would forever close the lips of Hallock. He shouted aloud in his joy, then cursed a few minutes afterward as a fog, thick and impenetrable, descended, shutting everything from view and enveloping the *Osiris* in its damp and clammy folds.

If he made it at all, it must be blindly; but he had the course, and that would bring him off the town. Once there, he must trust to his sense of hearing to guide him.

Hours passed. The wind had almost died away. Before the little of it that was left the *Osiris* drifted slowly, her progress scarcely perceptible. At two o'clock in the morning Dalton figured that he must be at least five miles away from the Works. Then the wind rose for a little time, only to fall again. Time after time it rose and fell, and through all the baffling changes Dalton steadily urged the *Osiris* onward — nursing her, tending her, as a mother would a child. His intervals of lucidity were becoming more and more infrequent and of shorter duration; but his fixed resolve still drove him on and guided his insane hand to the accomplishment of the deed on which he had set his heart.

Just as the day was breaking, cold and raw and cheerless, familiar sounds smote upon his weary ears. He listened intently, his faculties astrain for a recurrence of it. Faint and far away it came — the mournful peal of a tolling bell, sounding again and again its note of warning. It was the bell upon the breakwater at the Works, and they were tolling it for him. For him? Ridiculous. They did not toll to warn the dead — and he was dead to them. The sound came from a point nearly due east. He

must be abreast of the Works and not more than a mile from the breakwater, for in a fog like this the sound of the bell would not carry far.

With hands that trembled with excitement and revived hope, he threw the wheel over until the *Osiris* headed to the eastward. Would she never close in with the sound? He prayed wildly for wind — then cursed as he heard the soft plash of the waters against her battered sides. It annoyed and irritated him. He would sooner have heard the crash of whitecaps, for where there were whitecaps there was wind.

And now something within Dalton seemed to tell him that he was wholly crazy — a crazy man in command of a crazy craft. The lights of the town — the sound of the bell — had been delusions of his crazy brain. And the bell was still tolling — tolling — calling the old *Osiris* and himself on to their doom. Lights danced before his weary eyes; in his ears was ever the sound of a dull murmur, like the roll of the surf upon a distant shore. Yes, he was crazy; there could be no doubt about it.

Suddenly the tolling of the bell became louder still, and a dark object loomed, black and indistinct, before him. Another delusion, he thought bitterly. But as his vacant eye took in the outlines of the object he recognized it. And with the recognition something seemed to snap within his head and for the moment he became sane again.

The object was the lighthouse upon the breakwater. Beside the bell-frame stood a figure in oilskins, manfully pulling upon the bell-rope, intent upon its work. Both lighthouse and figure were too plain to be mistaken; the harbor entrance was directly before him.

Shrouded in the drifting vapor, and unseen by the lookout, the *Osiris* drifted slowly through it and into the harbor; still unseen, she reached the wharf at the lower end of the Works, where Dalton slowly and painfully made her fast with a single hawser. There was no one there to welcome him as he strode away up through the yard, a great bulk in the fog, staggering and lurching along, until at last he reached the office.

It was the face of a dead rather than a living man which confronted Hallock as he looked up from his desk at the sound of Dalton's entrance. The hair tangled and matted with blood, the eyes sunken and bloodshot, with black circles beneath them, the lips swollen and cracked and blue from exposure to the bitter cold,— all seemed to Hallock to belong to one risen from the dead. For a fleeting moment he thought that the recent trouble and strain through which he had gone had unsettled his brain, and that the ghastly figure before him was a creature of his disordered imagination.

"Dalton," he whispered at last. It would not have surprised him to see the grim figure before him fade away into nothingness before his very eyes.

"Ay, Dalton, Mr. Hallock — Dalton. And no coward. I've brought the old *Osiris* back to you, and ——"

He faltered in his speech, wavered unsteadily to and fro, clutched wildly at his head, and fell full length upon the floor.

Dalton and the old *Osiris* no longer sail the Lakes. The old barge lies upon the sandy beach at the inner end of the harbor. And about her, day after day, an old man potters, preparing her to stand the shocks and blows of the next norther to which she will be exposed. He has but little time for speech, for he is ever too busy to waste time in idle words. It seems strange that the old *Osiris* has not long ago been broken up, for in her frame is much old iron and copper, and corporations are, at best, soulless things. But if curiosity tempts you to make inquiry concerning her, you will be told that as long as the old man lives she is not to be disturbed. If you question further concerning the old hulk and her white-haired guardian, you will hear a tale of the greatest storm that the Lakes have ever known. And the hero of that tale will be the old man — Dalton of the *Osiris*.

THE COLLAPSE OF THE DIAZ LEGEND

BY

WILLIAM ARCHER

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND DEATH OF FERRER," ETC.

WHAT has happened in Mexico, with dramatic and startling rapidity, is the disintegration of a legend. It was not a baseless legend: few legends are. There was a large substratum of truth in it. Many men have left unalterably graven on the tablets of history reputations far less genuine than that of Porfirio Diaz. But these were men who had the good fortune to die at the right moment.

If ever man seemed exalted above the vicissitudes of things, it was President Diaz two years ago. He was acclaimed as the greatest man of the Western Hemisphere by men who were themselves in the running for that eminence. President Roosevelt wrote of him on March 7, 1908: "President Diaz is the greatest statesman now living, and he has done for his country what no other living man has done for any country." Secretary Root, about the same time, regretted that he was not a poet to write eulogies, or a musician to compose triumphal marches, in honor of the soldier-statesman. President Taft, at the historic meeting of October 16, 1909, expressed: "In the name of the people of the United States, their profound admiration and high esteem for the great, illustrious, and patriotic President of the Republic of Mexico." Sr. José F. Godoy, of the Mexican diplomatic service, has collected in his book, "The Master Builder of a Great Commonwealth," the testimonies of more than a hundred eminent men — ambassadors, governors, senators, judges, millionaires, etc. — to the transcendent merits of the Grand Old Man of Mexico. "One of the greatest rulers in the world," "One of the greatest men now living," "Will rank in history with Washington and Lincoln," — such are the eulogies piled upon his head. After this, it need not surprise us to find official biographers, such as Mrs. Tweedie and Mr. Creelman, referring to him as "the greatest figure in modern history" and "the protagonist of the American hemisphere."

The assumption on which all these eulogies rested was that President Diaz had brought lasting peace and prosperity to his grateful and adoring country. "There are no Anti-Porfiristas now," wrote Mrs. Tweedie in 1906. Mr. Creelman, only last year, scoffed at "the delirium of revolutionary dreaming" and said: "It is preposterous to talk about a reversion of the Mexican people to the old revolutionary habit." Mr. T. P. Terry, in his admirable Guide-Book to Mexico, concludes his sketch of the history of the Republic in this fashion:

> 1904. Porfirio Diaz is again made President. Guided by the strong hand of Porfirio Diaz, the greatest Mexican, the United Mexican States join the ranks of great nations.
>
> 1906. Great influx of foreigners and foreign capital. The Diaz Government inspires confidence, *revolutions are things of the past*, and $800,000,000 of foreign capital comes to Mexico.
>
> 1909. Unexampled prosperity marks the Diaz administration.

That was the constant burden of the songs of triumph.

Apologies for Despotism

On all hands it was admitted, indeed, that the Republic was a republic only in name; that there was no reality either in the State or in the Federal elections; that the governors of the States, the members of Congress, and the local *jefes politicos* were all, directly or indirectly, nominated by the President, who practically "ran" the country with despotic power. If these facts aroused momentary qualms, all sorts of good reasons were forthcoming to allay them. The general case of the Latin-American, always prone to revolution, was in Mexico complicated by the special intermixture of a particular brand of Indian blood. Less than twenty per cent of the population were white, and the remainder were either half-breeds or pure Indians. Now,

the Mexican Indian and the *mestizo* were proclaimed to be congenitally and utterly incapable of responsible citizenship. It was not yet four hundred years since their ancestors had been man-eaters; and though science does not say definitely how long it takes for a cannibal to develop into a voter, four centuries were assumed to be too short a time. Moreover, the tribes of Anahuac were gravely suspected of being of Asiatic origin; and the Asiatic, as every one knows, is born to political servitude as the sparks fly upward. The evidence of Asiatic origin is very flimsy, but it enables the defenders of the dictatorship to write down the Mexicans as "Orientals," predestined to bow their necks beneath the yoke. The fact that Benito Juarez, the great statesman and patriot, was, by this reasoning, a full-blooded "Oriental" does not seem to embarrass the theorists. General Diaz himself, indeed, is partly "Oriental" — a quarter of him was a cannibal four hundred years ago.

He would, indeed, be a fanatical democrat who should quarrel with another people for finding contentment and prosperity in undemocratic rule. Certainly it was not for the United States, or any other nation, to insist on a scrupulous adherence to the Constitution of 1857 before entering into political or business relations with the Mexico of President Diaz. But, while the material prosperity of the country was unquestionable, the contentment of the mass of the people began to seem much more dubious. Ugly whispers got abroad to the effect that the Diaz dictatorship was not only unconstitutional, but unscrupulous and brutal. The whispers swelled into shouts; but, for various reasons, they were little regarded. They proceeded, it was said, from non-Mexican Socialists, in league with Mexican malcontents, such as every strong government necessarily begets. In some cases they were manifestly inspired by an almost frantic hatred of the Dictator. When a writer gravely attempted to prove that Diaz, the indomitable guerrilla leader, the De Wet of the French war, was a personal coward, the absurdity necessarily discounted all his other statements. Moreover, Mexico is so large a country that it was easy to find many foreign residents who declared, quite sincerely, that they had never seen anything of the atrocities alleged: just as a Frenchman who had lived for ten years in New Hampshire might make affidavit that he never saw a single case of lynching in the United States. Altogether, people were inclined to rest on the conclusion that the abuses had been grossly exaggerated. President Diaz — to put it paradoxically — was acquitted with extenuating circumstances. He did not do most of what was alleged, and what he did do he could not help. This large-minded verdict was freely indorsed by those foreigners in Mexico who had profited by the Diaz order of things and hoped to profit by its continuance. They were naturally unwilling to have it thought that they were accomplices in tyranny.

Thus, for years, in the face of all rumor and denunciation, the legend maintained itself. President Diaz was a strong, wise, enlightened ruler, capable of sternness, even of cruelty, when the occasion demanded it, but, in the main, the beneficent father of a country inhabited by a race of unruly children. In his sterner aspects, he was comparable to Cromwell; in his more benignant, to Washington and Lincoln. While he lived, Mexico was bound to maintain the place he had conquered for her among the splendidly solvent nations of the world. The only possible anxiety was as to what might occur when, in the fullness of time, the reins should drop from his grasp.

The Catastrophe

Then came the sudden disillusionment. In 1909 the almost octogenarian President allowed it to be given out to the world that he would not seek reëlection in the following year. There are various theories as to his motive in making this announcement. Some think he believed himself so overwhelmingly popular that the nation would rise as one man and implore him to remain at his post. Others hold that he wanted to see what candidates announced themselves for his succession, in order that he might crush them in time. The only theory that finds no partizans is that to which I personally incline — namely, that he may have been sincere. If so, he certainly changed his mind. Not only did he have himself "unanimously" reëlected, but he imprisoned a rival candidate, Francisco I. Madero, and insisted on the reëlection to the Vice-Presidency of Ramón Corral, a man wholly inacceptable to the nation. This was more than even Mexican human nature could endure. The momentary promise of liberty, however faintly believed in, had whetted people's appetite, and the oft-repeated farce of the reëlection exasperated them beyond endurance. A revolt broke out — as a trifling affair that would easily be put down in a few days or a few weeks. But the days and the weeks passed, and peace was no nearer. On the contrary, independent movements of revolt broke out on every hand, until scarcely a State remained unaffected; and the government was powerless to crush them. Chaos had come again — that chaos which had

been declared absolutely unthinkable so long as the "strong hand of Porfirio Diaz" was there to maintain order. The rebellion paralyzed the country, frightened away capital, and constantly threatened to bring about international complications. Presently the amazed world saw the government going, hat in hand, to the rebel chief (who was not even a soldier!), begging for an armistice and a discussion of terms. It tried, at first, to assume a haughty air and pretend that the one thing excluded from all possible discussion was the resignation of Diaz. But, day by day, rebellion crept nearer the capital, and, day by day, it became clearer that the government could not cope with it. What had seemed for some time to be a stalemate turned out to be a checkmate complete and absolute. After clinging desperately to a last semblance of free will,— he would resign only when peace was restored, — Porfirio Diaz, the revered, the dreaded, the all-powerful Don Porfirio, stepped down unconditionally from his throne, the victim of one of the greatest reversals of fortune recorded in history. The catastrophes of the two Napoleons were, of course, more tremendous in scale, but not more tragic; for neither Napoleon the Great nor Napoleon the Little had seemed so secure or had received such universal homage. And neither was eighty years old.

The Mexican Army

The causes of this great downfall will be analyzed in the following pages; but its immediate cause was, of course, the hopeless failure of the Diaz army. The fact that this should have taken the world by surprise is an illustration of the blind faith instilled into even the most far-sighted people by the Diaz legend. Why should an army so recruited have been expected to fight? It is a "penal army." It is largely composed of actual criminals condemned to what may be called military servitude; and still more largely of men who are not really criminals, but have come in conflict with some *jefe politico* or other person in authority, and have been drafted into the army by an exercise of pure tyranny. Thus, it is neither a voluntary force, nor one raised by fair and equitable conscription. It is a body of slaves whose slavery was disguised by a wretched pittance of pay, until the government, under the stress of need, trebled it at a single stroke and made it fifty cents a day. These facts were known to everybody; there was no concealment about them; yet such was the glamour of Diaz's name that people actually trusted to this slave force to suppress a serious insurrection. The wonder is that the soldiers fought as they did: more especially as they were miserably provided with war material. While he ruthlessly suppressed all rivals, Diaz, in his later years at any rate, allowed himself to be hoodwinked by his confederates, who pocketed the money that ought to have been spent on munitions and stores. His case was very like that of Napoleon III in 1870. Like Napoleon, he had trumpeted to the world, "L'autocratie, c'est la paix"; and his *débâcle*, like that of Napoleon, shows the worth of a peace founded on corruption.

The Lesson of the Downfall

On the faith of the Diaz Legend, some thirty thousand American lives and from three to five hundred million American dollars have been confided to the guardianship of the Mexican Bismarck, the Strong Hand; and, all of a sudden, these lives and these dollars are found to be mere hostages and pledges in the power of a potentially and not improbably hostile people of semi-barbarous traditions. If this appear an unduly pessimistic statement of the case, let it be remembered that a hostage is not always, is not often, sacrificed. None the less is it true that the foreign nations who have "interests" in Mexico will have to walk very warily until a settled order is established — and afterward. And the moral of the crisis surely is that they should look for the reëstablishment of lasting peace, not to another Dictator, but to some one who should combine the Strong Hand (in due season) with a sincere respect for democratic institutions and a genuine love for the Mexican people. "What should you *like* to happen now?" I said to an American resident who knew the country intimately. "I should like Porfirio Diaz to grow thirty years younger," was the reply. With all respect, I think he took a very short-sighted view. The miracle for which he sighed might conceivably bring peace in his time, but would only postpone the inevitable. The plain lesson which results from a dispassionate examination of the past thirty years of Mexican history is, "Put not your trust in despots."

Diaz as a Soldier

The enemies of General Diaz are not content to attack him as a statesman: they seek to belittle him as a soldier. There they make a mistake. The testimony of French and German historians of the war of the French Intervention is all in his favor. They write of him, not only as a first-rate fighter, but as a man of honor. He kept the patriot cause alive in

Oaxaca at a time when elsewhere it was at a very low ebb; and, on the whole, he may fairly share with Benito Juarez the credit of having baffled the schemes of Napoleon III and kept European monarchy out of the Western Hemisphere. It is a little to be regretted, perhaps, that he suffered the anniversary of his storming of Puebla (April 2, 1867) to be made a national festival. But there may have been more policy than vainglory in this course. In General Zaragoza's victory of the *cinco de Mayo*, which gave the nation its great patriotic anniversary, he had taken but a subordinate part. He may have felt that an exclusively Porfirist feast-day was necessary to complete his prestige, and may have permitted the consecration of the second of April rather to consolidate his position than to gratify his vanity.

On one point there is no conflict of evidence: he was resolutely faithful to the national cause, and sternly rejected all temptations to treason. Both Maximilian and Bazaine endeavored to undermine his loyalty, without the smallest success. Furthermore, it is certain that, after having handled large sums of money under circumstances that would amply have excused the keeping of scant accounts, he came out of the French war a poor man, with arrears of pay owing to him. When President Juarez, after the execution of Maximilian, entered the capital that Diaz had reconquered for him, he found over $50,000* in the treasury — an almost miraculous result, achieved by the ability and honesty of Diaz alone.

Though a fine tactician, Diaz was probably not a great strategist. It is true that he had little opportunity of displaying strategic power. Not until the end of his career did he ever hold independent command of any considerable army; and he never had the opportunity of scheming a large campaign. But in his *pronunciamientos* of 1872 and 1876 he made several strategic mistakes; and one of the faults of his statesmanship has been a lack of that prevision of large consequences which is an essential element in strategy.

These two rebellions, first against President Juarez and second against his successor, Lerdo, have been set down as proofs of mere personal ambition. This view, again, I can not share. Neither Juarez nor Lerdo showed much capacity for restoring internal order in the country or for rescuing it from the slough of bankruptcy, in which the War of Reform and the French war had left it. Diaz felt that he could do both of these things; and when Juarez first, and then Lerdo, denied him all opportunity, by forcing their reëlection to the Presidency, what wonder if Diaz resorted to the traditional Latin-American method of correcting electoral fraud by an appeal to arms? He then denounced his opponents on precisely the same grounds on which the revolutionists of to-day denounce his own rule. He declared that forced reëlections made the Constitution a sham; that the legislature and the judiciary had become mere tools of the executive government; that the sovereignty of the States had been sacrificed to arbitrary power, and the will of the people suppressed by barbarous butcheries. Word for word, this is Madero's indictment of Diaz; but that does not prove that Diaz was insincere when he hurled the same reproaches at Juarez and Lerdo. There is nothing to show, and it is highly improbable, that, without an appeal to arms, Diaz or any one else would have been allowed a fair field for his political energies and aspirations.

Pro-Gringoism versus Anti-Gringoism

It was no mere personal rivalry — no mere military resentment of civilian rule — that led him to rebel. At the root of the feud there was a real, fundamental difference of principle. Both Juarez and Lerdo were not only careless of economic development and progress — they were deliberately opposed to it. And why? Because they knew that economic development meant intimate intercourse with the United States, and because they distrusted and feared "the adjacent Republic of the North." Juarez was bitterly opposed to the extension of the American railway system into Mexico. "Between the weak and the strong," he is reported to have said, "let the desert intervene." Diaz, on the other hand, was a child of the new age, enamoured of material progress. He knew that it would need more than a few leagues of cactus and mesquit to form a permanent barrier between the weak and the strong. He had no taste for the heroic but vain endeavor to keep out the ocean with a mop. What he wanted was to see Mexico peaceful and solvent; he felt himself to be the one man who could grapple with an appallingly difficult situation; and he saw no chance, under a practically unworkable constitution, of being suffered to try his hand at the task.

The current of the age was with him, and he conquered; but we are not, therefore, to write down Juarez a mere pedantic obstructionist. From the point of view of Mexican nationality and individuality, his fear of "the adjacent Republic of the North" has amply justified itself. The permeation of Mexico by Anglo-Saxondom has been even more thorough than

*Throughout this article, sums of money are stated in United States or gold currency, not in Mexican *pesos*.

he could have foreseen. The real point at issue between him and Diaz was whether Mexico ought or ought not to struggle obstinately against the inevitable. It was a contest between ideal patriotism and practical sense; and practical sense, having won the day, proceeded to despise and ignore the claims of ideal patriotism. That is the sin which the victor is now expiating.

Diaz the Peace-Maker—The "Massacre" of Vera Cruz

It may be freely admitted that when Diaz came to power in 1876, he was probably the only man who could have restored peace and order in Mexico. He was strong and he was adroit. He knew how to conciliate, but he also knew how to crush. The method of "set a thief to catch a thief," whereby hundreds of bandits were converted into mounted policemen, or *rurales*, did not originate with Diaz; but he carried it out energetically and successfully. Discontented officers, his late brothers in arms, he solaced with administrative billets, for governorships downwards. The only serious attempt at a rising, the Lerdist *pronunciamiento* of Vera Cruz in June, 1879, he promptly smothered in blood. For this so-called "Vera Cruz massacre" he has been unduly blamed and unnecessarily defended. The Governor of Vera Cruz, General Mier y Teran, telegraphed to him that there were soldiers involved in the conspiracy, and asked: "If they rise, shall I shoot them?" Diaz replied, "*En caliente, si*," which his apologists interpret as meaning, "If in the heat of action, yes." Spanish scholars must decide whether this is a tenable interpretation. I will only say that the dictionary renders *en caliente* by the simple word "immediately," and that General Teran scarcely required telegraphic authority for the shooting of rebels "in the heat of action." The practical effect of the phrase was probably "without formality" or "without legal process." Teran, as a matter of fact, shot nine men, some of them civilians. It is not denied that they were plotting an armed rebellion, and it is only too certain that military executions *en caliente* were an established tradition of the country. It seems unreasonable, therefore, to reckon this among the Dictator's crimes. Madero* speaks with horror of the event, and says "it has had a great influence in instilling the basest terror into the multitude, and has paralyzed the energies of good sons of Mexico, zealous for her rights and jealous of her liberties." But, by Madero's own admission in many places, the liberty of armed insurrection was one that Diaz could not possibly acknowledge, and he did the country a great and indispensable service in putting it down. It is hard to see, then, why we should condemn him for an act which potently contributed to that end, by striking a crushing blow at the intolerable habit of military sedition. Teran was court-martialed for exceeding his instructions, and lost his post. Perhaps this was inevitable; but I confess that there is a suggestion of hypocrisy in the punishment of the agent which seems to me uglier than the fact of the "massacre."

It would be unfair, then, to look with a too critical eye into the measures of repression adopted during Diaz's early terms of office. The country was just emerging from chaos; its one crying need was peace; and though it be true, as Sr. Rafael de Zayas puts it, that the peace Diaz secured for it was "mechanical," not "organic," that was not, in those early years, to be avoided. His fault lies, not in imposing mechanical peace at first, but in taking no measures, during his long term of power, to convert it into organic peace.

Meanwhile, he actively engaged in establishing (one cannot say "reëstablishing") the financial credit of the nation. The complicated processes by which the foreign debt was consolidated and reduced (approximately) from $116,000,000 to $73,000,000 were probably not devised by the President himself; but it was his spirit that inspired, and his resolution that achieved, the great operation. National credit being placed on a firm footing, capital began to flow in, and prosperity advanced by those "leaps and bounds" which the panegyrists of Diaz love to display in picturesque diagrams and imposing columns of figures.

The Glamour of "Material Prosperity"

But it was just here that, as I read the story, Diaz broke down. Just as the legend of his greatness was beginning to crystallize, he was entering upon the course of action which proved his littleness. He broke down partly for lack of economic knowledge, but mainly from defect of character. He has been called the Moses of the Mexican people, and it is true that he led them through the Red Sea of civil war and anarchy; but, arrived on dry land, he at once proceeded to bow down and worship the Golden Calf, and thereby undid in great measure the service he had rendered his countrymen.

This is a figurative way of stating the simple

* In his book, "La Sucesion Presidencial en 1910." Madero, of course, is no impartial judge; but no one can read his book without realizing that it is a piece of honest criticism, which sincerely aims at impartiality. For access to this rare book I am indebted to the courtesy of Sr. Don Fernando Iglesias Calderón of Mexico City.

psychological fact that Diaz was hypnotized by the idea of material prosperity. He eagerly followed, not a pillar of fire, but an ever-growing column of figures. He mistook the wealth of the country for its well being. With all his unlimited power, he encouraged the exploitation of its resources, both by foreigners and by a narrow circle of wealthy natives; and he did absolutely nothing for the welfare of the masses of the people. Meanwhile, he persuaded himself, rightly or wrongly, that his unbroken tenure of power was indispensable to the continuance of the "leaps and bounds" of prosperity; wherefore he shrank from no measure that tended to consolidate his reign or to free him from dangerous rivalry. Far from educating his countrymen for real democracy, he crushed every attempt at the manifestation of political free will. Thus his despotism has been beneficent only on paper. Measured by the one true standard, that of human well being and worth, it has been rather a curse than a blessing to the country.

Opening the Flood-gates

What is the truth, now, as to this material prosperity to which everything else has been sacrificed? At the time of Queen Victoria's jubilee, enthusiastic journalists wrote as though that conscientious and admirable woman had invented the locomotive, the telegraph, and the telephone, had laid the Atlantic cable, and had written "The Origin of Species," "Vanity Fair," and "David Copperfield." Not otherwise do the eulogists of Diaz speak as though he had personally built all the railways, sunk all the mines, erected all the factories, and asphalted all the streets which are the pride of twentieth-century Mexico. The truth is that he came into power just when the time was ripe for the industrialization of the country. He found capital and enterprise ready and waiting to flow in: all he had to do was to open the flood-gates. Did he take any pains to consider how far it was politic, for the sake of rapid development, to alienate the public domain? On the contrary, he scattered with both hands, to capitalists who had gained his favor, privileges and franchises of incalculable value. I have heard the holder of a perpetual concession, such as no wise statesman would ever have granted, tell in the most matter-of-fact way how he shows his gratitude by making a large "rake-off" in his yearly return of profits for purposes of taxation. "Everybody does it," he said; and, whether that be true or not, it is certain that he and his class think, and have been encouraged by Porfirio Diaz to think, that Mexico exists simply for their enrichment. Has the Dictator, in distributing these vast largesses, tried to secure for the people any compensation in the shape of advanced wages? On the contrary, he has consistently aided the capitalists (sometimes, as we shall see, by very "drastic" methods) in the endeavor to keep wages down. In short, he has shown neither scientific statesmanship nor enlightened patriotism. He has allowed a treasure-house to be rifled, and has taken pride in the statistics that show (imperfectly) the extent of the depredations.

That Mexico required foreign capital for her development is true enough. But there is a wide distinction between capital borrowed by native enterprise, of which the interest alone goes abroad, and capital employed by foreign enterprise, whereof the whole profits go abroad, the country benefiting only in (very low) wages and (often very inadequate) taxation. Had Diaz borne in mind this distinction, the development of Mexico would have been much slower, indeed, but also much healthier. As it was, he caught the "get-rich-quick" fever, and, in pursuit of a mainly statistical wealth, he created an extremely delicate international situation, for which a peaceful solution will be hard to find, while a solution by force of arms would be unspeakably terrible and disastrous.

Diaz and the Railways

To the international question we shall have to return later. In the meantime, let us glance at the history of the Mexican railways, so typical of the Dictator's statecraft.

In the forefront of all the panegyrics of Diaz stand these impressive figures:

1876	1910
407 miles of railways	15,000 miles of railways

This certainly looks very striking; but let us turn to the speech made by Sr. José Limantour, the able Minister of Finance, in introducing to the Chamber of Deputies the bill for the famous merger of the leading lines, which took effect two years ago. He said:

> The railways of our country have been constructed, not in obedience to a plan thought out in advance, but according as different enterprises have applied for concessions in order to unite this or that point or region with this or that other point or region. There has been a lack of any general idea in the tracing of our lines, which has been the work of circumstances, of particular interests, and of the needs of the moment. This absence of plan could not but lead to an unsatisfactory result. Very important regions are not yet united by railway to the rest of the country, while there are others which possess two and even three parallel lines for a traffic which would barely support one.

Lines, moreover, had been carried at great expense through difficult country, merely that they might serve certain great estates, while others had been run where they were not wanted, merely because the country happened to be easy. A glance at the map is sufficient to prove the general truth of Limantour's statement, which is in effect a most damaging indictment of the railway policy, or lack of policy, of Porfirio Diaz. It is true that in some other countries railways have been suffered to spread over the face of the land in the same haphazard way; but these countries did not enjoy the advantages of despotic rule. Here, if anywhere, an enlightened autocrat might have done something to justify his existence; and here, by the testimony of his own chief minister and confederate, Diaz had hopelessly failed. He had shown no foresight, no statesmanship. He had simply allowed capital and influence to scramble recklessly for rights of exploitation, never dreaming of subordinating their eagerness to a rational scheme of development. General Diaz, as I said before, is no strategist.

The much-criticized merger, by which the government acquired a controlling interest in almost the whole railway system of the country, was the work, not of Diaz, but of Limantour. Diaz at first opposed it; and, when it was accomplished, he permitted it to be violently assailed in the press; for he endured attacks upon his ministers with considerable fortitude. After some examination into the matter, I am inclined to think that it was a wise operation honestly conducted; but I can not pretend to see very clearly through the maze of figures. Down to the outbreak of the revolt, and even later, it justified itself conspicuously through the economies which it secured, without any increase of rates or injury to the public service. But, in the event of a long period of disorder, the obligations undertaken by the government might prove burdensome enough.

Mexican Prosperity in Its True Proportions

Regarding as a whole the "Wonderful Results of Diaz's Rule," we have only to compare the statistics of other countries during a similar period to see that the results are neither particularly wonderful nor specially to be attributed to Diaz's rule. The only fair comparison, of course, lies between Mexico and other Latin-American republics. The railways of Mexico, as we have seen, increased from 407 miles in 1876 to 15,000 miles in 1910. Between 1874 and 1906 the railways of Argentina increased from 1,800 miles to 12,274; while those of Brazil (a country which offers peculiar hindrances to railway development) increased between 1880 and 1905 from 1,984 miles to 10,891 miles. Thus the Mexican increase is seen to be nothing in the least surprising, especially when we consider that the Mexican lines had for their base, as it were, the highly developed railway system of the United States.

Statistics of growth in other departments tell the same story. The following table shows the *increase* of exports and imports in Mexico during thirty-three years, in Argentina during thirty-two years, and in Brazil during only sixteen years:

	Mexico	*Argentina*	*Brazil*
Exports	$101,892,803	$276,000,000	$125,000,000
Imports	$59,458,703	$137,314,420	$51,020,205

To interpret these figures quite fairly, we should have to take into account such factors as the area and population of the respective countries — a task too complex to be attempted here.* But at least we may safely say that Mexico does not take the decided lead of her sister republics which her proximity to the United States might lead us to expect.

The diagram of total foreign commerce for 1909, published by the International Bureau of the American Republics, places Mexico in a very modest position among her peers.

So much for the material-prosperity aspect of the legend; let us now look at that side of it which represents Diaz as the benefactor of his grateful people.

The Poverty of the Peon

No one can spend twenty-four hours in Mexico without seeing more abject poverty than he would see in as many days in — I will not say the well-to-do countries of Europe, but Ireland, or Italy, or Spain. Nowhere in the Western world have I seen anything like the utter destitution that meets one on every hand in Mexico. I am not speaking of beggars: it did not seem to me that actual mendicancy was more common than in southern Europe. I am referring to the working, wage-earning populace, or the people who carry on small trades and industries. Never in any country have I seen such rags; never in any country so much unintentionally bare human flesh; never such miserable makeshifts doing duty for human habitations. I have seen families housed beneath

* It has been carried out by Sr. G. Maqueo Castellanos in his book "Algunos Problemas Nacionales"; and the result arrived at is practically that above indicated — that Mexico holds a fair average position, and no more.

three or four strips of corrugated iron balanced against an adobe wall; or crouching in a wigwam made of old railway ties stuck up against a tree; or literally burrowing in a cliff of sand, with a sheet of canvas or corrugated iron to serve as a front wall to the cave. In some seasons, no doubt, and in some parts of the country, the climate renders such penury more endurable than it would be elsewhere; but the winter climate of the plateau of Anahuac is anything but genial. The conditions in the *mesones* or bunk-houses of the cities are, it is said, indescribably bad. It is evident that none of the boasted wealth of the country filters down to the lowest social level.

One has only to look at that peculiar Mexican institution, the *cargador*, to see how cheap is human nerve and muscle in this country. At any hour of the day, on the asphalted avenues of Mexico City,—in front of the gorgeous white marble million-dollar Opera House, a monument to Italian bad taste and Mexican prodigality, or beside the steel framework of the projected Legislative Palace, which is, or was, to eclipse in splendor all the parliament houses of the world,—you may see a couple of *cargadores* jogging along with a huge sideboard or wardrobe between them, or with half the furniture of a household piled on their backs, thus advertising the fact that legs are cheaper than even that simple piece of mechanism, the wheel. As they amble onward, like clockwork figures, your mind goes back to the runners who carried fish from the sea to Tenochtitlan in four-and-twenty hours, for the table of Montezuma. You think, too, of the huge Aztec monoliths in the Museum, which must have been handled by the ancestors of these *cargadores*, working in battalions under the slave-driver's lash. The cheapness of human life is an ancient tradition in Mexico. You see it again in the primitive plows and other implements with which regiments of peons scratch at the endless fields of the great haciendas. Diaz, it is certain, did not create these conditions of life and labor. But what has he done to amend them? Absolutely nothing. He did not create the slavery which exists in many parts of Mexico. But what has he done to check it? Absolutely nothing.

Mexican Slavery

As to the fact that men are enslaved for debt, and are treated as marketable merchandise, there is not the least shadow of doubt. Those who set forth to deny it do not in reality do so, but admit, explain, and palliate it. One favorite line of defense is to point to the so-called "peonage" of the Southern United States, and suggest that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones. Peonage (the very word comes from Mexico) is, indeed, indefensible; but it is not carried on under the aegis of a benevolent despot whose untiring solicitude for the welfare of his people we are called upon to admire. It is, moreover, a sporadic evil, a local abuse. Whole communities are not thrust into it at the bayonet's point, nor is it recruited by processes of systematic fraud and kidnapping. If conditions in the Southern States were as bad as those in Mexico, that would be no defense for Porfirio Diaz; and, as a matter of fact, there is no reason to believe that they are nearly as bad.

The Mexican Constitution absolutely prohibits slavery of any sort. "No one," it says, "can be obliged to render personal service without a fair remuneration and without his full consent, save as to labor imposed as a penalty by the judicial authority." And again, "The State can not permit the consummation of any contract or agreement having for its object the curtailment, loss, or irrevocable sacrifice of the liberty of the individual." But the State, under President Diaz, not only permitted, but enforced through its police and gendarmery, thousands of such "contracts," if so they can be called. There is conflict of evidence, and there is room for doubt, as to the amount of actual cruelty practised under this system. But two unquestionable facts may in this connection be pointed out. It would be nothing short of a miracle if a people with the ancestry, the history, and the traditions of the Mexicans were constitutionally humane. Neither their Spanish nor their Indian forefathers were particularly squeamish as to torture or massacre; and to this day their favorite sports are cock-fighting and bull-fighting. I would not for a moment imply that all Mexicans are cruel; what I mean is that there is nothing in their antecedents to render it probable that they have any special power of resisting the temptations to cruelty which slavery inevitably presents. For—this is the second fact to which attention must be called—when a man receives no wages or other reward for his labor, there is no argument by which he can be induced to work, save pain or the fear of pain. In this respect the slave is exactly in the position of a horse or other beast of burden. If a horse is lazy, we do not turn him loose and buy another, for that would be a dead loss; we do not dock his provender, for that would diminish his efficiency; we simply apply the whip or spur, and repeat the application whenever it is necessary. Some of us shrink from even this animal slavery; but most men who have to do with horses become more or less hardened to it. And

the history of human slavery shows that slave-driving, far more than horse-driving, renders a man callous. In the case of human beasts of burden, laziness or inefficiency very soon comes to wear an appearance of contumacy, and to excite a fierce resentment such as men seldom feel toward dumb animals. It is indeed a rare character that can resist the depraving effect of unlimited power over a fellow man, and constant temptation to inflict pain upon him. Apart from the credibility of the witnesses to gross cruelties on the plantations of Yucatan and the Valle Nacional,—and their credibility seems very high,—one sees nothing in their accounts which would not almost inevitably arise from the admitted conditions of the case.

Mr. James Creelman, who visited Yucatan and found it, apparently, swept and garnished for the occasion, admits "that there are many evils attendant on the custom of allowing, or enticing, henequen workers to go heavily in debt to their employers, and that here and there a planter takes advantage of his power and isolated position to be cruel or unjust." Yet, a few pages farther on, Mr. Creelman declares that "the most persistent search could not reveal a single instance in which a man was whipped for refusing to work." If there are men, and this is not denied, who work for no wage, and with no prospect or hope of any reward, it would be curious to know by what motive, other than the lash or the fear of the lash, they are induced to go forth to their labor in the morning. What the Yucatecan proverb says of the Indian is fundamentally true of all slaves — "they hear only with their backs."

The Tragedy of the Yaqui

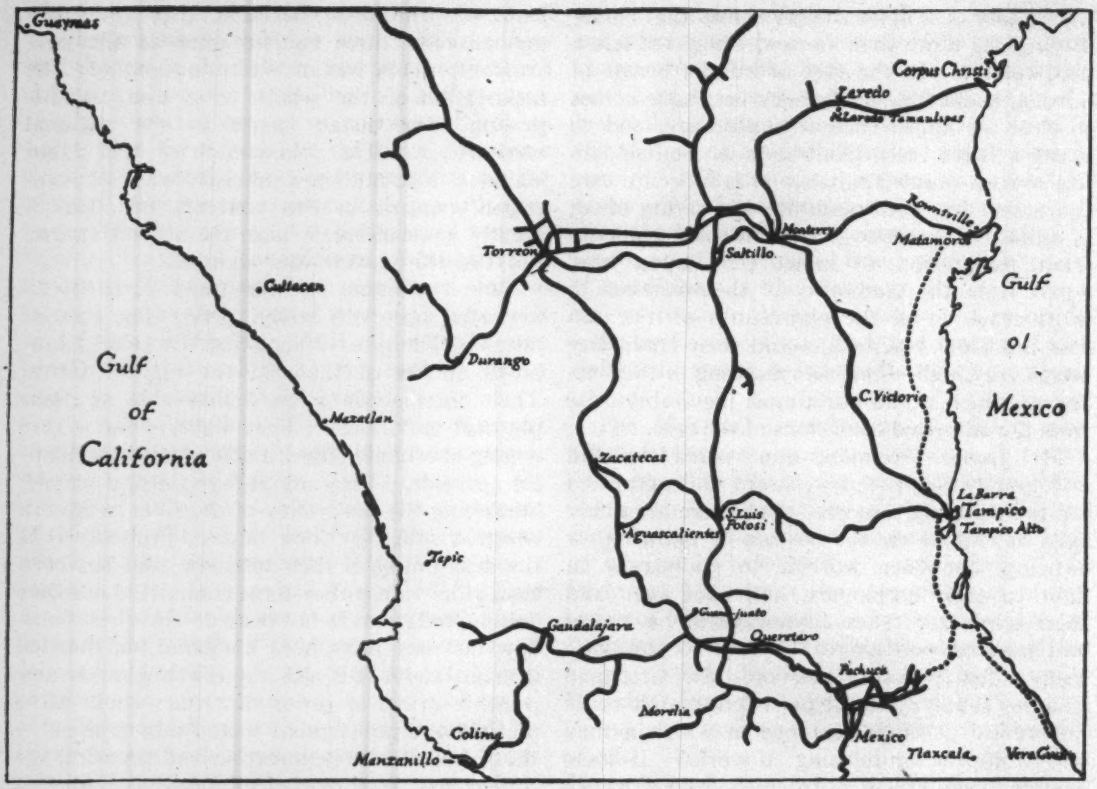
In most of the Mexican forms of slavery President Diaz has simply acquiesced. His acquiescence has been part of his general policy of doing and sanctioning nothing that could possibly upset the labor market or embarrass his capitalist allies. But in the case of the Yaqui Indians he has actively and decisively intervened; so that this case merits some examination.

Long and complicated has been the feud between the Mexican government and this hapless tribe. The government has published an elaborate history, in three hundred and fifty folio pages, with the purpose of showing that, from 1529 onwards, each successive authority has been at war with the irrepressible Yaqui, except during the eighty-five years between 1740 and 1825. The author of this volume, under the date of April 2, 1903 (the Porfirist *fiesta*, by the way), declared that there remained only three courses open to the government: (1) A war of extermination; (2) The deportation of the whole tribe, and its dispersion over distant parts of the national territory; (3) The colonization of the Yaqui Valley. I do not know precisely what "colonization" means in this context; nor does it greatly matter, for it was the second course, not the third, that was adopted.

Now, the Yaqui Indians are declared by all impartial observers to be a very fine race of people. The great ethnologist, Dr. Karl Lumholtz, speaks of them in the highest terms. Their intelligence is as remarkable as their physical endurance. They have, what is rare among aboriginal tribes, a good deal of mechanical aptitude. They are an agricultural people, inhabiting the rich valley of the river in Sonora which is called by their name. Probably it is the desirability of their territory that has been their ruin. That they have committed murders and depredations is not denied: the question is, how far they have been badgered and harried into outlawry. It is also a question whether any possible crime or series of crimes could have merited the punishment meted out to them — that of wholesale deportation and practical enslavement. In droves of hundreds at a time,—men, women, and children,—they were transported, with the utmost brutality of treatment, from one extremity of the Republic to the other, and into a climate — that of Yucatan — known to be rapidly fatal to them. Twenty-five million dollars, says Francisco Madero, has been lavished upon this war; and he pertinently asks what might not have been accomplished by the expenditure of such a sum on works of pacification. But there were interests to be served by deportation; and the people who profited by the scandal are well known. At last the country became so depopulated that in the surrounding region no harvesters were to be had; whereupon the landowners remonstrated with the Dictator. As a result, the decree of deportation was suspended, but with the proviso that for every crime committed by a Yaqui 500 of his people should be deported.* Such is the justice of the Strong Hand.

No doubt a specious case can be made out for what Mr. Creelman calls "this stern, but comparatively merciful, policy." Indeed, one can almost trace the finger of Providence in the transaction. The land of the Yaquis was wanted in Sonora, while their labor was wanted in Yucatan. It was a manifest blessing that

* This almost incredible statement is Francisco Madero's. Is it possible that "500" is a misprint for "50"?



MAP SHOWING THE INDISCRIMINATE WAY IN WHICH MEXICAN RAILWAYS WERE BUILT. VERY IMPORTANT REGIONS ARE NOT YET UNITED BY RAILWAY TO THE REST OF THE COUNTRY, WHILE OTHERS POSSESS TWO AND EVEN THREE PARALLEL LINES FOR TRAFFIC THAT WOULD BARELY SUPPORT ONE. IN SOME INSTANCES LONG LINES HAVE BEEN BUILT FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF REMOTE ESTATES

their character should have been such as to afford a pretext for a rearrangement which satisfied both these needs.

The Law of Unappropriated Lands

In Diaz's whole policy with relation to the land we can clearly trace the same desire to favor the rich and strong at the cost of the poor and weak. For instance, the law of Terrenos Baldíos, or unappropriated lands, dating from 1894, practically permits the "denunciation" of any land to which the occupant cannot show a complete legal title, and so arms the great landowner with a means of "rounding off" his possessions by ousting his poorer neighbors who have merely a prescriptive claim to their holdings. A sound national policy would have dictated just the opposite course: to wit, an enactment whereby those who had held undisturbed possession of a parcel of land for a stated number of years should be enabled, on proof of that fact, to register their title and maintain it against all comers. In a largely illiterate country, where written instruments are necessarily few, to demand legal evidence of title as an alternative to ejectment was simply to give a free hand to the wealthy land-grabber. The law has covered the country with Naboth's Vineyards; and this although the concentration of land in the hands of a few territorial magnates had long been recognized as one of the great evils from which Mexico was suffering. The Terrazas family, in Chihuahua, for instance, owns about twenty-five thousand square miles of country—a territory twice as large as the State of Maryland. This is perhaps an extreme example; but enormous properties are the rule, not the exception; and as the owners of these vast estates are apt to be appointed governors or magistrates of one sort or another, the power they wield is almost unlimited. It is now recognized that one of the urgent needs of the country is a class of peasant proprietors, and measures are under discussion for the purchase of land by the government and its breaking up into small holdings. It is pointed out that the very unequal value of land, depending as it does on the abundance or scarcity of water, places great difficulties in the way of purchase

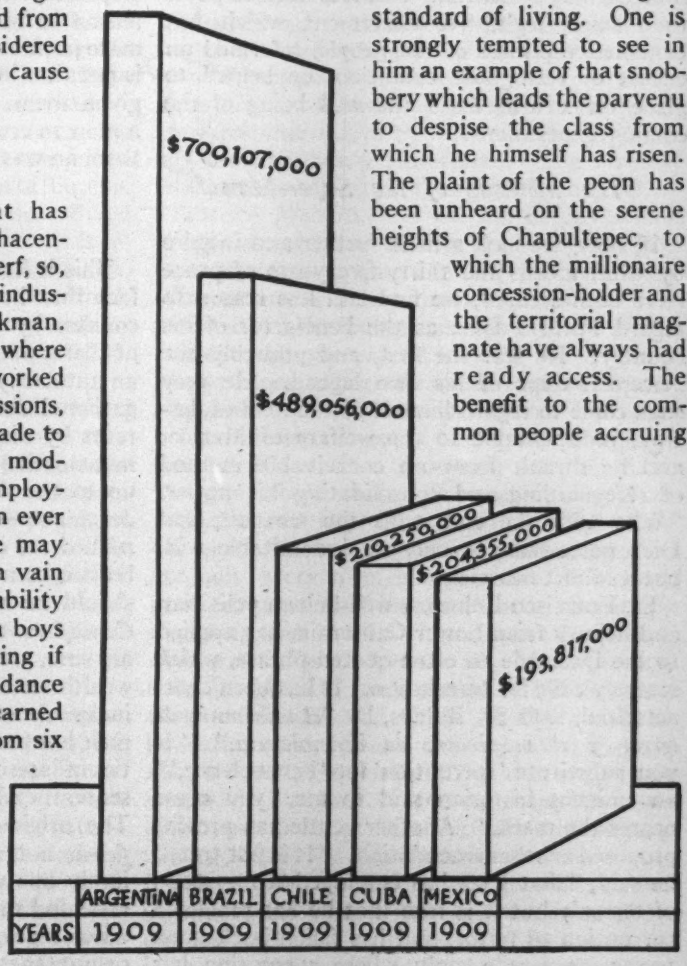
and subdivision. But these difficulties would be largely overcome by an equitable, instead of an arbitrary and unjust, system of taxation, such as should lead to a diffusion, rather than a concentration, of the all-important water rights. The way in which the rich elude taxation, while the tax-gatherer is forever and inexorably on the track of the poor, is one of the crying scandals of Mexico. One of the most terrible incidents of the Diaz rule — the so-called "War of Tomóchic" — arose upon a question of taxation.

The fact that the Dictator has never dared to antagonize "moneyed interests" is further illustrated by the absence of any serious attempts, by taxation or otherwise, to check the drink traffic, which is one of the curses of Mexico. The thousands of acres given up to the cultivation of maguey, for the making of pulque and mezcal, may look well in agricultural statistics; but Madero is certainly right when he says that the profits derived from this source "ought not to be considered as a form of national wealth, but a cause of decadence."

Capital and Labor

And if the benevolent autocrat has consistently sided with the great hacendado, as against the peon and the serf, so, too, has he invariably favored the industrial employer as against the workman. One would have supposed that, where so many factories and mines are worked under more than generous concessions, some endeavor might have been made to secure an offset in the shape of moderately favorable conditions of employment. No such sentimental notion ever occurred to President Diaz. One may search the Mexican statute-book in vain for any factory act or employers' liability act, or child-labor act. I have seen boys of ten or twelve doing nerve-straining if not actually laborious work in attendance on huge, clattering machines, and learned on inquiry that their hours were from six to six and their earnings twenty-five cents a day. Mining companies and other large employers have their own police; and they often contrive to get one of their staff, a secretary or bookkeeper, appointed *comisario*, or justice of the peace, so as to hold the workmen in the hollow of their hands. In labor disputes Diaz has always sided with the masters and has frowned upon trade-unionism. There is little doubt that he ordered the terrible massacre that followed upon a strike riot at Rio Blanco, near Orizaba. His object probably was to paralyze discontent and show that labor organization would not be tolerated. The same policy accounts for the indiscriminate shooting by which the troubles at the Cananea copper-mines were put down. "Is the government entirely powerless in such cases," asks Madero, "to protect the interests of the Mexican workman? . . . It did not care though the miners died of hunger, so long as they died in an orderly fashion, silently, without protest."

It is said that Diaz has actually issued orders to employers who were willing to raise wages forbidding them to do so. This may or may not be true: what is certain is that he has never displayed the smallest solicitude for the economic progress of the Mexican proletariat, or their advance to a higher standard of living. One is strongly tempted to see in him an example of that snobbery which leads the parvenu to despise the class from which he himself has risen. The plaint of the peon has been unheard on the serene heights of Chapultepec, to which the millionaire concession-holder and the territorial magnate have always had ready access. The benefit to the common people accruing



THE DIAGRAM OF TOTAL FOREIGN COMMERCE FOR 1909, PUBLISHED BY THE INTERNATIONAL BUREAU OF AMERICAN REPUBLICS, GIVES MEXICO A VERY MODEST PLACE AMONG THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS

from thirty years of benevolent despotism is well summed up by Madero when he says: "Of all America, Mexico is the only country whose inhabitants emigrate. In spite of the humiliations they suffer in the United States, they are better off there."

Judging the Diaz rule, then, by its results, and trying to express them in terms of human happiness and welfare, we find the sum total insignificant, if not a minus quantity. The legend rests upon columns of figures which look very imposing until we place other columns of figures beside them. Thirty-five years of peace and solvency may undoubtedly be put down to the Dictator's credit, along with an eager alacrity in the fostering of industrial development, not to say exploitation. But of constructive, or even regulative, wisdom there is little trace. Certain public works, indeed, with the drainage of the valley of Mexico at their head, have been substantially beneficial. But it is hard to point to a single legislative enactment which has benefited the mass of the people, reformed an unjust or retrograde condition, or helped to place on a firm basis the well being of the coming generations.

The Methods of the Super-Man

If, now, we look a little further and inquire by what means the thirty-five years of peace have been secured, we find still less reason to regard Porfirio Diaz as the benefactor of his country. He was the first, and probably the sincerest, dupe of his own legend. He very soon came to regard himself as the man of destiny, indispensable to the welfare of Mexico; and he shrank from no conceivable method of safeguarding and consolidating his power. "Who wills the end, wills the means"; and Diaz possessed not only an indomitable will, but a robust conscience.

Sr. Francisco Bulnes, a well-known politician and deputy from Lower California, has applied to the Diaz rule an often-quoted phrase, which scarcely calls for translation. It has been characterized, says Sr. Bulnes, by *"el mínimum de terror y el máximum de benevolencia."* "If you substitute 'corruption' for 'benevolence,'" an eminent historian said to me, "you come nearer the mark." Another gentleman present proposed another emendation. "It is not true," he said, "that Diaz has employed 'a minimum of terror'; but it is true that he has preferred corruption to terror, and has fallen back upon terror, as a rule, only where corruption has failed." This is one of the reproaches which a stern patriotism levels against him. "A frank dictatorship," says Madero, "is only a parenthesis in the democratic development of peoples, which then sets in afresh in a powerful reaction. But a hypocritical dictatorship, which appears to respect constitutional forms, undermines the foundations of liberty. The citizens see themselves suavely oppressed by a hand that caresses them, by a hand always prodigal of material good things."

When one speaks of corruption in this context, one does not mean — at least, I do not — that Diaz is personally corrupt. His enemies, of course, aver that he is. They declare that he has amassed a fortune, of which they do not hesitate to give you the exact figures. Some place it at thirty million dollars,* others at forty-five million. After diligent inquiry, I can find no evidence of personal "graft" on his part, and several people have told me of facts within their own knowledge which point in the opposite direction. The legends of his actual poverty are probably no less untrue; but I see no reason to believe that Diaz has made illegitimate profits out of his position. The accusation is not that he has taken bribes, but that he has given them. He has always preferred buying a man to crushing him — that is to say, where the man was at all worth buying.

The "Cientificos"

This is little more than a restatement of the fact that he has secured peace and ruled the country by making friends with the Mammon of Unrighteousness. His government has been an autocracy based upon a plutocracy. He has gathered round him a band of devoted adherents by distributing to them political and administrative offices which enabled them to act up to the first commandment of the Porfirist decalogue — "Get rich quick!" If he has not robbed the country himself, he has winked with both eyes at systematic robbery by others. I should be very sorry to believe that all the *Cientificos* are dishonest. Some of them, I am sure, are honorable gentlemen — men whose wealth antedates the Diaz period, and who are incapable of baseness and fraud. Even these men, however, were bound to the dictatorship by ties of interest. In no unworthy or reprehensible sense, they had "come in on the ground floor." The origin and meaning of the term *Cientifico* is not clear, but it may fairly be taken to imply one who has "inside information," who is behind the scenes, who is in a position to take advantage of any wind that blows. And, honest or not, these men felt the security of their city palaces and their country principalities to be

* Madero rejects this rumor as a calumny and says: "As an administrator he has always been upright."

dependent on the endurance of the Diaz administration. They formed a solid body-guard around the throne. They did their best to promulgate the Diaz legend, some of them, I dare say, devoutly believing in it. One of them said to me, with perfect gravity and simplicity, that what the country now needed was some one who should continue "the noble and liberal policy of the President." The more clear-sighted, however, would scarcely demur to Sr. de Zayas' definition of his policy as "compromise with all parties in the attempt to convert into accomplices both friends and enemies."

Accomplices! That is the word! His great art has lain in finding accomplices for his autocracy, native and foreign, honest and dishonest, conscious and unconscious. And he became a master in this art, not only through inborn astuteness, not only through conviction that the end justified the means, but through the extraordinary personal magnetism to which every one who has come in contact with him bears witness. That he is a born master and chieftain there can be no doubt. He has all the makings of a great man — except greatness.

But, in addition to the men who can be bought, there are always a few who can not be bought, and many who are not worth buying. With these the Dictator has dealt, and suffered his instruments to deal, remorselessly. It is related that when an interviewer once said to him, "I suppose you have many enemies, Mr. President?" his reply was, "I *had*." I do not vouch for the anecdote; but it is by no means improbable.

Death as an "Intelligent Ally"

"Death," says Sr. de Zayas, "has been a most powerful ally of General Diaz. Every one who has crossed his path or who had the power to oppose him has fallen by death. . . . This does not mean that I suspect General Diaz of having aided in the disappearance of those men. . . . Death has come of its own accord as an intelligent and opportune ally; that is all." The odd thing is that in three conspicuous cases — the cases of the Dictator's most formidable rivals and opponents — the "intelligent ally" should have operated, not in the form of disease or even of accident, but through the assassin's knife or bullet. This fact is absolutely undoubted. General García de la Cadena is believed to have been actually plotting against the Dictator. He came by his end in the State of Zacatecas, nobody quite knows how, but certainly by violence and certainly without process of law. General Ignacio Martinez was living as a political refugee at Laredo, Texas, and was attacking the Diaz government in the press. He was assassinated by a negro, who, it is said, immediately crossed the frontier. Finally, General Ramón Corona, one of the heroes of the French war, "to whose epic figure," says Madero, "the eyes of the lovers of liberty were anxiously turned," was stabbed one fine evening by a low-class Indian, said to have been of unsound mind; but, as the police killed him practically on the spot, I do not know by what inquisition the state of his mind was ascertained. If the Dictator was neither directly nor indirectly concerned in these three murders, one can only say that his ally, Death, did not show the intelligence with which Sr. de Zayas credits it; for it made him the innocent victim of a most remarkable coincidence.

Belem and San Juan de Ulua

And these are only conspicuous instances of the "drastic" methods by which Diaz has kept his supremacy unassailed. "Disappearances" have been terribly frequent. The slightest symptom of insurgence against his "solely sovereign sway and masterdom" — whether in the press, by public meeting, or by private organization — has been ruthlessly suppressed. The incident which made a politician, and finally a rebel, of Francisco Madero, was the murderous attack upon a peaceful and orderly procession at Monterey on April 2 (the Porfirist festival), 1903. Without any warning, the demonstrators were mown down by bullets in front of the Ayuntamiento of the capital city of the State of Nuevo Leon. Diaz, of course, is not personally responsible for all such incidents. This particular one is commonly laid to the charge of General Reyes, then Governor of the State. But the whole repressive machine has been perfected and kept in action by Diaz and no one else. He has either captured or crushed not only every form of opposition, but every attempt at political organization or education. Not long ago a *Club Organizador del Partido Democratico* was formed in Mexico City, only to fall into such complete subservience that its initials, C. O. D. P. D., came to be interpreted, *Como Ordena Don Porfirio Diaz* —"As Don Porfirio Diaz decrees." But it was no laughing matter to incur the suspicion or enmity of Don Porfirio or his henchmen. Before you knew where you were, you found yourself in Belem, the terrible prison of Mexico City, or, it may be, consigned without any trial to the dungeons of San Juan de Ulua, the fortress island in the sweltering harbor of Vera Cruz.

Belem is admitted, even by the most ardent partizans of the dictatorship, to be a blot on its

fair name. "We call it the Mexican Chicago," a Mexican said to me. "Why?" "Because there are 5,500 people in one block" — and of these a large proportion are political prisoners. It is simply an old convent (the name means Bethlehem) scarcely, if at all, reconstructed to serve its present purpose. It has been described to me by men who have passed through it; and the condition of overcrowding, together with the absolutely medieval lack of any tolerable sanitation, would be incredible if one had not similar evidence as to the state of the prisons in the mother country of Mexico — Spain. It is things like this that make one a little impatient of the "benevolent autocrat" legend. Every time he drove from his house in the Calle Cadena to his summer palace at Chapultepec, Diaz must have passed close to Belem. He must have known that hundreds of men, whose only crime was hostility to his rule, were penned in verminous and putrid halls or galleries, at such close quarters that the legs of one row of sleepers, when stretched at full length, dovetailed, so to speak, with the legs of the opposite row. He must, or ought to, have known that the jailers enriched themselves by pocketing one third of the allowance of six cents a day made for the food of the prisoners. He must have known that a word from him would alter all this; and for more than a quarter of a century, while his press agents, official or unofficial, were vaunting the benignity and enlightenment of his rule, that word remained unspoken. There is a sort of hypocrisy in this with which one finds it difficult to deal tenderly.

Liberty of the Press

If you want information as to Belem, you have only to apply to any liberal, and not overcautious, journalist. The following little incident amused me a good deal. I had been asking a journalist friend whether the government gave him much trouble. "Oh, no!" he declared, "no trouble at all. Now and then they would remonstrate against some item which was actually untrue; but in the expression of opinion, so long as you were reasonably decent and discreet, no one interfered with you." I parted from my friend at the corner of the Alameda, and went toward my hotel. I had not left him three minutes when, in a side street, a notice written in chalk on a blackboard attracted my attention. It ran thus:

DIARIO DEL HOGAR
April 27

To-day at 1.30 P.M. the seals which the police had placed upon our offices, by order of the Third Correctional Court, were taken off. The paper will reappear on Monday, May 1, advocating the same political program as before.

I bought the issue of Monday, May 1, and found in it a lively account of the editor's experiences during some months in Belem. The reason for the suppression of the paper I had not time to discover; but it did not greatly matter, for in all probability the alleged reason was something trifling and irrelevant. It was part of the Diaz policy to proceed against an offending paper on some side issue, some matter of personal and private libel, as to which Mexican law is absurdly strict. By this means the paper can be suspended or suppressed — the whole printing plant is sometimes thrown into the street — while the editor has not the advantage of figuring as a martyr to political principle. Sometimes the unwary journalist is provisionally released, and allowed to carry on his calling during good behavior, with a prosecution suspended over his head. At other times he goes to Belem for an indefinite term, there to meditate, under conditions to which sackcloth and ashes would be vastly preferable, upon the blessings of a benevolent despotism.

The "Ley Fuga"

Compared with the lot of the prisoners, the fate of victims of the *ley fuga* — the law of flight — seems almost enviable. The *ley fuga* is not really a law, but a convenient custom whereby any person who, having been arrested, attempts to escape, may then and there be shot down, without further ceremony. It may be said that in any country a prisoner who attempts to escape from an armed guard is apt to have a bullet sent after him; but the allegation is that in Mexico prisoners are habitually tempted or compelled to run away, in order that they may be disposed of, under the *ley fuga*, without any formality of trial or inquest. The fact is undisputed; but there are naturally no statistics to show how commonly the *ley fuga* is put in force. People who are loud in their praise of the *rurales* will at the same time tell you that this licensed murder is an every-day affair. "I heard a man once," said a young English engineer who had spent most of his life in Mexico, "appeal against a sentence of sixty days' imprisonment inflicted on him by a local *comisario*. 'Very well,' said the *comisario*, 'then I shall have to send you to Monclova under guard' — and he ordered a *rural* to be called. On hearing this, however, the man promptly withdrew his appeal and accepted his sentence. When the *rural* presently appeared, and heard what he had been wanted for, 'Oh,

that fellow!' he said. 'He's not worth taking to Monclova!' He evidently agreed with the prisoner that there would probably have been an accident on the way." At the same time, this Englishman declared the *rurales* to be a splendid body of men, second only to the Northwestern Mounted Police of Canada. Other people, more squeamish as to methods, call them "Porfirio's Cossacks." But it is not only the *rurales* who can, and do, deal expeditiously with captives who are "not worth" imprisonment or trial. The ordinary policeman carries, in addition to his club, a revolver and belt of cartridges. Madero's comment on the *ley fuga* is that, established for the putting down of bandits, it has been extended to the getting rid of political opponents. "How many infamies," he says, "have been buried at the cross-roads! How many martyrs immolated to their love of liberty!"

The Hated "Jefe Politico"

It is manifest that a country where such customs prevail is not a civilized country. The lives and liberties of all Mexicans, but especially of those who have neither money nor influence, are always at the mercy of arbitrary power. The great despotism at the top has ramified into thousands of petty despotisms, from whose malice and extortion no one is secure. "Beneath the national government," we are told, "are the 27 State governors, with their 295 *jefes politicos* or prefects, and 1,798 municipal presidents." It would be absurd to say that among those officials there are no just and humane men; but, as a matter of fact, the local outbreaks from which, during the past six months, scarcely a State of the Union has been free, were almost all the result of pent-up rage against the tyranny of the *jefes politicos*. Many of these gentlemen had long scores to pay off — and have duly paid them. There was no appeal against their tyrannies, save to the Dictator; and the Dictator heard only those appeals that were backed by a member of his ring, or by a great corporation, or by an ambassador.

It is urged in defense of Diaz that this is the form of rule which the Mexicans understand and expect: that, in other words, the instinct to tyrannize and be tyrannized over runs in their blood. "Every Mexican has to have another Mexican to kick," an old resident said to me. Even if we take this statement with the necessary discount, we can not but see that no lasting government can be built on such a principle — least of all in the present age of the world, when, for good or ill, ideals of humanity and social justice are abroad in the air, and can not be silenced or suppressed. I said, and it was true, that Diaz had no taste for the futile effort to keep out the tide of material progress with a mop; but he has done his best to keep out moral progress with a revolver, and the effort has proved, in the long run, not only futile, but disastrous.

Diaz and Education

In examining his policy, one sometimes wonders whether he had not actually come to believe himself immortal, so little preparation did he make for what was to come after. If he realized that he must one day die, and if he had the good of the nation truly at heart, one of two courses was clearly imposed on him. He must either educate the people to govern itself, or educate a successor to govern the people. The true wisdom, indeed, would have been to adopt both courses — to begin the education of the people, and to educate a successor to carry it on. Diaz carefully did neither the one thing nor the other.

To education in the narrow sense of the word he was always doing lip-homage; but it is very doubtful whether he really cared for it. Certain it is that his thirty years of power did little to reduce illiteracy. The census of 1900 showed eighty-four per cent of *analfabetos* throughout the country, and sixty-two per cent even in the Federal District. Since then some advance has probably been made, but nothing of importance. The difficulties of popular education in a sparsely peopled mountainous country are no doubt great, especially when we consider that about thirty-eight per cent of the population are of pure Indian race, and that perhaps about half of these speak no Spanish. But, making every allowance for these difficulties, we can not but feel that Diaz has done little more than the irreducible minimum for the cause he professed to have so much at heart.

In the United States about one fifth of the whole population are enrolled school children; in Mexico, according to statistics of 1906, only about one twenty-fifth. And even these figures are probably quite deceptive. When a new Minister of Education took office some months ago, one of the first things he did was to call for the pay-roll of teachers in the Federal District; whereupon a long and imposing list was presented to him. "Now," he said, "I want within three days to have every one of these teachers presented to me" — but those who could be whipped up in answer to his summons were only about half of those who figured on the list.

As for education in the larger sense of the

term,— political organization, free discussion, and so forth,— we have already seen how Diaz encouraged that. Death, Belem, or exile was the reward of those who showed any enthusiasm for it.

Limantour, Corral, and Reyes

The second course — that of forming and developing a competent successor — was even less to the Dictator's taste than the first. Competence was, in his eyes, scarcely less criminal than ambition. Only one man of first-rate ability has remained in favor with Diaz for many years in succession: the great Minister of Finance, José Yves Limantour. Sr. Limantour is a man of rare distinction and of very unusual mental power. But, for one reason or another, he has always declared himself wholly averse from the idea of ever becoming President. Some people say that he is ineligible under the Constitution, on account of his foreign (French) parentage. I have his own authority for stating that this is not so; but I have also his own authority for declaring that under no circumstances would he accept the Presidency. "I am an administrator," he says, "not a politician." Sr. Limantour apart, Diaz has suffered no one to make a name for himself in politics. Sr. Corral, whom he practically named as his successor by having him elected Vice-President, would simply have been a vastly inferior Diaz. When Governor of Sonora, he was not unpopular, as governors go; but he was largely responsible for the Yaqui scandal, and he was Minister of the Interior at the time of the Orizaba massacre. General Bernardo Reyes became sufficiently prominent as a possible candidate for the Presidency to merit banishment (under the guise of a military mission) to Europe. He has now returned, and the immediate future of the country must depend largely upon the question whether he chooses to work with or against Madero; for he has undoubtedly a considerable following. Of young men one hears nothing at all. "The whole trouble might have been avoided," some one said, "if Diaz had only put in as Vice-President, instead of Corral, some younger man who should be acceptable to the nation." "What younger man would you suggest?" I asked. "I really don't know," was the answer. I repeated the question to perhaps a dozen different people, Mexicans and foreigners; and the answer was always the same — they knew of no one of the younger generation who had made a sufficient mark to be a possible nominee for the Vice-Presidency. That is an inevitable result of personal rule such as that of Diaz. Even if ability be not violently repressed, it has no room for development. In a Chamber of Deputies of which the elections are a farce and the debates an empty formality, how should power make itself felt? In a ministry "run" by a martinet, how should originality develop? Well might Bolivar say: "The nation whose existence depends on a single man can have no enduring polity."

Is Madero the Man of the Future?

Where, then, lies the hope for the future? I can not tell, unless it be in Francisco I. Madero. Judging him by his book, I take him to be a sincere patriot and a man of enlightened intelligence. Is he also a strong man? That remains to be seen; but some things reported of him point in that direction. He knows very well that the salvation of Mexico lies in the gradual introduction of humanity and justice into the workings of the administrative machinery; the gradual uplifting, both material and spiritual, of the masses of the people; and the gradual approximation of political facts to constitutional theory. To this end, it is probable that not only the facts but the theory ought to be altered; the approximation should be effected from both ends. But it is clear that, so long as facts and theory are at heaven-wide variance, the Constitution is nothing but a weapon in the hands of revolutionists.

Mexico is at this moment as prolific in theoretical constitution-builders as was Paris in 1790. The legislature has already passed rigorous laws against reëlection, not only to the Presidency, but to State governorships. It was even proposed that no relative of a President, within the fourth degree, should ever be eligible for the office — an enactment evidently aimed at the Dictator's nephew, Felix Diaz. The restriction of the franchise to those who can read and write has been widely canvassed; and it has been calculated that, excluding women, minors, etc., this would reduce the whole voting population of the country to a little over half a million, and would practically mean that Mexico City would rule Mexico. Another proposal is that Congress should be elected by universal suffrage, but that an educational qualification should be required of voters for individual office-holders, such as the President and the State governors. It is pointed out that such an enactment would have the effect of making all parties keen to promote education. But the trouble in Mexico is that, for the present, there are no political parties, no Republicans or Democrats, no Conservatives or Radicals, but only the adherents of individual men — Porfiristas, Reyistas, Dehesistas, Maderistas.

Yet I do not see why, with a government acting honestly up to the principle of "effective suffrage," parties should not rapidly develop. I am told that there are signs of the crystallization of a Clerical-Conservative party; and a Socialist, a "land-for-the-people," party is already in existence in the Flores-Magon group. Should Madero come to power, he would find this hostile "extreme left" ready to hand.

A just, humane, and strong man — that is what Mexico requires. Is Madero he? Or look we for another? That is the great question. Whoever he may be, he will have no light task before him; for the moment he attempts reform, he will run up against powerful vested interests, and there will assuredly be counter-revolutions afoot. Such a legacy of wrong as Diaz leaves behind him can not be set right in a day.

The American in Mexico

And what, meanwhile, is the position of American capital and American lives? It is not quite an agreeable one. No Mexican government that one can with any probability foresee would be actively hostile to the foreigner; but under no probable government can he reasonably look forward to such a good time as he has enjoyed under Diaz. On the fall of a tyranny there will naturally follow a tidal wave of patriotism; and to patriotism it can not be agreeable to see a country so permeated by foreign, and especially American, power and influence as Mexico assuredly is. The central district of the capital is almost as much an American as a Mexican city. The new and splendid Post Office bears official evidence to the conquest by infiltration, in the quadruple division of its letter-slits. They are labeled: "Federal District" — "Interior" — "United States" — "Exterior": thus giving the United States an intermediate place, neither within nor without the country, which figures the situation very exactly. During my stay in the capital I was a guest of the (American) University Club; and while I saw with admiration the tall, square-shouldered, energetic, efficient young fellows by whom it was peopled, I could not but wonder how I should feel, were I a Mexican, on seeing this masterful race descend in swarms upon my country.

But, given settled government, all may be well. The danger lies in a long period of unsettlement. Already the American government has shown a great deal of patience. During the crumbling away of the Diaz rule there have been more unredressed wrongs and outrages than the American public perhaps realizes. They are, in my judgment, what people have to expect who put their trust in power dissociated from integrity and humanity. But there might possibly occur some great outrage, such as no nation could overlook; and then it is hard to see how a terrible disaster could be avoided. The position of foreign, and especially American, residents is certainly none too secure. They are not loved by the masses, and they have (broadly speaking) no friends of their own class who would stand by them in case of necessity. Really cordial social relations between Americans and Mexicans do not exist — Mexican social habits, and especially the position and prejudices of Mexican women, absolutely forbid them. Thus Mexico can only be described as a potentially hostile country, which some comparatively trifling occurrence might easily cause to break out in a blaze of active hostility. "I am a bear on Mexico," an old resident said to me — a man who was assuredly no alarmist by temperament. His wife and children were in the United States.

Doubtless an American army could march through Mexico as a ship sails through the sea; but the sea would close up behind it. Unless Mexico had an ally* who could prevent a blockade of her coasts, the actual war might not be a very long one; for Mexico would soon run out of the ammunition required by modern rifles. But what could follow such a conquest? I am sure that no sane man in the United States contemplates or desires any aggression upon Mexico. The danger lies in occurrences that might absolutely force it; and to avoid such occurrences I suggest that the United States should, with all its power, directed by all its tact, support any Mexican government that seemed to have the good of the people really at heart, even if such support meant the sacrifice or postponement of immediate pecuniary "interests."

* There is no reason to think that the Diaz government seriously coquetted with Japan; but it is certain that the Mexican masses look with eagerness in that direction.

His Baby

by Annie W. Noel

Illustrations by F. Y. Cory

FOR four years he was the Baby. He and his mother, as they rocked in the big chair, grew possessed of all the treasures of the world.

Then suddenly she set him down; he was no longer the Baby — he was Petie.

He minded the Baby.

Sometimes he minded her in the kitchen, sometimes he minded her in the parlor. In the parlor, he would roll her under the sofa (for safety), and climb up on a chair and gaze far, far down out of the window.

Suddenly, one day, he saw a Petie on the street. Petie on the street wore blue pants. But where was his Baby? He walked up the street, and then he sat down and, lifting an iron horseshoe, let it fall upon an iron manhole-cover. He lifted the iron horseshoe ——

"They's a Petie on the street!" Petie, driven from the window, pulled at his mother's skirts.

She shook her skirts. He rolled his Baby under the stationary tubs (for safety). Petie on the street lifted the iron horseshoe. He let it fall on the iron manhole-cover. He lifted the iron horseshoe ——

"Is that the way you mind your Baby?" a voice cried shrilly, and Petie at the window was jerked in by his blue pants. Then he minded his Baby in the kitchen.

He could not open the parlor door. He could hear nothing at the keyhole. He went and stood where, as she turned from her work, his mother stumbled over him.

"There's a sure Petie on the street," he said, as he went over.

She picked him up and put him to bed. As his head touched the pillow his heart broke. He sobbed once; and then all at once he found himself on the pavement (minding his Baby) and pounding the iron manhole-cover with an iron stove-lifter — pounding ——

Such are the dreams sent to mock us. For presently he awoke in a silent world. He could not open the parlor door; he could hear nothing at the keyhole.

"The Baby's sick!"

His mother's foot and hand dropped from her whirring machine and she gazed startled into Petie's fathomless dark eyes.

"She — needs — f'esh — *air!*" Petie's heart poised on the high note, anxious, triumphant.

But his mother, with her hand already stretched out toward the machine, gave one deep glance at him and half a glance at the rosy Baby asleep under the stationary tubs.

"The Baby needs f'esh air." Petie stood in her path as she rose, at last, from her work.

He shook the parlor door; he could hear nothing at the keyhole. "She needs f'esh air," — he turned to his mother whenever his eye caught her moving. "She'll get sick," he followed his mother about. "She'll die!"

And then suddenly he wound himself in his mother's skirts.

"The Baby needs f'esh air!" he sobbed, as she unwound him. "She'll get sick," he sobbed. "She'll die!"

She found the Baby's coat, and took them down the stairs — down long, dark stairs, down long, dark stairs, again and again, until Petie with a leap burst through the door.

"Here, mind your Baby!" his mother called shrilly.

He came back and took the Baby's hand. He set her down in the Mission Chapel porch (for safety), and there, right before him, on the pavement, was the iron manhole-cover. Oh, the street — the street!

One day, as he played at ships-in-the-gutter (and minded his Baby), a new whistle shrieked down through the street into Petie's heart.

"Better run," screamed a little boy at him, darting past, as Petie straightened from the gutter.

The whistle shrieked again.

"Better run!"

He seized his Baby's hand.

"Better run!"

Men were running. Thousands upon thousands of little boys sprang past him. He started to run, and suddenly a clamor of bells filled the air.

His Baby stumbled and fell.

"Better run!"

He lifted his Baby, and, straining, fell on top of her.

"Better run!" yelled a big boy, passing him.

He got behind the Baby and pushed her. He got in front and pulled her. He knocked her down and began to roll her. Silent tears flooded his cheeks.

Suddenly a floury white arm wrapped itself around him and he was shot through the air. "Here she comes!" yelled the baker in his ear, as he was set down and the Baby's hand thrust into his. Then the fire-engine passed.

After a long time he found himself sitting on the Mission Chapel steps, minding his Baby. Why are some people made little boys and some made fire-engines? A little girl sat near.

"Where's your Baby?" he asked her unconsciously.

"'HE'S PETIE,' ANSWERED THE BABY"

"Mama says there's lots of time for babies yet." The little girl sat mournful.

He half heard. Then slowly he came back from where he had seen the fire-engine.

"You can have mine!" he cried to the little girl.

With a shout, he landed from the Chapel steps full in the flooded gutter. The water leaped above his head; his heart leaped above the houses; he had barely time to throw back,

"'WHERE'S YOUR BABY?'"

"You can keep her," when the clamor of bells filled the air, the whistle shrieked, his feet flew up and down, up and down the street. Any minute he might turn into a fire-engine.

And the next morning, as he sprang into the street, there the little girl sat — without a baby still.

"Here she is." He ran back and brought his Baby. "You can have her."

"We're movin'." Mournfulness enveloped the little girl like a mist.

"You can take her with you — you can keep her."

But the little girl grew more mournful. "My mama says there's lots of time for babies yet," she answered.

The fire-engine might come back any minute. Petie took his Baby by the hand and led her up the long, dark flights of stairs to where his mother sat at her machine.

"I'm afraid she'll get hit with a stone."

His mother's glance lifted from her work.

"I'm afraid she'll get runned over."

Her glance rested on the two faces upturned to her — Petie's eyes unfathomable, the Baby's deep with the blue depths of heaven.

"I'm afraid she'll get drownded — drownded dead."

His mother turned back from her two faces.

"Your father ain't workin', Petie," she said, her foot groping for the pedal. "He ain't worked since the Baby was born."

Presently Petie, from where he lay face down on the kitchen floor, felt something stirring

"SILENT TEARS FLOODED HIS CHEEKS"

"HE COULD HEAR NOTHING AT THE KEYHOLE"

above him. He turned, and tears dropped on his face from above. So he got up and took his Baby down, and minded her on the street.

But he wished he had been born a fire-engine.

One day he played until the street lamps suddenly flared up. He woke the Baby, sleeping in the Chapel porch, and dragged her up the stairs. His mother always called him from her high window; but now, as he came in, she was not there. He led his Baby through the flat, looking for her. He looked everywhere for her — in the wardrobe, behind all the doors, under the bed, out on the fire-escapes; he pushed a chair up to the stationary tubs and peered in.

Another lady came in and took them to her house to supper. She came in the next morning, and scrubbed the kitchen floor. She and the other ladies in the house took turns, after that, scrubbing the floor and giving Petie and his Baby their meals.

One day Petie found a woman cooking on their stove. He knew it was not his mother (some one had told him that she was dead), so he pulled his Baby silently up on a chair at the table, and they waited.

She turned presently, and her gaze passed from Petie's dark eyes to the Baby's, blue with the deepest blue of heaven. "You'll have to mind the Baby," she said, turning back quickly to the stove. "I'm your new mother." She gave them their dinner, and they went down to the street again.

Petie, conscious of the new mother, played and played, waiting for the shrill call from her window, until suddenly the street lamps flared up. Their new mother must be dead, too. He woke his Baby and dragged her upstairs. But the new mother was there when they came in. After that she always had a warm supper ready for them.

Day succeeded day, and a strange thing evolved in the heart of the city. Amid unnumbered petty tyrannies, amid monstrous enterprises enslaving thousands, a little boy attained to liberty. No one knew, no one asked, where Petie was. Crowds ebbed and flowed, and among them Petie played. His

days were given him, flung out to him prodigally from the Source of days. He did what he pleased; ate, slept, played as he pleased — in the flat, on the stairs, on the street. All day, all night, he was free! It was well, perhaps, that he knew only the flat, the stairs, the street — well, perhaps, that he was a little child and could not know the size of the world.

Yet, if he had been quite free, so perfect a thing could not have been hidden. He must have been found out — his little figure sculptured in immortal marble and set over the city or splendidly emblazoned upon her arms.

But he had to mind his Baby.

He found tea on the stove and money for rolls every morning after he had dressed his Baby. Their new mother went out early to work. At noon they drank the rest of the tea and ate what was left of the rolls. She came back every night and gave them a big, warm supper. They were grateful to her for coming back every night, and gazed silently at her over their supper.

The days grew warmer, and a rumor stirred all hearts like the breath of spring. In May, Hogan had his May-party, and every one had all the ice-cream he wanted.

Every one!

"We'll go," Petie said to his Baby, on the street. There was no more cold, no more shivering rain. The street filled, filled, overflowed with children.

"We'll go!" shouted Petie to his Baby where she sat in the Chapel porch. The Baby, hidden modestly in the porch, slipped off her petticoat, clasped it close about a stick, and wandered, singing, up and down the street.

In May. But, though the sun shone and shone, May did not really come.

Was Hogan dead?

The sun shone and shone.

"I ain't had no ice-cream fer years." Petie sat heavily beside his Baby. Tea and rolls are plenty in hot weather, if they are plenty.

"Fer years!"

"They's cows in the country," announced a little boy playing near.

"I ain't never had none."

"They's really fish in the country. An' chickens. They's a swimmin'-pool."

Petie was silent. He shied a stone at a passing Italian, indifferently, unconsciously. Tea and rolls are enough, if they are enough; but are they always enough?

"'ICE-CREAM!' HE SANG"

The little boy sneered, roused by such indifference. And then, even as he sneered, his lips straightened, his eyes began to shine; for a vision of the country, visited, remembered, known, rose before him.

"They's a circus," he said, to gain time. And then the vision grew clear, and he found words.

"They's candy," he said, steadily gazing and speaking steadily what he saw. "An' ice-cream soda"— finding gradually words for what he knew was so, for what he remembered:

"An' a band, an' a Christmas tree, an' turkey, an' a circus, an' ——"

Petie rose, clasping his Baby's hand.

"An' more candy, an' ice-cream soda, an' a band, an' turkey, an' a Christmas tree, an' another circus —— "

"We'll go," Petie spoke.

"Every day they let you go to the Hippodrome."

"Me an' the Baby'll go."

"The lady's in there." The little boy pointed directly at the Mission Chapel door, and Petie turned and pushed it open.

There sat the lady.

Petie's eyes clouded as he gazed at the lady. He grasped his Baby's hand tightly. Ice-cream, candy, the Hippodrome ——

He stood before her. He half heard the murmur of her voice.

"SHE WANDERED, SINGING, UP AND DOWN THE STREET"

"Ice-cream" — his heart spoke to her, not with his tongue, but directly, eloquently, up through the depths of his dark eyes meeting hers; and when they had passed from before her, he looked back. "Ice-cream," his eyes said to her.

He leaped to meet the little boy at the Chapel door; but the little boy suddenly stopped half way.

"Yez ain't goin'," he said.

Petie shouldered him, assured. "Aw — ain't we seen the lady?"

"She didn't give ye no tickets."

"Yer a liar. Ain't we seen the lady?"

"What's the matter, what's the matter?" Screaming, laughing, pushing, the children of the street swept up around them. "Did he get a lickin'? Did he get a kickin'? Ain't he goin'?"

"They's lousy!" shrilled one voice, triumphant. "They's lousy, an' no lousy children can't go."

Petie and his Baby climbed to the silent flat. "Nev' mind, Petie," murmured the Baby, patting him as he lay, face down, on the floor. She found her dolly-stick and played beside him. "Nev' mind, Petie," she sang all afternoon. "Nev' mind, nev' mind, Petie."

Suddenly he sat up. He had remembered the lady on the first floor who had given him a penny once.

"My Baby's lousy," he said, pushing open her kitchen door and taking his Baby up to her. "An' no lousy children can't go to the country."

"You'd better get some one to wash a dress an' petticoat for her," answered the woman, as she stood the Baby on a convenient table.

He mounted on a chair at his stationary tubs, and as he washed his Baby's dress and petticoat his heart filled — filled and overflowed. "Ice-cream!" he sang. He sang aloud as he washed his Baby's dress and petticoat. "Ice-cream!" Louder and louder he sang, lifting up his head: "Ice-cream! Ice-cream — every — day!"

"FAR DOWN OUT OF THE WINDOW HE SAW A PETIE"

He awoke in terror the next morning, for the sun already flooded the kitchen. They left their tea untasted; they took the money for their rolls and hurried.

They ate their rolls in the Mission Chapel porch. Presently they would be eating ice-cream under a Christmas tree! "You ain't never been to the country," Petie told his Baby. "Neither ain't I. But you're goin' now. You ain't never been to the Hippodrome, neither. Neither ain't I. But you're goin' now."

Down the street the lady came, and Petie rose to meet her, grasping his Baby's hand.

"We're ready," he said.

The lady, with a smiling nod, hurried into the Chapel, and the door closed.

Petie and his Baby waited. Presently the door opened, and children began to come out, two and two — shining little children, their wings neatly folded under their starched dresses and blouses, ready for the country. The lady came, smiling happily as she came.

"We're ready now," Petie said.

"FOR FOUR YEARS HE WAS THE BABY"

The lady stopped, hesitated, then looked further down, surprised. A warm little hand lay in hers. Sky-blue? No skies were ever so blue as the eyes upraised to hers. "You're late," said the lady, clasping the little hand, blooming under those blue eyes.

"Yes," said Petie.

"Have you your tickets?"

"Yes," answered Petie.

"'YOU'RE GOIN' NOW, PETIE'"

The lady smiled down into the blue eyes; she kept the Baby's hand warmly in hers.

Petie's feet clung close to the rear of the little procession. His heart led it. With roll of drum, with whistle of fife, his heart led it like a band.

He followed into the car. He followed through the station; but at the gateway to the train the gateman held back his ragged shoulder.

Petie looked at the lady.

"I don't know who he is," she said. Then suddenly she missed the sweet warmth in her hand, and looked down. She looked up disappointed, and met the blue eyes gazing at her from the Baby at the little boy's side.

"He's Petie," answered the Baby.

"Who's Petie?" The lady delayed, lingering under the blue eyes.

"We're going to the country," answered the Baby. She took the little boy's hand and led him through the gate, while the gateman fell back. With her other hand the Baby took the lady's. They all three mounted into the train.

The Baby made the little boy sit down next to the lady. She took his hand and laid it in the lady's (for safety).

As the train started, she leaned toward him across the lady's lap. Her blue eyes reassured him.

"You're goin' now," she said. "You're goin', Petie."

THE SEVEN MEN

MASTERS OF CAPITAL IN AMERICA

THE SEVEN MEN

BY

JOHN MOODY AND GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

SEVEN men in Wall Street now control a great share of the fundamental industries and resources of the United States. Every year they and their successors will control more. They dominate, with their allies and dependents, the national machinery for the making and holding of great corporate monopolies, into which a greater and greater part of the capital and business of the country must inevitably be drawn.

Three of these seven men — J. Pierpont Morgan, James J. Hill, and George F. Baker, head of the First National Bank of New York — belong to the so-called Morgan group; four of them — John D. and William Rockefeller, James Stillman, head of the National City Bank, and Jacob H. Schiff, of the private banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. — to the so-called Standard-Oil-City-Bank group.

Not one of these seven men ever invented a mechanical operation or created a great industry. They are one thing, and one only — makers and traders in monopoly; the oldest and most reliable makers of monopoly in America. They began work in widely separated fields, when the movement toward monopoly began to shape itself, shortly before 1880; came together ten or fifteen years ago in the two famous

groups of monopoly-makers in Wall Street, and since 1907 have been drawn closer and closer into one central group by the irresistible movement toward concentration in our industries.

It is interesting to see just how large a share of the wealth and industries of the country have already been drawn into the hands of these seven men, and just how they hold them.

A Dozen Billions in Railroads

The largest mechanical enterprise of the country is the steam railroad. It contains property valued at over fourteen billion dollars — about an eighth of the total wealth of the United States. Over a million and a half men are employed directly by it, and hundreds of thousands more indirectly in the making of its tools. The only larger industry in the country is farming, with property of some twenty-five billions, all told. There are some seven million farms in the United States; their owners must number over five million. About eighty-five per cent of the railroads are under the ownership or permanent control of the central Wall Street group — the seven men and their close allies.

According to the figures in *Poor's Manual of Railroads* for 1910, the securities of railroad companies actually in the hands of investors amount to nearly fifteen billion dollars. The market value of these, calculated on the prices of January, 1911, was about fourteen and a half billion. About sixty per cent of the railroads represented by these securities was under the direct and permanent control of the seven men and their nearest allies. About twenty-five per cent more is under a partial but still sufficient control. The remaining fifteen per cent of the railroads is made up of a few weak systems and small unrelated scraps of road. A detailed statement of this control follows:

CONTROL OF STEAM RAILROADS

Capital (*Poor's Manual*)	Per-centage	Market Value, Jan., 1911	Per-centage
Central group $9,080,853,307	61	$9,562,523,976	66
Central group alliances . 3,782,304,488	25	3,695,343,016	25
Other Wall Street groups 1,013,340,000	7	839,810,000	6
Outside interests 1,013,299,465	7	360,000,000	3
Total $14,889,797,260	100	$14,457,676,992	100

Central group — Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Illinois Central, Hill roads, St. Paul, New York Central, New Haven, Erie, Reading, Southern, Rock Island, Atlantic Coast Line, etc.
Alliances — Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio, Atchison, Gould lines.
Other Wall Street groups — Hawley roads, Yoakum-Hawley roads.

How to Take and Hold Billion-Dollar Railways

A billion dollars is a great sum of money. It would take a man working eight hours a day over ninety years to count and stack it at the rate of a dollar a second. The control of so many billions of dollars in railroad property by so few men is probably the most sensational development of modern industry. It seems by itself almost incredible; as a matter of history it came about by a simple and almost invariable formula: The progressive bankruptcy of American railroads, under fierce competition, threw them into the hands of security merchants in New York; these men wiped out competition between them, tied them up into monopolies, and, with their allies and dependents, held those monopolies under their own control.

The control of the insolvent systems is usually held by the device of the voting trust. By this the holders of the practically valueless stock give their voting power to the security merchants who bring the road new money, and leave this power with them until the road comes out of bankruptcy. J. P. Morgan has demanded this voting trust control for thirty years. By means of it he holds to-day over a billion of the fifteen billion dollars of the country's railroad capitalization.

As railroads worked out of bankruptcy and became solvent, the security merchants devised a practical method of controlling them. They had the management to start with; and they found that the ownership of from eighteen to thirty per cent of a solvent railroad's stock in the hands of the management gave them just as absolute control as if they owned fifty-one per cent. They could always count on enough votes from other stockholders to secure a majority of the stocks voted.

Now, these men, having charge of the railroads' management, knew what roads would be prosperous. As long as roads were bankrupt, they held them under voting trusts. As various roads rose out of bankruptcy, the security merchants and their business allies bought about a quarter of their stock, at about a quarter of its par value. The stock, which in America has the only voting power, makes less than half the road's capitalization, bonds having no voting power here. So a cash outlay of a quarter of a quarter of a half — that is, a thirty-second part of the capitalization of a railroad — was all that was necessary to control it. And two thirds of this thirty-second could be borrowed from banks. Then, as occasion offered, the railroad itself would buy fractional control of the roads. In this way control of railroads could be extended in rapid geometrical progression, starting with a comparatively small sum of money and ending in billions.

By variations of this plan the railroads were first concentrated into the hands of various

Wall Street security merchants, and came from these into the hands of the seven men and their allies. The situation now is this:

The Ownership of Trans-Mississippi Roads

West of the Mississippi, Hill, Morgan, and Baker, with a little group of multimillionaire fortunes, hold ownership of twenty or twenty-five per cent of the commanding stocks in the billion and a quarter dollar "Hill system." William Rockefeller, Stillman, and Schiff — with a very few associates — own nearly a third of the commanding stock in the billion and three quarters Union Pacific system. William Rockefeller and another group of multimillionaires own a smaller but practically controlling interest in the half billion St. Paul system; and John D. Rockefeller is the financial backer of the whole billion-dollar Gould system. It is now tending out of the Gould hands into Rockefeller's exclusive control. The eastern link, which bound the system to the Atlantic seaboard, has already fallen definitely into Rockefeller's ownership. The western end narrowly escaped going into Rockefeller's and Schiff's hands last spring.

The Rock Island system is controlled by the Moores, one of the closest subsidiary groups of the Baker-Morgan banking interests in Wall Street. The Atchison had from fifteen to twenty per cent of its stock in the ownership of the Union Pacific and its directors until a few years ago, when fear of suits for monopoly by the government caused the sale of the railroad's holdings. But the Atchison still remains closely allied to the central group by members of its directorate, and undoubtedly by considerable stock-holdings. In this trans-Mississippi territory there is only one railroad system not directly controlled by the seven men or closely allied to them; that is, the new system which Edwin Hawley and B. F. Yoakum — two outside Wall Street men — are working to build out of minor roads from Chicago to the Southwest.

This three fifths of the United States west of the Mississippi — collapsing financially in the '90's and ever since growing in resources faster than any other section — created more wealth for railroads than any other part. A great share of the power of four of the seven men — of Hill and Schiff and Stillman and William Rockefeller — came from the money accumulated here, and its use inside or outside of the district in extending their control.

The control in other districts, although along different lines, is not less complete. In the South, Morgan holds the Southern Railway by a voting trust; the Atlantic Coast Line is owned by Henry Walters, one of Morgan's closest allies, and is tied closely by inter-ownership of necessary terminals to the Southern Railway; the Union Pacific Railway holds the Illinois Central by stock ownership; the Illinois Central, the Georgia Central; and Henry M. Flagler, of the Standard Oil Company, the Florida East Coast Railroad. The only railway system of consequence not directly under control by the seven men is the Seaboard Air Line.

The Monopoly in the Central District

Railroad monopoly in the great central railroad territory of the United States, between Chicago and St. Louis and the Atlantic seaboard, was established by tying bankrupt roads to the two commanding systems — the Pennsylvania and the New York Central. Morgan brought this about very largely, with the assistance, later, of George F. Baker. The other men in the group of seven entered the control of this monopoly still later. Together the seven men and their allies now control all the prosperous roads in the section. Only one line, controlled outside the group, passes through the territory — the system that Edwin Hawley is now trying to piece together out of minor and discarded railroads from Chicago to Newport News, Virginia.

The dual railroad monopoly created by the New York Central and the Pennsylvania railroads in the central territory of the country is the most important in the United States. It is in the control of the seven men. The New York Central is controlled by a stock ownership of over twenty per cent. The Union Pacific and the Vanderbilt family — Morgan's oldest alliance — each hold about eight per cent; the rest is held by members of the Standard Oil and Morgan groups.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is always displayed as the one great independent railway system in the country. Theoretically this may be so. Actually it is tied up with the New York Central and Union Pacific in the common ownership of the large competing railroads of the district into practically one concern. And the seven men and their allies not only own a stock control of the Union Pacific and the New York Central, but they own or vote nearly all of the largest blocks of stock in the Pennsylvania itself. Out of the control of this dual monopoly they have advanced to take control of the New England States.

How New England is Sealed Up

New England is sealed up in an almost absolute transportation monopoly held by the New

York Central and the New Haven Railroad. The New Haven is held by a stock ownership in the hands of the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, and three institutions under the absolute control of the Morgan-Baker group of the seven men — the Adams and the American Express companies, and the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. These hold nearly fifteen per cent of the New Haven's stock, and holdings of some half dozen individuals bring the group's ownership up to nearly twenty per cent. The New Haven and the New York Central own every steam railroad in New England, except two spurs from Canadian systems to minor seaports, and a small Maine road which gets most of its income from handling lumber. The New Haven Railroad also owns all the larger trolley lines in Connecticut, Rhode Island, and western Massachusetts, and all the important coastwise steamers between New England and New York.

The seven men and their allies or dependents now have, by the various devices just described, a firm hold on the railroads of the United States. At first sight it might seem that this control over so many billion dollars' worth of property would be temporary and artificial. It is far from it. The progress of thirty years has been steady and uninterrupted. It has gone continually from destructive competition to growing and profitable monopoly; ownership has slipped continuously out of weaker hands into stronger. The men who have created the monopoly in the railroads have naturally taken charge of it. And they and their successors will continue to do so.

Curious Tools of Monopoly

The control of railroads over other industries — especially in a country of wide area like the United States — is familiar. Two enterprises most obviously controlled are the express and sleeping-car concerns, which are dependent for their existence upon their contracts with the railroads. In some cases they are owned directly by the railroads; in all the rest they are controlled within the group of seven men.

It was only about eight or ten years ago that the peculiar possibilities of the express companies began to be understood by the central Wall Street group. In that time they have made them into the most ingenious and interesting tools for creating monopoly in the country. The greatest of the express companies — the Adams and the American — are in form curious survivals of the time, fifty years ago, when they were created. They are not corporations, but joint-stock associations. One of the peculiarities of this form is that the board of managers hold office and elect their own successors continuously — unless the shareholders demand a special election and depose them. In practice the board of managers is immortal.

The American Express Company is tied to the central group through ownership of its shares. A sixth of these are held by the New York Central Railroad; individuals have other large blocks of stock. The American absolutely owns the National Express Company, and holds stock control of the Wells, Fargo Company — the third largest in the United States — by the ownership of one fifth of its stock.

The Adams Express Company has, as the two most influential members of its board of management, Charles Steele, a partner of J. P. Morgan, and George F. Baker. These managers could be changed only by a two-thirds vote of the stockholders, taken at a special meeting. No such meeting has been held in the fifty years of the concern's history.

The Adams Express Company — with one old alliance, the Plant fortune — owns the Southern Express Company. With the American, it owned a stock control of the United States. Because of fear of government prosecution on account of monopoly, this was sold, in 1909, to individual ownership in the central group — where it is now held. This holding completes the control of all the express companies of consequence in the United States by the seven men and their allies.

This express business has been very profitable; but its greatest interest is in the ingenious use that is now being made of it by the central group in maintaining monopoly control. For some time, and especially in the last ten years, these express companies have put a large part of their great profits into investments in sound securities. A large amount of this investment is in stock, and in the last few years — especially since the great insurance companies have been compelled to stop stock investments — the central group has used them to hold the various railroad stocks they needed for control. Among the stocks held in large blocks have been the New York Central, Pennsylvania, and Norfolk and Western roads. At present the express companies are especially useful in holding the central control of the New Haven.

The Pullman Company has a complete monopoly of the sleeping-car business in the United States, outside of three lines which operate their own cars. Since 1900, when it absorbed the Wagner Palace Car Company by the exchange of stock, it has been under the domination of J. P. Morgan and the Vanderbilts, who together control the Wagner Company.

The Anthracite Coal Monopoly

These subsidiary railway corporations, outside of the value of the express companies as stock-holding concerns, are small affairs. Their total capitalization is not over $259,000,000, with a market value of under $350,000,000. The anthracite coal monopoly created by Morgan and Baker through the railroads is of more consequence.

About $160,000,000 worth of anthracite coal is produced annually in the United States. All of this comes from a small area of Pennsylvania. The railroads have been for forty years buying control of these anthracite coal lands. The first important work of Morgan as a maker of monopoly was the eliminating of competition by buying control of a competing railroad line for the New York Central. The second was an attempt to create an anthracite coal monopoly through railroad combination. He worked at this for twenty years; George F. Baker nearly as long; and ten years ago the monopoly was formed. The roads that hold it are now all in the control of the seven men. These roads now own lands containing about ninety-five per cent of the anthracite coal in the United States. They produce only eighty-two per cent. It is their policy to let the independent operators work out their deposits. This will give them in the future a still greater control of this mineral.

It has been difficult to create any monopoly of the bituminous coal of the country — it covers so great an area. But this, like anthracite, is naturally controlled by the railroads, which take it to the consumer; and there are many effective local monopolies. Morgan has been very active in creating these in connection with Eastern roads. West of the Mississippi a great share of the usable coal is controlled either by the Union Pacific, the Gould system, or the Hill lines.

87 per Cent of Steel Industry

The steel industry has been dominated by or closely connected with the railroad from its beginning in America. To-day one third of its business is supplied directly by railway companies, and still more indirectly. On the other hand, the rates that railroads give the steel business on its heavy low-grade materials and products can make or unmake its profits. The seven men in control of railroads would very naturally hold a strong influence in its affairs. But they have, in fact, taken a much more direct part in its affairs. It came into their hands in very much the same way that the railroads and other industries have done — through actual or threatened collapse from competition — and was made into a monopoly.

The United States Steel Corporation — the greatest industrial corporation in the world — was formed by J. P. Morgan to avoid the immediate danger of ruinous competition. He has held the management of the concern from the first; and the operators of the company are his choice, and a good share of the directors are either members of his firm or his direct business associates. Nothing short of financial revolution could take it from him. George F. Baker is now a director of the concern; John D. Rockefeller was at one time its largest stockholder.

The Steel Corporation has always held to its announced program never to control more than sixty per cent of the steel output of the country. A much greater control of the industry, however, is held in the hands of the seven men and their allies. The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company is directly under this control. The Pennsylvania and Cambria Steel companies are owned by the Pennsylvania Railroad. Together with the United States Steel Corporation, they had about eighty-seven per cent of the capitalization of the steel business of the country, as given by *Poor's Manual* for 1910; and they had nearly eighty per cent of the output. But any statement of the present hold of the seven men and their allies upon the steel situation is inadequate. It is the future in which they are strongest.

The Ultimate Supply of Ore

Elbert H. Gary, the operating head of the United States Steel Corporation, appearing before the Ways and Means Committee of Congress in the winter of 1909, made this statement concerning his company's ore supply:

Question: You practically do control the ore supply of the country?

Mr. Gary: No, not now; not for the immediate future.

Question: Well, the ultimate supply.

Mr. Gary: Yes, I think so; that is, pretty nearly.

Mr. Gary's meaning was this: There is an indefinite amount of low-grade ore in this country. The Steel Corporation has never owned any great percentage of this whole. It does own a great proportion of the richer ores of the country. Mr. Gary estimates that it now holds about three quarters of the richest ore in the country (that containing from fifty-five to sixty per cent of iron) and nearly the same per cent of all the known ore of the country that is profitably workable under present prices. Its competitors are working out their richest ores much faster than it is doing; ultimately it will have a great share of all of this highest type of ore that re-

mains in this country. In the meanwhile, its corps of trained engineers are continually searching the Western Hemisphere for new ore bodies.

Concentration by Bankruptcy

The Steel Corporation was brought into Morgan's hands by a threat of ruinous business competition. All of the best of these ore bodies dropped into the hands of the Steel Company, either directly or through members of the central group in Wall Street — to whom they gravitated, as the railroads had done, through bankruptcy.

John D. Rockefeller secured the best of the wonderful Lake Superior ore deposits in the panic of 1893 by the foreclosure of a mortgage of a few million dollars on a small ore railroad. He invested a few million dollars more in improvements and transportation; and transferred the entire thing to the Steel Corporation at its foundation for $77,500,000 in securities.

James J. Hill also secured his Lake Superior ore deposits — second only to Mr. Rockefeller's — by the failure of a small railroad in the panic of 1893. He took it in the interest of the Great Northern Railroad, and, after spending a few million dollars in the purchase of more lands, leased the mines to the Steel Corporation, and distributed certificates representing them to his Great Northern shareholders. At present prices these certificates are worth nearly $100,000,000.

The third great ore body, the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company's, was taken by the Steel Corporation direct, with the advice and assistance of Mr. Morgan, in the panic of 1907. The holders of the Tennessee company's controlling stock were over-extended by the panic, and the Steel Corporation simply took over the stock of the company in exchange for an issue of bonds.

One after another — always through the same route to actual or threatened business ruin — the iron resources of the country passed from the weaker hands to the stronger monopoly. And, as in the railroads, it was the hands of the chief monopoly-makers of the country who took them up and placed them there. Every year the Steel Corporation grows stronger. It holds the future not only by its raw materials, but by the strategy of its position. With its plants in Pittsburg, Chicago, Alabama, and now on the Pacific coast, it has so covered the country that there are great areas where it can make profits over its competitors by its saving of freight charges alone.

The future of the steel business belongs to the great corporation. But more than that is coming to it. Like the railroads, the steel industry is now extending into a control of other great industries which are bound to it by physical necessity. Two of these are now apparent.

Gas and Cement, By-Products of Steel

The first is the lighting of great cities. Until the last few years the gas produced in steel-making was thrown away — millions of dollars' worth every year. In the Steel Corporation's new plants this gas will now be carefully saved. In the great new plant at Gary enough gas will be generated, not only for its own use, but to light the whole city of Chicago as well. This gas is a by-product; it is lost entirely by the Steel Corporation's competitors. It can be piped twenty-five miles to Chicago and sold at a price that is but a fraction of the cost of specially manufactured gas. Sooner or later Chicago will be lighted by this gas, and sooner or later the other steel plants of the country will supply the cities about them with illuminating gas.

The use of a second by-product is at the present time putting the Steel Corporation and Morgan in command of another new industry, the most remarkable growth of the past ten years — the manufacture of cement. The output of this industry is now valued at some $60,000,000 a year. In the last ten years it has quadrupled; in the next year it will certainly double.

The Steel Corporation, at its beginning, inherited from the Federal Steel Company, one of its underlying corporations, a method of using the waste of its furnaces for making cement. A considerable part of its material, in this way, costs it nothing; and it has built up a cement business of its own with enormous rapidity.

In the past five years there has been murderous competition in the general cement business, in spite of the rapid growth in demand. It culminated about a year ago. At that time J. Rogers Maxwell, a close associate of George F. Baker, who controlled the Atlas Company,— the largest producer in the country,— found that he had over-extended, and was forced to drop his controlling interest. It was taken up by Morgan and his close associates. With this company and the Steel Corporation plant, Morgan now controls about a third of the cement business of the country. Both of these corporations have great extensions under way; in a year or two half of the cement of the country will probably be produced by corporations controlled by Morgan.

The Tightening Hold on Oil and Natural Gas

The greatest chain of monopoly control in the country started from the railroad; but the second and scarcely less important one has grown

out from the petroleum trade — the oldest of successful monopolies in the United States. For thirty-five years this monopoly has never been broken. It was never stronger than it is to-day — after the order for its dissolution from the United States Supreme Court.

The Standard Oil monopoly, like all others, is built upon the principle of progressive bankruptcy in its trade. Never was that principle in more active operation than now. In the past five years there has been a tremendous gush of petroleum. The Standard Oil, with its tens of millions of available money, has bought it at half price, stored it, and extended its pipe system for carrying petroleum, so that it delivers oil to the entire country at a minimum cost. Its system of distributing oil is now almost perfect.

This same gush of oil has started a trade war in petroleum which is covering the entire world. As a result of it, competitors in the United States are being either wiped out or brought into working alliance with the Standard Oil. At the present time concerns in these alliances handle some eighty-five per cent of the petroleum of the United States; the Standard Oil concern itself handles all of two thirds. No situation could be better for the Standard Oil Company than the present condition in the oil trade. It is an exaggerated form of the very business conditions that created it.

Meanwhile, in the past two years the Standard Oil concern has been acquiring greater and greater control of another field — the lighting of cities by natural gas. For years the Standard has been in this business — in competition with other companies. It is now bringing the advantages and savings of monopoly to this by a readjustment and division of the field. In the one territory of the United States where natural gas supplies are near a great market — in Ohio and West Virginia and western Pennsylvania — the Standard has established a practical working monopoly, in which it controls, itself, a large share of the production of the gas, and sells much of it direct to the consumer. The profits of this business, under its readjustment, will be immense.

So, between the Standard Oil Company and the Steel Company and the Consolidated Gas Company of New York (controlled by the central Wall Street group), a great new business is entering directly into the hands of the seven men — the lighting of the cities of the United States by gas.

Lead, Alaska, and Copper

The railroad and petroleum enterprises have brought in the chief assets of the seven men and their allies in the past. But other enterprises, especially in the last few years, have been coming into their control with equal rapidity. They come direct, seeking the aid of the only group in the United States that now has the apparatus to create successful monopolies of the size that present conditions demand.

The monopoly of the lead output of the United States centers about the American Smelting and Refining Company. This handles eighty per cent of the lead produced from ores requiring smelting, and sixty per cent of the total lead of the country. By controlling the National Lead Company — the big consumer of lead for paints — it holds a strong domination over the lead business of the country.

Men closely allied to the Standard Oil group were instrumental in starting this American Smelting and Refining Company. Soon afterward it passed into the hands of a Hebrew family,— the Guggenheims,— who came into smelting from the lace business.

The Guggenheims have been very ambitious, and have extended out of the smelting business into the general production of metals — into lead and silver and gold, and especially copper. They have become a nucleus for the centralization of the metal business. As they have extended they have sought the assistance and alliance of Morgan.

Alaska, the new mineral field of the United States, was opened up at just about the right time to come into the hands of the Guggenheim family. In developing it they joined themselves with Morgan in the Alaskan syndicate. This now controls most of the steamers entering the district; all of the railroads of any consequence; and from time to time acquires the best of the mineral resources. Its general control of the district is assured by its control of railroad transportation.

This association of the chief metal interest of the country with J. P. Morgan will undoubtedly be further cemented within a comparatively short time in some form of consolidation in the production of the copper of the country.

The monopoly of copper was first attempted by the Standard-Oil-City-Bank group of monopoly-makers in the late '90's, through the formation of the Amalgamated Copper Company. This was unsuccessful. Since then the Guggenheims have taken the central position in the copper business by the development of great low-grade copper deposits which can be worked very cheaply. These two interests, between them, control about sixty per cent of the copper production of the country.

In the meanwhile the copper business has gone from bad to worse through over-competition.

The usual conditions preceding combination exist, and for some time a general consolidation of copper companies has been under consideration by the Morgan house. In view of the recent suits by the government against large corporations as monopolies, this new combination has not been attempted. It is now generally expected. Its formation would bring three quarters of the production of copper in the country under the control of Morgan and the central Wall Street group.

Taking Hold of Electricity

Together with their plans for building the metal business into a working monopoly, the central group is now performing the same service for the electrical business. The largest consolidation now going on is the tying up of the telephone and telegraph systems.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company is the largest electrical corporation in the country, with a total capital of nearly a billion dollars. In 1906 it had been growing so rapidly that it could no longer get enough money outside of New York. It then made an arrangement with Morgan and Schiff to finance it.

It had not long been financed in New York when the Western Union Telegraph service was joined to it. For thirty years control of this had been in the hands of the Gould family. In 1909 George Gould sold it to the telephone company. The combination of the two concerns was a logical arrangement which had been under consideration for twenty-five years. It will make for economy and better service.

Almost at the same time the American Telephone Company began to absorb independent telephone concerns. In the preceding six or eight years these had developed very rapidly; the formation of a national system was being worked out. The usual over-extension followed. In 1909 financial collapse came, and the largest and most ambitious of the independent concerns were ready to pass through the usual route to consolidation.

They were at first sold directly to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. State laws forbade this. Then Morgan took them over himself. The loss of these telephone concerns, located in the central and most important section of the country, greatly weakened the other independent telephone systems of the country. Since then the larger of these other independent telephone concerns have been negotiating with Morgan for absorption into the central concern. The American Company and Morgan now hold at least three quarters of the telephone business of the country. The long-distance lines are practically all in their hands, and all or most of the profitable business in the various larger cities of the country.

During just about the same time that the control of the telephone business was coming into the hands of the central Wall Street group, the smaller business of electrical manufacturing came under their control to a greater degree than ever before. Morgan has been the financier and a large stockholder in the General Electric Company from the first; his firm is represented in its directorate. In the panic of 1907 the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company was thrown into the hands of its creditors, and New York banking interests, in which Schiff is a leader, now manage the concern for them. These two concerns have now between them from seventy to ninety per cent of the different larger branches of the electrical manufacturing business.

An Estimate of the Central Group's Control

It is impossible to express in exact terms the ownership or control of the seven men and their allies in American industry. But a rough expression of the percentage of their control of the various greatest operations and resources of the country follows. The percentages, where not otherwise indicated, are calculated from the figures of capitalization appearing in *Poor's* and *Moody's Manuals:*

PERCENTAGE OF INDUSTRIES AND RESOURCES CONTROLLED

	Central Group	Alliances	Outside
Railroads	61	25	14
Express and Pullman	93½	..	6½
Anthracite Coal (supply owned)	88½	6½	5
Steel	82	5	13
Cement (output)	33⅓	..	66⅔
Petroleum (output handled)	67	18	15
Lead (output)	..	60	40
Copper (output)	..	60	40
Telephone	74	..	26

This table gives a general idea of the control that the seven men and their allies have gained in certain specified industries. But it is, at best, only a rough and only a partial statement. The control of these men has gone everywhere that it is possible to create a practical working monopoly of any kind. Steamship lines, cracker-baking, the manufacture of farm machinery — these and many other industries as widely varied have been combined into the so-called "trusts" controlled by them. And the list is always extending.

The New Monopoly Power

Monopoly, as has been very clearly shown in connection with the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court, is a somewhat hazy and difficult thing to define. Local monopolies may be practically absolute; but there are no absolute general monopolies in any great product in the United States. The corporation form, which has been the subject of government prosecution, rarely, if ever, has secured control of more than two thirds of any great industry. The new monopoly power, formed by the seven men and their allies, is a much more perfect and efficient thing.

By the growing custom of personal understanding or alliance between the individual holders of corporations, the control of great industries has been increased from two thirds to three quarters and four fifths. This is the arrangement which holds up prices and secures the various advantages of monopoly to-day.

But the power of the seven men and their allies is not given to them by this control over any one industry alone. It is formed just as much by their power over industry as a whole — by the power of the railroad over the steel trade, and the steel trade over the manufacture of cement. It is also made certain by the centralizing of the money power — that is, of the cumulative control of investable capital in their hands.

The Savings of the Individual

Capital can come from only two sources — the savings of individuals or the savings of enterprises; practically speaking, that is, of individuals or of corporations. It is perfectly natural that the reliable security-makers of New York should come to control the investment of individual savings. They created with their railroad monopolies the best type of corporate security known in America. And the more the power of monopoly perfected and concentrated itself in the hands of the seven men and their allies, the more the investor's confidence in them grew.

For this reason the seven men were drawn into the boards of various institutions for the investment of the public's funds as the most expert advisers on the subject in America. They advanced to the head of the greatest institutions of New York. The Equitable Life Assurance Society and the Mutual Life Insurance Company, with their billion and a quarter of assets, are very clearly under the control of Morgan and Baker — essentially for this reason. Morgan — as is well known — owns a majority of the stock of the Equitable, and Baker dominates the management of the Mutual. And in the firms of Morgan and Schiff and the banks of Baker and Stillman centers the great apparatus of making and distributing corporate investments to the public.

A Billion of Corporate Cash

With the creation of successful monopolies, another source of capital came into the hands of the group — the savings and profits of corporations. How funds of this kind have aggregated in New York is well shown by the following statement of the cash holdings of railroads and large industries controlled in New York, taken from the figures given in *Poor's Manual:*

CASH HOLDINGS OF RAILROADS AND INDUSTRIALS UNDER NEW YORK CONTROL *

	Railroads	Large Industrials	Totals
1880.....	$11,281,626	.....	$11,281,626
1890.....	51,872,152	$17,468,090	69,340,242
1900.....	160,561,811	46,536,909	207,098,720
1909–10...	640,545,178	267,337,175	907,882,353

The larger part of this money lies in the control of the seven men whose great monopolies have grown to overshadow all the rest. Together with it, they hold in absolute ownership individual fortunes of their own, running from fifty to four hundred million dollars, and the alliance with the fortunes and resources of the many lesser men — their associates and dependents. This money power completes their control over the corporate capital of the country — invested and uninvested. They own, together or apart, a controlling stock interest in the dominating industries of the country; they hold control, through these and other means, of industry as a whole; and, finally, they hold control of the capital which is yet to be spent for the use of the great corporate enterprises of the United States.

Now, holding this money power, they distribute the profits of industry between the various sources of capital. It is not a division of their making, but one as old as corporate investments in America. It has become practically automatic.

The securities of corporations are divided, roughly speaking, into two classes — bonds and preferred stocks, and common stocks. The former, between them, represent the actual money put into a corporation; they are entitled to a fixed rate of interest. The common stock, in the creation of American corporations, has largely represented hope. It gets all the remaining profits after the other two securities get their interest. It takes virtually all the increment of the future.

* Standard Oil holdings not given.

The individual investor, the great general public, wants one thing in its investments — security. It buys bonds and preferred stocks. But, more than that, large classes of the population have all their corporate investments practically limited by law to these.

The Share of the Public

The laboring man is not in a position to buy stocks; his savings are not large enough. They are invested in corporation securities only through the savings bank. The savings bank, practically everywhere, is forbidden by law to invest in corporate stocks.

The greatest collector of the savings of men of moderate means is the insurance company. The insurance company is now forbidden by law to invest in corporate stocks.

The surplus money of the merchants of the country lies in the national bank. The national bank is forbidden by law to invest in corporate stocks.

A great body of money in estates is left to administrators under the provision of the general trust fund laws. These laws quite uniformly forbid the investment of money in corporate stocks.

The money of the institutions that hold the savings of the general investor goes by law into bonds. The money of the individual invested in securities goes into practically the same form — bonds or preferred stock.

The savings of the general public pay for the great enterprises of the country. They secure a fixed return for their money from their bonds and preferred stock, and no more. There remains the common stock, which represents the future development of industry and the country. This goes, and always has gone, to the maker or remaker of corporations. They take the common stock for little or nothing, manage the corporation by it, and when at last successful monopoly conditions are created, the increment of the future goes largely to them and their allies. Into the hands of the central monopoly-making group of the United States a great part of the unearned increment of the value of the United States is now pouring.

The seven men are simply the nucleus of this new central monopoly power. In some cases they have no direct personal relations. They were brought together as a result of a general economic movement, not according to any preconcerted plan. Their relations and the parts they play are merely what circumstances have dictated.

The active leadership in the movement of concentration is in the hands of Morgan. He and Baker and Schiff and Stillman control the machinery for the distribution of securities to the public. But Morgan himself by temperament is the one aggressive constructor of monopolies. Since Harriman's death he has had no competitor. He is naturally the leader.

John D. Rockefeller is not directly a maker of monopoly to-day; neither is William Rockefeller. But both are great factors in holding the present monopoly control. The hundreds of millions in their fortunes turn out tens of millions every year for investment in the great corporations; and these investments play a constantly growing part in the control of corporate industry. Hill is engaged, wherever possible, in sealing up his particular monopoly in the Northwest.

The individuals in the group are old men — all over sixty, all but two over seventy. They will soon be dead. But others will take their places. The group is the thing — the central machine for the control of corporate capital. When these men are gone, others will immediately arise to take control of it, and to enlarge and very likely centralize its power still more.

The Central Monopoly and the Future

This central group is a perfectly natural evolution — the final product of thirty and forty years of unchecked movement toward monopoly. It has not been created by any man's or men's arbitrary acts or theories. It has risen day after day and year after year upon the progressive bankruptcy of general industry under competition. The old economic axiom has been reversed in the past twenty-five years. Competition has not been the life of trade; it has been the death of industry in the United States. Monopoly has been built up on its ruins, and it is built to stay. The last and most perfect form of monopoly is this central financial machine, now focussing in the seven men.

It is a splendid machine — never stronger than it is to-day. Through its various feeders, the enterprises and resources of the country are brought into it. The Northwest is constantly patrolled and watched by Hill. No new development escapes him. Through the West and Southwest the Union Pacific gathers its detailed reports from every little station. The Standard Oil Company, with its own private telegraphic system from the North Atlantic to Mexico, watches the credit and activities of its trade, and of business at large. The City Bank, with almost two thousand corresponding banks, watches the credit of the enterprises of the continent.

Through all these channels and hundreds more, the central machine of capital extends its control over the United States. It is not definitely organized in any way. But common interest makes it one great unit—the "System," so called.

It sits in Wall Street, a central power, directing the inevitable drift of great industry toward monopoly. And as the industries of the country one after another come into it for control, it divides the wealth created by them. To the producer, steady conditions of labor; to the investor, stable securities, sure of paying interest; to the makers of monopoly and their allies, the increment of wealth of the continent, and with it the gathering control of all mechanical industry. It is a cumulative power inconceivable half a century ago. The apprehension and hostility of the whole population of the United States is directed against it. But its absorption of the machinery and resources of the country go on. The process is not only economically logical: it is now practically automatic.

Die Wanderlust

by Fritz Krog

Illustrations by Wladyslaw T. Benda

IN Missouri, about sixty miles west of St. Louis, there is a creek — in New England it would be called a river; no matter: it is not the stream that counts, but old man Elfinger; and it was only due to my love for fishing in the creek that I won his confidence. He was a German, big, rugged, sentimental, nearly a hundred years old — not like the impossible "Dutchmen" of the vaudeville stage who say "iss it," and "vunce," and all that; but an intellectual German, with that wonderful poise of his kind; a German who could talk English, real English, straight from the shoulder, as he could likewise talk French and Italian and Spanish. He made our language sound like something; he made it boom and hum; and when he said the wind roared, I could hear it roar, and when he said the wolves howled, I could hear them howl. He used his own words and phrases, and he had his soul in them.

He did not tell this story to every one. He liked me, and he told it to me every spring for five years, and that's why I know it so well. Whenever the fish refused to bite, I would go to his house, and he would give me *Maiwein* and tell me this story. . . .

"It is wonderful, this America"— old man Elfinger always began this way. "Wonderful! So young, so strong, so short the span of years from its youth to its strong manhood; so great will it be. There are many of us around here in these hills who can still remember the time when the naked Osage begged for a scrap of bread or a bit of red cloth, when we used bear fat for tallow, when we went hungry if the crops failed; and that was ten years after Missouri became a State, and thirty years before the Great Rebellion. St. Louis was a village then, and, though it was only sixty miles away, it was as distant as Europe is now.

"I came here in 1834, pushed overseas as you have seen a mill-pond push a stick through a broken dam, as the wind drives a seed. If I had not been the son of the Baron von Elfinger, with the young red blood and the stiff neck, perhaps I would never have seen the Mississippi Valley.

"My father's forester had a daughter — now you see? Her name was Elsa, and she had been permitted to play with me when we were children. But when I returned from Bonn — ah, then playing with Elsa was another matter; yet

we played. We played with fire. She was eighteen then, and I was twenty-two.

"Her father found out and went straight to my father. I was young, and the love had sunk too deep to be broken away. Never did parents try harder to break that grip which my Elsa held on that heart of mine. But I had the stiff neck. I was patient, I was courteous and respectful; but I swore first and last that this girl would I marry, and never another.

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"The people of Holmstedt went wild with enthusiasm. They talked of nothing else except these letters and this wonderful new land. You see, the doctor's letters bred the *Wanderlust*, and by the time the third letter had been read, all Holmstedt was on fire to taste this new life in this new land. No wonder, for there were too many of those children on my father's acres, and there was unrest in the air. With the letters from the Promised Land came stories of freedom and rights from France. Loafers in the village discussed liberty, equality, and self-government over their beer, and sang revolutionary songs. There was one I learned to know from beginning to end, with its thirty-four verses. But more of that in its place.

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"'It is nonsense, nonsense,' he would repeat to me over and over again. 'Who knows how terrible that wilderness might be? And the journey overseas and long miles through the woods.'

"I only gave half an ear to such expressions, and, indeed, to the whole business. My own trouble filled my heart so full, there was no room for any more. Seldom I spoke to my father of the affair with Elsa, for it would lead to nothing except a distressful scene. My father could get angry, I tell you! For, truth, I believe that sometimes every drop of blood in his body would rush into his head, when I could see his temples throb and his neck swell.

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Through all these channels and hundreds more, the central machine of capital extends its control over the United States. It is not definitely organized in any way. But common interest makes it one great unit—the "System," so called.

It sits in Wall Street, a central power, directing the inevitable drift of great industry toward monopoly. And as the industries of the country one after another come into it for control, it divides the wealth created by them. To the producer, steady conditions of labor; to the investor, stable securities, sure of paying interest; to the makers of monopoly and their allies, the increment of wealth of the continent, and with it the gathering control of all mechanical industry. It is a cumulative power inconceivable half a century ago. The apprehension and hostility of the whole population of the United States is directed against it. But its absorption of the machinery and resources of the country go on. The process is not only economically logical: it is now practically automatic.

Die Wanderlust

by Fritz Krog

Illustrations by Wladyslaw T. Benda

IN Missouri, about sixty miles west of St. Louis, there is a creek — in New England it would be called a river; no matter: it is not the stream that counts, but old man Elfinger; and it was only due to my love for fishing in the creek that I won his confidence. He was a German, big, rugged, sentimental, nearly a hundred years old — not like the impossible "Dutchmen" of the vaudeville stage who say "iss it," and "vunce," and all that; but an intellectual German, with that wonderful poise of his kind; a German who could talk English, real English, straight from the shoulder, as he could likewise talk French and Italian and Spanish. He made our language sound like something; he made it boom and hum; and when he said the wind roared, I could hear it roar, and when he said the wolves howled, I could hear them howl. He used his own words and phrases, and he had his soul in them.

He did not tell this story to every one. He liked me, and he told it to me every spring for five years, and that's why I know it so well. Whenever the fish refused to bite, I would go to his house, and he would give me *Maiwein* and tell me this story. . . .

"It is wonderful, this America"— old man Elfinger always began this way. "Wonderful! So young, so strong, so short the span of years from its youth to its strong manhood; so great will it be. There are many of us around here in these hills who can still remember the time when the naked Osage begged for a scrap of bread or a bit of red cloth, when we used bear fat for tallow, when we went hungry if the crops failed; and that was ten years after Missouri became a State, and thirty years before the Great Rebellion. St. Louis was a village then, and, though it was only sixty miles away, it was as distant as Europe is now.

"I came here in 1834, pushed overseas as you have seen a mill-pond push a stick through a broken dam, as the wind drives a seed. If I had not been the son of the Baron von Elfinger, with the young red blood and the stiff neck, perhaps I would never have seen the Mississippi Valley.

"My father's forester had a daughter — now you see? Her name was Elsa, and she had been permitted to play with me when we were children. But when I returned from Bonn — ah, then playing with Elsa was another matter; yet

we played. We played with fire. She was eighteen then, and I was twenty-two.

"Her father found out and went straight to my father. I was young, and the love had sunk too deep to be broken away. Never did parents try harder to break that grip which my Elsa held on that heart of mine. But I had the stiff neck. I was patient, I was courteous and respectful; but I swore first and last that this girl would I marry, and never another.

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great father affection softening his voice when he could let it.

"'Carl,' he said, 'I know my son — so like his father. I know that the love you bear the forester's daughter is a great one, and that neither I, nor your mother, nor any human power — only your own — can break it. You are my only child; the future of our house lies with you. A *mésalliance* — oh, my son, a *mésalliance* ——'

"Not a word while my father gripped my shoulder, and when his hold softened I knew he had himself in hand again.

"'I want you,' he continued, 'to leave the forester's daughter for a year or so. When those children go to the Missouri, go you with them. They will have need of you, is my thought. When you have brought them safely to their goal, then come back to me.'

"My poor father! His voice shook and tears stood in his eyes. I knew what a sacrifice he was making to demand this dangerous mission of me, and I was overcome with pity that he should be made to suffer so on my account. In the end he could control himself no longer, but threw himself on my breast and wept without restraint.

"'Oh, Carl, my son,' he cried, 'if you could put her aside now!'

"'That can never be, father,' I said gently.

"The days of preparation, though there was excitement enough, were sad ones for me. My mother would weep at the mere sight of me, and my father grew as silent under the situation as a tomb. Both hoped, up to the last moment, that I would yield to their hearts' desire. Elsa, when she heard of the scheme, went almost wild with grief and anger. To begin with, she accused me of growing lukewarm in my love, that I was more than half willing to be rid of her, and that my father and her father were monsters. In this mood she refused to see me at all, and I wandered about nearly distracted. When at last she spoke to me, again her mood had changed.

"'Your father is right,' she said in a lifeless voice, 'and we are wrong. You must leave me forevermore. You need not risk your life in America. Leave me now.'

"But when I had her in my arms and she had looked into my eyes, she knew how little her words had helped. Her next idea frightened me almost out of my wits. She vowed she would go with me, and when I steadily refused to talk seriously about such nonsense, she was seized with another fit of anger and ran away from me. Never was a man so harassed and so beset from all sides as I, in that period of preparation for the great undertaking.

"We left Holmstedt on the fifteenth of May, 1834 — two hundred and eighty-six men, women, and children. Everybody carried baggage; the artisans took their tools with them, and the farmers their oxen, which drew heavily loaded wagons. Cows we could not take, but Schmidt, the butcher, took two nanny-goats, because his wife had a sick baby which, the doctor declared, must have goat's milk. There was a great deal of weeping at the parting, and our preacher, who went with us, prayed for our safe keeping for over ten miles. My father and mother rode with us to the edge of our land, where they bade me a final farewell. I had taken leave of Elsa the night before, so I was spared that ordeal at the last.

"When my father pressed me to his breast for the last time, the immigrants were singing, '*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.*' It was a terrible moment for me. I knew that he still hoped to see me turn back. I could see the question in his eyes when he spoke the last '*Auf Wiedersehen.*' I turned from him, hastily mounted my horse, and galloped after the people. But, believe me, I needed a stiff neck to do it.

"In the beginning our advance was more like a funeral march than anything else, there was so much sadness among us. But already the second day out the good spirit returned, and thenceforward we might have been bound for a fair, such a holiday mood possessed the people. We excited wonder wherever we passed, and there was much good cheer given and taken. In the towns and villages the folk poured out of their houses to see us pass, and gave us their best greetings, besides a deluge of beer and coffee and bread, whenever we had time to halt. And, after we had left the towns behind, hosts of children would follow us, and they had to be watched and turned back, for they were bent on joining us.

"We sailed from Hamburg on two ships, *Die Lustige Frieda* and *Friedrich der Grosse*. Our band was equally divided, and myself, I was on the second boat. Ah, that terrible sea journey! The second week a terrific storm fell on the boats, and every last one of us was seized with the seasickness. It was a sad sight, indeed, to see the poor children locked in the dark hold, with no light, day or night, except such as got out from one swinging, stinking lantern hung from an overhead beam by a bit of chain which creaked and creaked all the time. Everybody lay in his hammock, except such miserable ones as ventured forth to crawl on the pitching floor and pray for fair weather.

"Fifteen days the storm lasted, and then the sun shone again. But,— oh, can I ever forget it? — most monstrous horror, the cholera broke out among us. We pitched more than half our band into the sea before it was over, and only God knows how any of us escaped. The crew

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suffered also, and had there been another such a storm as the first, we would surely have gone to the bottom of the sea. One poor fellow, Johann Wehmueller — his wife, we dropped her into the deep ten days before we landed, and always afterwards he was possessed with only the one idea: 'If she had only been buried in the ground — decent, in the ground. . . .'

"Ah, my young friend, that was so long ago; but such things always happen on yesterday. Well, the day came, the fortieth out from Hamburg, when we sighted the shores of the United States. The Sahara would have seemed the Promised Land to us then, and there were few of us who did not weep for joy at the prospect of setting foot on firm ground again. We landed at Baltimore, Maryland. There we waited two weeks for *Die Lustige Frieda*, which we had lost sight of the first day out and never saw again. When she did not arrive, we thought surely she had been lost in the great storm, and began the journey westward.

"Afterward we found out that she was not destroyed, but only blown out of her course, and put into port three days after we had left Baltimore. Her passengers, having escaped the cholera and being not much the worse for a long sea journey, decided to remain with her to the end of the cruise, which was New Orleans. It was the notion of the fool school-teacher that it were better to avoid a land journey by sailing to New Orleans and traveling thence by steamboat up the Mississippi to St. Louis. I had chosen better than I knew, for the school-teacher led his children into the ravages of yellow fever, and only a handful escaped to tell the tale. But more of that in its right place.

"Was it not a strange caravan that set out under the white-hot sun that summer day from Baltimore! They who could, walked, while the old women and the little children rode in the wagons, which creaked with their loads of our worldly goods. I, too, walked, because it was not practical to take horses with us. The younger men carried all manner of guns, and long deer-slayers swung from their sides. We thought, in our ignorance of the country, that large game, buffalo and bears, would be common in the wilderness of Pennsylvania. Schmidt, our butcher, against all counsel, declared he would take at least one nanny-goat to Missouri, and on the morning of the start he tied around [illegible]

a rope, which he fastened to a wagon-axle. But the goat, on the very first day, refused to walk and allowed herself to be dragged. To put an end to this torture, I myself killed the poor beast.

"The few Germans whom we met while we waited in Baltimore had shaken their heads when it had been told them that we were going to Missouri. There, they held, we would be in great danger of being scalped by Indians. The whites there were robbers and murderers, and one would not dare stir from the house on account of prowling wild beasts and poisonous reptiles. But these foolish tales frightened no one with a stout heart, and only one, a certain Schmutz, turned back. Afterwards he sailed again to the old home. In our village he had been one of the loudest growlers for liberty, and behind his beer glass he had been a most powerful king-eater. He came to his just punishment when he sneaked back, because our friends in Holmstedt shunned the coward the rest of his days, and even the bar-maid in his favorite beer-hall turned her back on him.

"It was a slow business, that journey through Pennsylvania. We could lay back of us no more than fifteen or eighteen miles a day, though there was not such a bad road. We met people here and there, and sometimes some of our countrymen, who were glad to see us and wished us good luck. Our hunters with their big guns shot nothing except squirrels and wild pigeons. The deer-slayers were laid away in the wagons before we reached Wheeling.

"One day in the woods an unpleasantness befell me. Kraus, our apothecary, and I were going alongside the train to see that all was as it should be, when an old woman put her head out of one of the wagons and called on me to stop. It was the Rosalsky widow, a Jewess with a grown daughter.

"'What is the trouble?' I asked.

"'Trouble!' she answered me bitterly. 'Trouble for me, but also trouble for you, proud Baron Elfinger!'

"I looked at her without knowing what more to say, she was speaking to me so hatefully.

"'*Die Lustige Frieda* is rotting on the floor of the sea,' she took up the word again. 'She rots, and a hundred strong hearts rot with her. Why does not the mighty Baron weep?'

"'If it be true,' I replied, 'it is sad, and I pity the mourners.'

"'I know it's true,' the Rosalsky goes on, 'and your pity is all a miserable lie. I know how much feeling an Elfinger can have; I know your heartless race; I know why you came to this wilderness.'

"Believe me, I was thunder-struck. I had thought that none of the children knew exactly why I had undertaken the journey. Father and I had thought it best to say nothing.

"'Go on! Go on!' the woman continued further. 'If you knew all I know, good Baron with the heart full of pity, you would not carry your head so high. Oh, no!'

"Then she dropped back into the wagon and laughed very disagreeably. Kraus and I continued on our way.

"It took over twenty days to finish the journey from Baltimore to Wheeling, where we embarked on an Ohio River steamer, the *Fairy Queen*. She was such a little boat that it was necessary to load our baggage and beasts — such as continued with us — on a barge which was towed alongside the steamboat. Not all of the oxen could we take, and also we kept only a few of the wagons. The rascals who bought of us cheated us thoroughly, for when, in St. Louis, we undertook to replace the beasts and wagons — hah! — how high the prices had risen! Between losses by accident and losses by ignorance, we found ourselves at last in the wilderness without enough of all the necessaries. But more of that later.

"The captain of the *Fairy Queen* was a friendly and accommodating man, and when he heard our songs he was the more delighted. You see, the men of our band liked to gather in a corner on the deck, in the warm nights when sleeping was a burden, and sing the home songs. With a little homesickness in the heart, there was feeling in the music. The captain liked best a revolutionary song of thirty-four verses, in each of which some kind of misfortune was hoped for the necks of the German nobles. The dear, silly children! But that captain had them sing every verse every night, and he was most pleased with the chorus, which was just this:

"Sum, sum, *sum*, sum,
Sum, sum, sum,
Sum, sum, *sum*, sum,
Sum, sum, sum.

"The singing was a pleasure to me also, though I did not join the singers, but listened and smoked. You see, I was still the Baron Elfinger, and when I sat with those big children there was always a little stiffness in the air and the talk and the song were not so free. If I had had it in my mind to stay in this new country with the others it might have been different, but I had no such thought. My heart was longing for the end of the journey, when I could turn back home. Was I learning to think less of Elsa? Ah, my young friend, there was never a time in all the journey when my love was not growing; and as we slid down the Ohio, while the

"IT WAS ELSA, MY ELSA! AND IN HER ARMS SHE CARRIED OUR CHILD, BORN ON THE DEEP"

songs were sung and I sat alone and smoked, I had nothing in mind except Elsa.

"The mouth of the Ohio was not far behind us and we were steaming up the Mississippi when, near sunset, a cry suddenly rang out, 'Woman overboard!' No one of us knew who it was that had fallen into the river, but all of us, in great alarm and excitement, crowded up to the railing to look. We could just see in the twilight a dark round spot racing away in the current; it was the woman's hair we saw. Though we were so excited and helpless, the crew were collected enough; for we had scarcely been warned of the accident when a rowboat shot down the river with the speed of an arrow. In a few minutes the unfortunate was reached, drawn into the boat, and, still living, was brought back to the steamer's deck. It was the Rosalsky. We found out afterwards that she had tried to dip water out of the river and had lost her balance. She was taken into the captain's cabin. That night we did not sing; we feared for her, she so old and the shock.

"Very late, Kraus, who was the only one of us who knew anything about medicine and had been attending her, came to me and said the Rosalsky had something to tell me.

"'She will no longer be with us by morning,' he whispered.

"The cabin was hot and stuffy, and lighted only with a smoky lantern hung from the ceiling. The Rosalsky lay on a narrow bed, making little crying noises.

"'The Baron,' said Kraus.

"'Leave me alone with him,' the Rosalsky answered, looking at me with big eyes. 'He is a proud man, the Baron Elfinger, and he will not care to be watched when I tell him.'

"Kraus went out on the deck, while I was filled with wonder. The woman seemed collected enough, and I was only half in doubt that she would talk nonsense. When we were alone, she lay still so long, I had to remind her that I was waiting.

"'So you are there, Baron,' she again took up the word. 'What I will tell you I might have told in Baltimore, in Germany. I might have told you any time. But I waited. I wanted to let you find out when you returned to your home—so it would hurt more.'

"'How do you know I am going back?' I asked.

"'Let that be,' she went on; 'I know. I knew from the beginning how little you cared for us or for America. You came here for a far different reason. Yes, yes, I know your purpose.'

"The poor woman was finding it hard to go on. Several times she tried to talk, but not a

word came out of her mouth. I bent my head to listen better.

"'It is getting late'— so much I heard. '*Die Lustige Frieda* — when she went down — hah! proud Baron! When she went down, down, down ——'

"That was all. I called Kraus and he said it was over with. Whatever the unfortunate had to tell me, I never knew. Afterwards I had a suspicion. But I never knew.

"We stopped at St. Louis only a few days. It was a town of ten thousand at that time — quite a place in that wilderness. But west of it there was nothing. Seven families altogether, we were told, lived on the banks of the Missouri, in all the region between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. Hunters sometimes shot bears and deer along the Meramec. No more than ten miles from the town and sixty miles west, my old friend Roark shot sixteen bears the first winter we arrived. It was a good thing that this was so, and that Roark was spending his winter near us. Some of our band were content to stay in St. Louis, but most of us pushed on westward. We wanted to reach that land which Dr. Hoefen had written about, and to see the doctor himself and talk with him. It was to the most of us as if we had come for no other reason. Foolish? Ah, yes. But it was the *Wanderlust* that pushed us; only we did not know her.

"In St. Louis we heard news again of *Die Lustige Frieda.* A trader who had made a trip to New Orleans said a boat had arrived there with Germans aboard; but no more had they put foot on land than they had been seized with the yellow fever, and perished to a man. The bearer of this sad news could not be certain of the name of the ship, so we hoped it might not be ours.

"There was a rough road leading from St. Louis into the west on the south side and near the Missouri. Over it, in the fall, with frost every morning on the leaves, we set out to find Dr. Hoefen. We never found him. He had been dead six months when we came.

"It was a slow business, that last journey, and we were over two weeks in going sixty miles. We slept under the wagons nights, and often I lay awake listening to the woods. Always I came closer to my people. You see, it is hard to be a baron, sleeping on the ground and hearing wolves howl. Something in a deep, black forest pulls at the spirit. It was all so long ago, but I know that in those two weeks I grew steadily less the baron and more the man.

"When we reached this creek, we met my friend Roark, and he knew Dr. Hoefen; he said he lived just across the river. So here we stopped and began to prepare for the winter, as Roark advised us. We could visit the doctor in the spring, he said. Ah, that terrible winter! It set in early — by the middle of November snow began to fall, and bitterly we blamed the doctor for the letters that had narrated of a climate like that of Sicily. Also, our people did not know how to chop trees nor build log houses. There were only a few farmers among us, and they knew nothing of such work. The rest of us had to learn. I, too, seized the ax. No, no, I could not then leave my people. I had made up my mind that in the spring, after I had had a talk with the doctor, when the worst was over, I would go back. I could not leave this miserable colony in such a sad plight, without a knowledge of what to do, without enough to eat, without shelter for themselves and the beasts, without even enough bed-clothes — nothing, not even knowing how to track game.

"But see, my young friend, the sun is going down. I must hurry. . . .

"One day, near Christmas, a bitter cold day, while the men were in the woods chopping, Mrs. Kraus rushed to us and told us, with great excitement, to hurry to the houses. She said only so much and then ran away. We thought of everything,— Indians, death, wild beasts,— and hurried after. At the edge of the clearing all our women met us, shivering in the cold.

"'Two left from *Die Lustige Frieda!*' they cried.

"They fell back when they saw me, and there were two women almost in rags. I did not recognize them at once. Ah, no. The one carried a babe wrapped in a shawl and hugged tight to her breast.

"'Where are the others?' I asked.

"Then the woman with the babe raised her head. Oh, thou dear, great God! It was Elsa, my Elsa! And in her arms she carried our child, born on the deep.

"Ah, my young friend, it was all so long ago. Twenty-five years now my wife sleeps over there in the orchard. Forty years now my son sleeps on the banks of Wilson Creek, where he fell in the Great Rebellion. Seventy-five years now the Baron sleeps, and I am a citizen of the United States. Not so long, and I, too, will rest."

LAW-MAKING BY THE VOTERS

HOW THE PEOPLE OF OREGON, WORKING UNDER THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM, HAVE BECOME THEIR OWN POLITICAL BOSSES

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "GOVERNOR HUGHES AND THE ALBANY GANG," "McADOO AND THE SUBWAY," ETC.

IN the last nine years there has been a general transformation in political conditions in Oregon. The public life of the State, which for nearly half a century had been a scandal in practically every department, has become clean and respectable. The mercenary lobby has disappeared from the legislature. The purchasing of votes at primaries and elections, which ten years ago was an almost invariable practice, has absolutely ceased. The corporations no longer dictate the official acts of the legislature and the executive. In the United States Senate and in Congress, Oregon's representatives stand for the people of the State, and not for special privileged classes. In local and State affairs political machines no longer exercise appreciable influence; the party voters control the party organization and dictate party nominations. And, coincident with this reformation in political conditions, Oregon has adopted a new code of laws which have immensely stimulated the social and business life of the State.

More remarkable than these reforms, however, is the manner in which they have been obtained. The legislature has passed practically none of the laws that have brought about this changed situation. The people have improved conditions themselves by depositing slips of white paper in the ballot-boxes on election day.

Political Power in the Hands of Non-Official Groups

Other States in recent years have added the Initiative and Referendum to their scheme of government. South Dakota, indeed, adopted this amendment before Oregon did; and Missouri, Maine, Montana, Nebraska, and other States have had it for several years. None of them, however, can show any results comparable with those obtained on the Pacific Coast. Certain fundamental defects in the Referendum system of these other States may partly explain this inactivity; more important, however, is the fact that they have not had, as had Oregon, groups of public-spirited men who have made the reformation of the State their exclusive business. These men, working through the Initiative and Referendum, have practically succeeded to the legislature as the great law-making power in the State. The story of Oregon for the last ten years is simply a story of the shifting of political power from the corporations, which had abused it for so many years, to the farmers, the small merchants, and the working classes.

There is, for example,—and this group may be taken as typical of all the others,—the People's Power League of Oregon. Its members include nearly all of the men who were especially active in the original agitation for the Referendum law. In the early days this movement was distinctly proletariat in its character; farmers and workingmen chiefly figured in the agitation; now, however, the membership includes all classes — bankers, corporation lawyers, Supreme Court judges, newspaper editors, United States senators, as well as a plentiful representation of farmers, orchardists, and labor-union men. The most active member of the People's Power League is inevitably William S. U'Ren — the man who led the ten years' agitation for the reform. Senators Jonathan Bourne and George E. Chamberlain are extremely influential in its work. An especially

interesting member of its Board of Trustees is Mr. C. E. S. Wood — a man who, in spite of his radicalism and avowed socialistic inclinations, still manages to maintain his practice as a corporation lawyer. Another influential factor is Mr. C. S. Jackson, the editor of the *Oregon Journal*. Mr. Jackson is a Virginian who came to Oregon as a young man and worked for several years in the eastern part of the State as a stage agent, finally drifting into a newspaper office and acquiring fame as a local humorist. Like many of the Oregon reformers, Mr. Jackson became a devoted follower of Henry George and the single tax, worked hard in the early days for the Australian ballot, and in his newspaper, the *Eastern Oregonian*, strongly supported the Referendum law. Mr. Jackson became a convert to pure democracy through reading his favorite author, Mark Twain, especially his "Connecticut Yankee," and it was quite natural, when he came to Portland in 1901 to establish a paper of his own, that he should champion the popular cause. In those days, Harvey W. Scott's *Oregonian*, the leading newspaper on the Pacific Coast, advocated the popular reforms; as the years have gone by, however, this paper has passed from a position of tolerance to one of open hostility, and Mr. Jackson has come to the front as the leading journalistic spokesman of the democratic movement.

Initiative Measures Not Hastily Framed

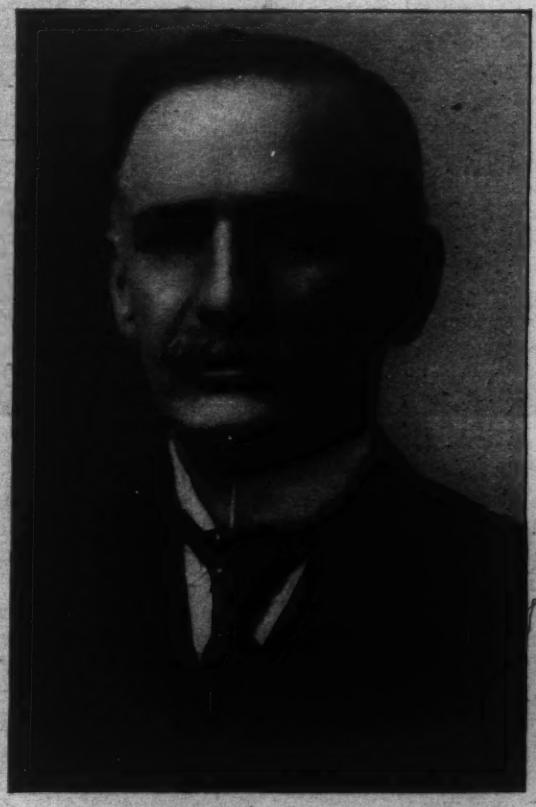
With these various forces working in harmony, Oregon has developed a unique informal system of legislation. Its Initiative measures are not hastily constructed, and do not originate in the cracked brains of irresponsible enthusiasts. In fact, the procedure does not compare unfavorably with that followed by the average legislature. As elections take place only once in two years, the people have practically two years for preparing and discussing new laws — whereas the legislature has only forty days. In the last eight years the people have registered their judgment upon sixty-four measures; the largest number which they have had under consideration at any one election has been thirty-two. In this same period the legislature has acted upon from three to four thousand, and, at a single session, has before it anywhere from seven to eight hundred. And the starting-point with popular measures is quite as respectable and responsible as with those that are introduced at Salem. A new law, of course, whether introduced in a legislative chamber or proposed under the Initiative, always originates in the same place, and that is the brain of a single man. A citizen of Oregon may think, for example, that it would be an excellent thing to have a direct primary, a corrupt practices act, or an employers' liability law. He turns the thing over in his mind, and perhaps discusses it with a few of his friends. If the idea strikes them favorably, he receives encouragement, and gradually a small group of citizens is formed to discuss and frame a measure. In some cases an existing organization, such as the People's Power League, may adopt the suggestion as its own. Luncheon parties are then held, at which the subject is threshed out in its various phases and tentative drafts of a law are considered. Before the idea is definitely framed in a bill, a committee is sometimes formed and correspondence entered into with prominent citizens of Oregon and other States. Letters are sent broadcast, containing detailed accounts of the suggested legislation, with arguments pro and con, and asking for expressions of opinion. And so, after many consultations, the idea is whipped into shape and framed in a definite bill. Usually there are lawyers interested who are capable of arranging the material in complete legal form; if not, outside lawyers are pressed into service.

"Signature-Getting" at Five Cents a Name

And now the bill is formally offered to the people. In order to have it placed on the ballot at the succeeding election, eight per cent of the registered voters must file a petition requesting that this be done. The business of obtaining these signatures has developed an entirely new occupation in Oregon — that of signature-getting. At all times these "signature-getters" keep busy, though they are most active during the April and May following a legislative session. They are found in practically every part of the State. They invade the office buildings, the apartment-houses and the homes of Portland, and tramp from farm-house to farm-house. Young women, ex-book-canvassers, broken-down clergymen, people who in other communities would find their natural level as sandwich-men, dapper hustling youths, perhaps earning their way through college — all find useful employment in soliciting signatures at five or ten cents a name. The canvasser bustles into an office, carrying under his arm a neat parcel of pamphlets, the covers perhaps embellished with colored pictures of the American flag. He gives his victim a few minutes to read the printed matter, and then, placing his finger on a neatly ruled space, says, "Sign here." Very likely the person ap-

proached will demur. The proposed law is foolish, unnecessary — the work of a group of harebrained cranks. Perhaps a protracted argument takes place which may ultimately ramify into the fundamental principles of constitutional government. Everywhere that the canvassers go there is a flood of talk. There is no State in the Union so perpetually argumentative and voluble as Oregon. This is especially true when the solicitors are not paid workers, but enthusiasts. And at times these workers do not receive a cordial welcome; there are plenty of Oregonians who regard the whole system as a nuisance and treat its representatives accordingly.

In other instances people sign petitions thoughtlessly — sometimes without reading the measures or even understanding their contents. "I could easily get ten thousand signatures to a law hanging all the red-haired men in Oregon," one cynic on popular government remarked to the writer. It is not at all unlikely that he could. The business of getting names, as everybody knows, depends more upon the individual than upon the merits of the particular cause at issue. This new profession in Oregon has its well-recognized experts; and not infrequently one group of canvassers will return disheartened, having absolutely failed in pushing a particular measure, only to have another group go out and return with all the signatures the law requires.



C. S. JACKSON, EDITOR OF THE "OREGON JOURNAL," THE LEADING NEWSPAPER SPOKESMAN OF THE POPULAR MOVEMENT

An Open-Air Forum

As soon as enough people have signed the petition, public discussion of the measure begins. In the main, the Initiative and Referendum bills receive far more attention than do those presented to the legislature. They are not debated by a dozen men in a legislative chamber, but by a hundred thousand voters scattered all over the State. Oregon's population follows two main lines, the Columbia and the Willamette valleys; here are the wheat farms, the fruit orchards, and the logging camps that form the economic foundation of the State. Farther east, on the other side of the Cascade Mountains, frequently far removed from railway transportation, lie many thousand square miles of grazing lands — thinly populated by lonely roving sheep-herders. In all these places, those close to civilization as well as those remote, a high order of intelligence prevails. The Oregon farmer has his comfortably furnished home, his well-stocked library, his piano, and not infrequently his automobile; here, even in the most inaccessible regions, the newspapers and the weekly and monthly magazines freely circulate. Everywhere, as inevitably as in New England, is found the schoolhouse — not the old red district school, but a building of brick or granite, heated with steam, and graded along the most modern educational lines. Far away as these people may be, they have no difficulty in keeping well in touch with the world. Probably the average frequenter of an Oregon country store knows more of what is going on in Congress and in the State legislature than the hangers-on of the most exclusive city clubs.

And now that every Oregonian is his own legislature, he takes his responsibilities seriously. The children debate the Referendum measures in the public schools, the farmers in the granges, the workingmen in the unions. Many of the voters, at stated seasons, spend their time out of doors — in the apple orchards, the hop fields, and the sheep and cattle ranches. All through the summer and fall these open-air workers — sometimes a solitary pair under the shadow of Mount Hood, sometimes an animated group ranged on ladders in the apple trees —

A FAIR SAMPLE OF THE OREGON PROLETARIAT

fight their legislative battles. Itinerant lecturers go from town to town, meeting the people at first hand in the schoolhouses and the granges and perhaps at railway stations. Particular causes, such as woman suffrage and prohibition, bring famous exhorters from other States. The advocates fill the newspapers with their advertisements and flood the community with "literature." Perhaps the largest single educational force is the grange, whose monthly lectures and debates form a university extension course in popular government.

Reading the "Publicity Pamphlet"

The State of Oregon itself does important publicity work. To see the Referendum really in operation, one should visit a farmer's house almost any evening during the legislative campaign. There by the dinner-table sits the head of the family, poring over a well-thumbed, buff-covered pamphlet. Perhaps he will be reading monotonously to an attentive group gathered around the fireplace. A running comment — "He's wrong there"; "No, that's all right"; "He can't fool us this way again"; "That's a good idea" — punctuates the proceedings. Next day, at the village store, more copies of this same volume are discovered; they turn up everywhere — in the clubs and offices at Portland, in the public schools, on the trains and trolley cars. At midday the farmer or the berry-picker snatches a few minutes at this popular fount of knowledge; even the lonely sheep-herder, resting on the hills hundreds of miles from the nearest habitation, passes many silent days with this volume as his only companion. It is the famous "Publicity Pamphlet" of Oregon — a book of nearly three hundred pages, printed by the State, which contains all the measures to be voted on at the coming election. Its really entertaining and instructive features are the informal discussions. "Argument (Affirmative)" and "Argument (Negative)" — under these headings, lined up, side by side, the people discuss the measures pro and con. Here the Oregon State Suffrage Association proposes a measure giving women the right to vote, and submits their favorite pleas. On the very next page, their sisters, the "antis," fall savagely upon their bill, accusing its proposers of bad faith, and attempting to riddle their arguments. Further on in the same book, "Home Rule Associations" and "Anti-Saloon Leagues" animatedly discuss the merits of prohibition; workingmen explain the need of a decent employers' liability law; State universities and normal schools plead for generous

appropriations; and single-taxers call attention to the necessity of radical tax reform. Each contributor pays a certain price per page for space — to cover the cost of white paper and printing; and the Secretary of State, thirty days preceding election, mails a copy to every registered voter.

The political pessimist declares that the people do not read these pamphlets, and that the State is littered from end to end with clean, uncut copies. Possibly this may be true in certain parts of the cities — in the clubs, the houses of the "higher social classes"; but it is certainly not true in the farming country. The chief reason why these arguments should be read is found in the pamphlets themselves. They are well worth reading and are inherently interesting, even to outsiders. In the main, the arguments are well written and dignified. Only rarely do they lapse into demagogism; sometimes they are unduly acrimonious; but, for the larger part, the contents are sane, wise, pointed, and shed abundant light upon the questions at issue.

About Seventy-five per Cent of the Electorate Vote on Referendum Measures

Unquestionably, therefore, the average farmer goes to the polls on election day well instructed. If he does not, it is certainly his own fault. An analysis of the elections for the last eight years disposes of one important point: it shows that a majority of the people do have sufficient interest in the Initiative and Referendum measures to vote. On an average, about seventy-five per cent of the actual voters express their opinion on these matters. The highest vote ever cast was ninety per cent — against woman's suffrage; the lowest, sixty-three per cent. On the whole, this must be regarded as an excellent showing. Inevitably, in a State where there is no educational qualification for the suffrage, a certain percentage will not vote on laws, for, in order to vote on these, one must be able to read — as they are entered on the ballot by long and sometimes complicated titles. An analysis shows, indeed, that the largest percentage of non-voters on proposed laws is found in the city slums, where the greatest percentage of ignorance and illiteracy prevails. In other words, this new scheme of legislation seems to act automatically as a disfranchisement of the ignorant or careless. Any State in which seventy-five per cent of its voters take part in the Referendum elections may justifiably regard itself as fortunate; the twenty-five per cent who remain silent unquestionably repre-

THE FRUIT ORCHARDS BECOME FORUMS FOR DISCUSSING PROPOSED LEGISLATION

OREGON APPLE ORCHARDISTS. OPEN-AIR ARGUMENTS ON REFERENDUM MEASURES ARE A REGULAR FEATURE OF RURAL LIFE

sent the classes that any really adequate suffrage qualifications would exclude.

An Insight into the American Conscience

These sixty or seventy thousand freemen who regularly engage in law-making every two years may be regarded as the "composite citizen" — a typical illustration of the middle-class American conscience. For the first time in history, they furnish a detailed picture of the workings of this American mind. Hitherto the American citizen has had no opportunity to say, directly and concretely, just what kind of government he desired. He has had many chances to register his opinions of public men, but seldom of public measures. He has voted for party platforms, it is true; but party platforms contain dozens of different ideas; the voter has to accept them as a whole — he can not separate one issue from another. In Initiative and Referendum measures, however, this is precisely what he can do. And here, for the first time, a large group of American citizens have become concretely articulate in their political ideals.

The "Mob" Stands for Decency

And it appears, in spite of all the harsh things said of the American "mob," that this same "mob" does stand for political decency. Clearly, the kind of government that the political parties had been giving Oregon for years was not the kind of government to which the Oregon people aspired. The composite citizen seems unalterably opposed to all the practices that have brought American public life into such general disrepute. He does not believe in vote-buying, in political bosses, or in corporation rule. Every time he has an opportunity to vote for measures that are intended to abolish these abuses, he does so overwhelmingly. In spite of these "insurgent" tendencies, the composite citizen seems by nature conservative. He does not readily go in for newfangled ideas or for attacks upon property. The noisy agitator, the labor-union leader, the "advanced thinker" apparently do not voice the sentiments of the rank and file. A striking evidence of this is that the Oregon voter does not believe in woman's suffrage. At five different elections he has had to express his opinion on this movement, and has voted it down every time with a steadily increasing majority. This is all the more remarkable because women played an important part in the original Referendum movement, and, especially in the farming sections, still take the greatest interest in public affairs. Nor does the Oregon voter believe in State-wide prohibition, though he has given the State its first county option law. In spite of the fact that the leaders in the popular movement are strong single-taxers, the composite citizen has voted down this idea overwhelmingly. Above all, the "plain people" do not indulge in radicalism against the corporations. Business interests are always afraid to intrust the voters with this law-making power, but in Oregon it has not become a popular instrument for corporation-baiting. The only law that could even remotely be regarded as anti-corporation is one mildly taxing the earnings of telephone and telegraph companies. Only once have the workingmen attempted to use the new agency in behalf of their "class," and that was last fall, when they succeeded, with the aid of a large majority of the voters, in placing on the books an excellent and fair employers' liability law.

The "Plain People" Stand for the Higher Education

Again, this composite citizen believes in education — even in the higher education. He has voted public money for one good normal school and a generous annual appropriation for the State University. One year the university appropriation was held up on a referendum; but the people, when it came to a vote, emphatically approved it. The Oregon voter is likewise opposed to graft in all its forms. He has abolished by initiative petition railroad passes and stopped legalized plunder in the State printer's office. He has likewise established home rule in cities, by giving municipalities the power to make their own charters, without the constant interference of the legislature. He has enacted a law providing for the recall of all elective officers, including judges — though he has not yet made any extensive use of it. He does not believe that matters of strictly local interest, such as the organization of new counties, should be submitted to a popular vote, and shows his disapproval by voting them down whenever they are so submitted.

The Composite Citizen is "Close-Fisted"

Again, the experience of the past eight years has displayed certain human failings in this composite law-maker. Like the legislature itself, he makes mistakes, and sometimes ludicrous ones. The people solemnly approved a law in which the enacting clause had been omitted — an amusing blunder that legisla-

tures, and even Congress, are sometimes guilty of. The law-maker *en masse* is also inclined to be close-fisted with public money, especially in the matter of salaries. Oregon pays the members of its legislature one hundred and twenty dollars a session, and the voters have emphatically refused to increase this compensation. Last fall a law was submitted increasing the pay of a county judge from three to four thousand dollars a year; but the farmers and workingmen ruthlessly voted it down.

"Jokers" in the Referendum

Can this composite voter be fooled? Do jokers slip into measures voted at the polls, as they constantly do in those passed by legislatures? Last fall the woman suffrage leaders attempted something of this kind. After trying three times, with steadily decreasing success, to amend the Constitution so as to get the word "male" out of its suffrage requirements, they concocted an ingenious law which they called a "woman's tax-paying suffrage amendment, granting to tax-payers, regardless of sex, the right of suffrage." Any one reading this bill would certainly suppose that it permitted only women who were tax-payers to vote. In reality, it was an amendment that granted general woman's suffrage, irrespective of whether the women were tax-payers or not. The "tax-payer" phrase, in other words, was simply a "joker"—and particularly discreditable to these particular advocates of a cause which is chiefly defended on the ground that its triumph would improve political morals. But the composite citizen was not caught. Two years before he had voted down woman's suffrage by a majority of twenty thousand, and last fall he disapproved it in this new form by a majority of twenty-four thousand.

At this same election, however, another amendment, which concealed something in the nature of a "joker," did slip through. The single-tax amendment, as already voted, ignominiously failed in 1908. In certain counties, however, it nearly succeeded, and the people back of the agitation decided to try a new turn. They drafted a constitutional amendment in which nothing was said of the single tax, but which provided that any county should have the right to adopt any form of taxation that pleased it. They made no secret of the fact that this bill was "a step in the direction of the single tax"; indeed, they flooded the State with literature advocating its passage on that very ground. A particularly ingenious enthusiast, however, conceived the idea of tacking on to this measure a provision that had no relation to it — a clause abolishing the poll or head tax. "That's a splendid idea," remarked an associate, when this vote-catching device was suggested to him; "only you haven't got it in the right place — it should be at the head of the bill, not the tail." There is nothing quite so unpopular with the average farmer and workingman as a poll tax. The single-taxers knew this and included its abolition in their bill merely as a means of attracting votes. And this time they succeeded. The farmers indorsed a measure which otherwise they would probably have disapproved, simply because it freed them from an unpopular tax.

Vested Interests Try to "Put One Over" the People

Occasionally, also, vested interests have attempted to use the Referendum to "put one over" the people. But they have not been nearly so successful as they have been customarily with legislatures. An interesting case of the kind occurred five years ago. For many years there had been an old toll road over the Cascade Mountains, near Hood River. When originally built, this highway served some useful purpose, but in recent years it has been practically abandoned. A group of speculators, however, obtained an option on it in 1908 for eight thousand dollars, and then conceived the idea of unloading it on the State for twenty-five thousand dollars. They circulated their petitions, got the measure on the official ballot, and carried on an active campaign. The voters, however, easily saw through the scheme, and voted it down overwhelmingly. Since then no one has attempted to wade into the State treasury by way of the Initiative.

Warfare Between the "Gill-Netters" and the "Fish-Wheelers"

It would be possible to cite many instances in which particular interests have attempted to fool the electorate and have failed. In the main, the people have voted with discrimination and consistency, though no one would be so extreme as to insist that they have not made mistakes. Perhaps their handling of a problem peculiar to Oregon — the salmon fisheries — brings out clearly the discrimination with which the Referendum has been used. For many years the Columbia River has been the scene of a fiercely contested warfare, waged between the fishermen at its mouth and those operating two or three hundred miles upstream. Many have been the Homeric battles between the "gill-netters" and the "fish-wheelers." Every

AN OREGON FARM AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT HOOD

day in the year, including Sundays and holidays, and twenty-four hours a day, the gill-netters could be found industriously working at the Columbia River bar. Here were thousands of small boats and miles of nets and fishing-gear. Scores of vessels, attempting to plow through the mass, had had their wheels entangled in fish-nets and had drifted about helplessly for hours; and the enraged fishermen had frequently driven them away with shot-guns. Many boats plying up and down the Columbia River still bear these bullet scars on their bows. For the fishermen themselves the occupation was exceedingly dangerous; on an average, from fifty to sixty of them were drowned every year. But the greatest sufferers were the precious salmon. They entered the river, of course, in search of their spawning-grounds, and here at its mouth they had to run the gauntlet of miles of nets. If they ever got beyond, there were plenty of dangers farther upstream. Here lay in wait the white man with his pitchfork and the Indian with his spear; everywhere the salmon were hunted with hooks, wheels, guns, and even dynamite. And, finally, they met the fish-wheels — ingenious contrivances, placed in shallow water, by which the fish were lifted into boxed-in inclosures and removed at leisure. Oregon was deriving many millions annually from this activity, but at the expense of her industry. It was a waste of national resources on a large scale. "Canned fish don't spawn," said the *Oregonian*. The State had built large hatcheries upstream, but they were little used, because not many fish survived their harassing journey. The United States Fisheries Commission had investigated the Columbia River situation, and reported that, unless radical measures were taken soon, the Columbia River salmon would simply follow the course of the buffalo and other extinct American species.

The fishermen all along the river agreed on the necessity of immediate reform. The only point they differed on was as to where this reform should begin. Each believed that he should be allowed to fish undisturbed, and that his neighbors should do the work of conservation. The gill-netters on the Columbia bar and the fish-wheelers in the mountain passes had been hurling epithets at one another for years. "The thing to do," said the fish-wheelers, "is to abolish the gill-netters, and then plenty of salmon will come upstream to spawn." "We let millions of fish go through," replied the gill-netters, "but the fish-wheelers catch them all just as they arrive at the breeding-grounds." In 1908 the two hostile camps decided to fight their battles at the Referendum. One side framed a law that practically prohibited fishing with nets at the mouth of the Columbia River at night-time and on Sundays, and established a closed season from October 1 to January 1. The gill-netters immediately retaliated by placing upon the ballot a bill that would practically have prohibited fish-wheel fishing in shallow waters. The two sides carried their warfare into the Publicity Pamph-

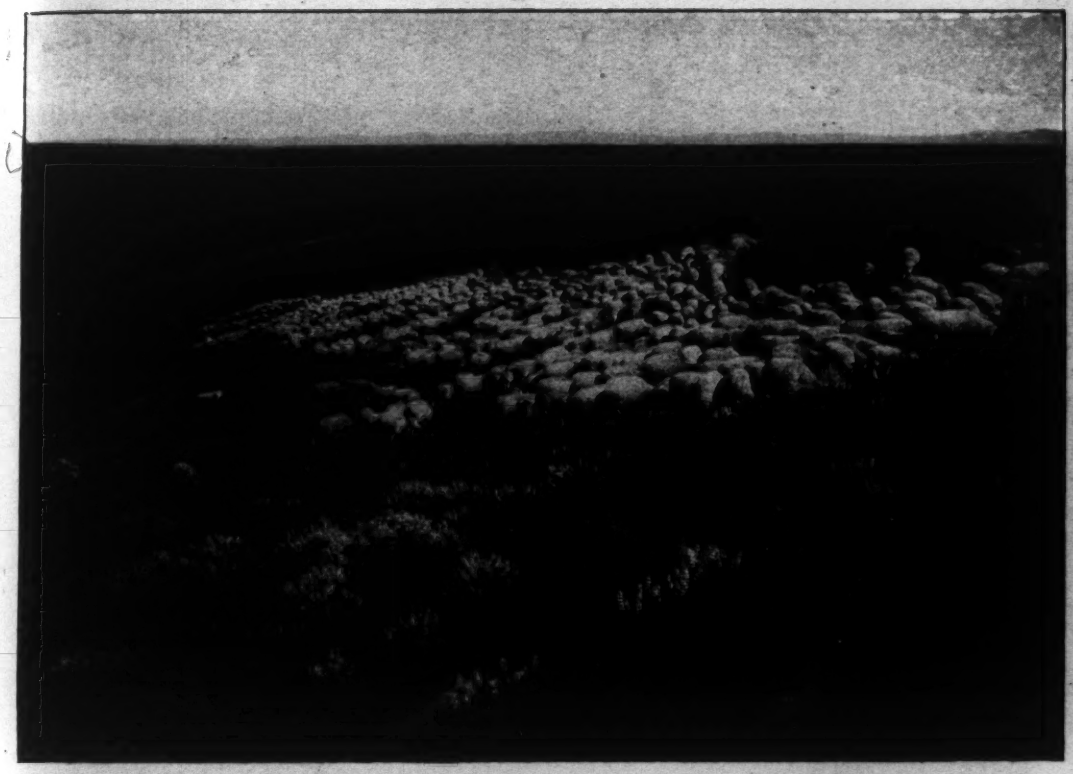
let, a reading of which is a liberal education upon the salmon industry as well as on the particular merits of the dispute. No one can go over these pages carefully, indeed, without concluding that the voters settled the question with remarkable wisdom.

They decided that both sides were telling the truth about each other, and approved both bills! In other words, the electorate absolutely stopped all fishing on the Columbia River. As a consequence, both sides, now in a mood for compromise, rushed to the legislature. The legislatures of Oregon and Washington got together and settled the difficulty in a way that was reasonably fair to both States and to all parties in the controversy — including the fish, which are now allowed to reach the breeding-grounds in sufficient quantity to insure the preservation of this industry.

Legislature Turns Down a Direct Primary, People Vote It

Reforms of this kind, however, are more or less incidental: what the leaders in Oregon have really aimed at has been the transformation of the whole system of government. With this idea in mind, they have quite naturally turned their attention to the organization of political parties. That same democracy which they had introduced into law-making they now attempted to introduce into political organizations. "Let's fight the thing that has the fewest possible friends," remarked one of these leaders, in the early days: and, in accordance with this idea, they went after the political machines. In Oregon this political machine was just as much an oligarchy as the legislature had always been. The Oregon reformers believed that this was largely explained by the fact that the rank and file, the party members who did not make political manipulation their exclusive business, had practically nothing to say in the party management. These party members ruled their party organizations precisely as the citizens ruled their legislatures — that is, through chosen representatives. In party organizations these representatives were known as "delegates." The party voters, under the old system, had the privilege, at certain so-called primary elections, of choosing delegates to political conventions. These conventions sometimes themselves selected the party candidates; at others, they selected delegates to the conventions that actually made the selections. This curious and roundabout system, which had prevailed for nearly three quarters of a century in most American States (and still prevails in many), has an interesting history. It really arose because of a remarkable lapse in the American constitutional system. The fathers deliberately provided, when they framed the federal and State constitutions, against government by political parties. Unquestionably, many of our political troubles are caused by the fact that we have developed a system of party government, using a governmental machinery entirely unadapted to it. One of the earliest problems that the politicians were called upon to face was a method of selecting party candidates for office. For the first thirty or forty years they did this work through a party caucus. In Washington, the members of each party in Congress selected the candidates for President; in the States, the members of the legislatures selected the candidates for governor and other State offices.

This system gave rise to gross abuses; and the dethronement of "King Caucus" was one of the greatest triumphs of the Jacksonian Democracy. In place of the caucus, these reformers, about the year 1832, established the political convention. They provided for the election, by popular vote, of delegates to nominating conventions, in whose hands ultimately they placed the entire party control. It is rather difficult to imagine, in these degenerate days of the party convention, that this institution was once popularly acclaimed on the ground that it freed the rank and file from machine control; that, however, is its history. But the new method soon fell into almost as great a disrepute as the old. The convention machinery was too complicated. It soon appeared that the party voters, while they manifested the utmost interest in voting for particular candidates, had practically no interest in voting for the delegates who were to select them. Primary elections thus became a farce: very few people ever attended them. The political machine absolutely dominated the proceedings, and, through them, the selection of candidates and the government itself. Oregon illustrated in detail the viciousness and absurdities of this system. Take, for example, the primary election of the Republican party held in Portland in 1896. On this occasion there were certain important public questions at stake, and many members of the rank and file attempted to cast their votes. To prevent them from doing this, the party leaders corralled all the thugs and vagrants for several miles around. They paid this army, at the rate of two dollars and a half apiece, to vote for the regular candidates and prevent the decent, orderly element from voting at all. In this work they had as allies the police department, which was part of the machinery which then controlled affairs. When a citizen attempted



THE LONELY SHEEP-HERDER, HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION, HAS BECOME AN INFLUENTIAL FACTOR IN LAW-MAKING

to get in line, a policeman would usually drag him out, and, if he protested, carry him off to jail.

A Political "Convention" in Oregon

Out of gatherings of the kind came Oregon's political conventions. These assemblies were frequently worthy of their origin. In 1898 there was a factional row in the Republican party, as a result of which the two opposing crowds held conventions on the same day, in the same hall, and at the same time. There were two sets of delegates, two presiding officers, and two complete organizations, all going at the same time and making a most horrid bedlam. Finally the two chairmen, evidently determined to settle the difficulties of their respective armies according to the medieval fashion of single combat, engaged in an animated fisticuff. From politics of this kind self-respecting Oregonians had long been praying for deliverance. Why not give the voters a chance to control their own organization — to provide them with the simple mechanism by which they could directly select their candidates? As they had placed the legislative power in the people's hands, U'Ren and his associates now decided to restore to them the greatest of all political powers — the selection of party candidates. The method was simple enough: other States, notably Wisconsin and Minnesota, had already worked it out. Both these States had enormously improved their political conditions by the adoption of a direct primary. This is nothing but an election, based on universal suffrage, within the party, for the selection of party candidates. The political convention is abolished; party voters, instead of selecting delegates to choose their candidates, choose them directly themselves.

In other States this direct primary law has been secured only as the result of a long struggle with the party machines. That is quite natural, as its avowed purpose is to destroy these same machines. In New York State, ex-Governor Hughes spent two years in a harassing fight for a decidedly attenuated direct primary, and finally left office without obtaining it. If Governor Hughes had had at his hand the instrument that Oregon held, he could easily have secured his desired law in a few weeks; for the people of New York State almost unanimously demanded it. In Oregon the progressive leaders framed their law and twice humbly asked the legislature to enact it. The law-makers and the bosses simply ridiculed

A TYPICAL OREGON FARM. IT IS HERE THAT THE LAWS ARE REALLY MADE, AND NOT AT THE STATE CAPITOL

them. Had it not been for the Initiative, the matter would have ended there. But the Direct Primary League circulated a petition and quickly secured the required number of signatures. In the election of 1904 the sovereign legislators of Oregon, the people at the polls, passed this measure by a vote of 56,000 to 16,000!

"Statement No. 1"

In this same direct primary law U'Ren and his associates introduced a novel provision — something that has given a peculiar distinction to the Oregon system. This is its famous "Statement No. 1" — a measure that provides for the election, by popular vote, of United States senators. In writing this clause, U'Ren took a leaf from the experience of the machines. For many years there had been one and the same rule for the election of United States senators in Oregon. The party bosses made their own nominations to the legislature, and pledged their candidates, usually in writing, to vote for a particular man for United States senator. When these people took up their duties at Salem, therefore, they simply became voting machines, automatically registering the decisions of the party bosses, who, in turn, were merely the spokesmen of the corporations that provided the funds. U'Ren and his associates believed that that system, as a system, was not so very bad; certainly the members of the legislature ought not to be permitted to elect Oregon's representatives in the United States Senate. And so the reformers decided to adopt this machine system of pledges. Their only modification was to take away from the bosses and the corporations the power of pledging. Following their usual democratic program, they provided that the people should do this pledging themselves. They arranged, in their direct primary law, that the party voters in "senatorial years" should select their party candidates for United States senator. Then every candidate for the legislature was permitted to sign one of two pledges. One of these was to the effect that during his term of office he would vote for the candidate for United States senator whom the voters elected at the polls. This was "Statement No. 1." "Statement No. 2" was a declaration that the legislator would regard this popular vote as nothing but a recommendation, and that he would hold himself at liberty to exercise his own judgment. This machinery is not only remarkably ingenious in the way that it gets around that requirement of the federal Constitution for the election of senators by the State legislature, but it shows a wonderful insight into political psychology. Its practical working, as well as that of other fea-

tures of the direct primary, will be described in the next article.

People Adopt a Rigid Corrupt Practices Act

Another measure that the people have attempted to extort from their legislatures, usually without success, is a corrupt practices act. The Australian ballot has worked wonders in freeing political elections from the taint of money, but the reform is by no means complete. In Oregon, especially, bribery had become a commonplace. There two-and-a-half-dollar gold pieces were the favorite considerations for votes — they were small and easily palmed. As recently as 1904, these convenient coins had figured prominently in elections in Portland. In his senatorial campaign under the Direct Primary Act in 1906, Senator Bourne had likewise spent large sums of money — not in the corrupt purchasing of votes, but in general publicity and "education"; and it became evident that the whole new system would soon fall into disrepute unless this practice ceased. Excellent as the new direct primary was, there was needed, as an essential corollary, a rigid and enforceable corrupt practices act. The reformers went to work in the usual way. As they had adopted their ballot laws from Australia, their Initiative and Referendum from Switzerland, and their direct primary from Wisconsin, so now they went to England for their corrupt practices act. They formulated a rigid measure and presented it to the legislature. All the politicians, however, received it with the usual roars of derision. The measure, they said, was complicated, unworkable, and represented an unattainable ideal. Quite naturally, therefore, the legislature refused to enact it. Subsequent events showed precisely to what extent this legislature represented the people. On Initiative petition, the proposed corrupt practices act went upon the ballot in the election of 1908, and the people passed it by a vote of 52,000 to 28,000.

Many Things a Candidate Can Not Do

Under the new régime, elections in Oregon to-day are as clean and orderly as they are in England itself. Money has ceased to play any part in the proceedings. Its use, even in the most remote and roundabout ways, is made a crime. The candidate for public office can spend, in election expenses, twenty-five per cent of a year's salary of the office for which he is running — but no more. The most detailed account of expenditures must be kept and sworn to. The law provides that no descendant, no ascendant, no brother, sister, uncle, aunt, nephew, niece, wife, partner, employer, employee, fellow official, or fellow worker of a corporation can contribute in excess of this amount. No corporation, or anything resembling a corporation, can contribute a penny. Any one who asks a candidate to buy tickets to any entertainment, or to make contributions for any charitable or religious purpose, commits a crime. The candidate can not furnish any person with "food or meat, or other entertainment, or clothing, liquors, cigars or tobacco," with the idea of predisposing one favorably to his cause. He can not "hand out" anticipatory jobs before election. He can not buy "reading notices" in newspapers or pay editors for friendly comment; whatever space he uses must be openly designated as paid advertising, and the source from which it comes

AN OREGON LAW-MAKER

must be specifically indicated. All ministers of the gospel, all preachers and all priests, are prohibited from inducing members of their flocks to vote for or against any candidate as a religious duty, and the threatening of "spiritual injury" in itself is a corrupt practice. Outside of these prohibitions the election is made free for all. Any one may talk, argue, speak, or write in behalf of one candidate, so long as he is not compensated for doing so. The State of Oregon pays part of the candidate's expenses. It publishes a pamphlet — modeled somewhat after the Publicity Pamphlet for the discussion of proposed laws — in which the candidate may print his picture and his claims to official honors. It charges a sum for this which represents actual cost, and mails a copy to every registered voter.

Oregon's Quiet and Orderly Elections

Under the new régime, an election in Oregon is a solemn and God-fearing occasion. Even in the cities, a Sabbath stillness prevails. The town is closed tight. The voter casts his ballot, not in a dirty room back of a barber shop or a cigar store, but in a neat white, municipally owned tent. These tents are pitched in the open streets, with all sides exposed, so that everybody may have a full view of what is going on. On his way to the polls the voter does not have to run the gauntlet of a line of bleareyed "workers." Election day, under the new law, is strictly given up to voting, not to electioneering. It is made a crime for any one, on that day, so much as to solicit any man's vote. One may answer questions, provided the voter asks them, but no one may volunteer information or advice. There are no hired "workers" at the polls, except the challengers, watchers, and counters of votes. Badges, campaign buttons, or other insignia are illegal on election day. An especially serious offense is to transport the voter to the polls in a hired carriage, automobile, or other conveyance. He must get there himself or he can not vote. Thus in a few years, by the enactment and enforcement of a plain, matter-of-fact law, elections in Oregon have been transformed from riotous mobs into proceedings as quiet and dignified as ordinary church services. And this change — it may be repeated — is the result of a law which the legislature refused to enact and which the people themselves had to adopt at the polls.

People Abolish the "Fellow Servant" Rule

Precisely the same procedure was followed in the matter of employers' liability. An attempt to modify antique judicial rulings so that workingmen engaged in hazardous occupations may stand some chance of justice in injury cases is a regular feature of the progressive program in every State. The chief absurdities of the law are, of course, those which prohibit recovery when the employer can show that injury or death resulted from the act of a "fellow servant," or that the injured person himself was guilty of a certain purely fictitious offense known as "contributory negligence." Both these principles are "judge-made law"; no legislative body anywhere ever enacted them. They date from 1836, when an English justice, for the first time in recorded history, created the famous "fellow servant" rule directly out of his own consciousness. When this idea was first enunciated, Oregon was a wilderness; there were only a few handfuls of white men in the country; whether it should be English or American territory was still undecided. The march of civilization, however, carried this "fellow servant" principle across the American continent along with the other blessings of civilization. For eighty years the dead hand of this English jurist has taken millions out of the pockets of the children of Oregonians injured or killed in ostensibly peaceable occupations. England itself years ago abandoned the "fellow servant" rule; attempts in Oregon to legislate it out of existence, however, had failed. In 1909 the workingmen and their friends prepared a fair employers' liability law and asked the Oregon legislature to enact it. The legislature promptly refused it.

And then the people did what they have done in so many other instances: they enacted this law themselves. The State Federation of Labor placed the Employers' Liability Law on the ballot by Initiative petition. The Employers' Association attempted to circumvent and mislead the people by putting on the same ballot another "employers' liability" bill — a measure which, when examined, proved to be nothing but one providing for a commission to study the subject and report to the legislature. The presence of these two contradictory measures on the same ballot furnished an excellent test of the discrimination of the voter. Had the people, in other words, approved both measures, they would have placed themselves in a rather ludicrous situation. But they adopted the Employers' Liability Law by a vote of 56,000 to 33,000 and, at the same time, defeated the employers' measure by a vote of 32,000 to 51,000. It is impossible to study these returns and not come to the conclusion that the people vote intelligently.

Referendum Succeeds Because There is No Representative System in Oregon

In the eight years' record in Oregon it is difficult for any impartial investigator to point out many cases in which the people have actually gone wrong. Probably the average person of intelligence in any part of the country would vote upon nearly all of the sixty-four measures precisely as the people of Oregon did. Even the bitterest enemies of the system admit this. The present writer spent one evening in discussing the Oregon plan with a well-known corporation lawyer of Portland who is outspoken in his opposition to it. At the conclusion this gentleman was asked in detail precisely how he himself had voted on each of the sixty-four measures considered in the last eight years. With two or three exceptions, the popular judgment on these measures coincided with his own! The other interesting fact is that most of these Referendum laws, in spite of the fact that they represented real public needs, the legislature itself had specifically refused to enact. In other words, the popular conscience in this great Western State seems to have been absolutely sound. That public opinion which, as Mr. Bryce so well explains in his "American Commonwealth," is, after all, the governing force in the United States, has been here tested on a large scale, and has been found to have decided wisely in nearly every case. At the same time, an average American legislature has been tested, and has proved to be absolutely untrustworthy and non-representative. The inevitable conclusion is that the Referendum has won its great triumphs in Oregon simply because the representative system has broken down. The legislature, as far as really important "constructive" work is concerned, has ceased to exist. The people have resorted to the Initiative and Referendum only because that was the only possible means of securing needed reforms. The voters at the polls have done no work which a really representative legislature might not have done equally well. If, during the last nine years, really representative institutions had existed in Oregon, the Referendum would probably have fallen into disuse.

"Voting a Bed-Quilt"

The recent history in Oregon, however, has not demonstrated that this form of popular legislation is an ideal way of conducting a government. Of course it is not. The Referendum and Initiative will always be valuable powers for the people to hold as clubs over the heads of the legislature. They will be extremely useful in uprooting many evils and in transforming fundamentally certain discredited features of American government. They can also be used at certain critical times when public opinion is thoroughly aroused on particular issues and when the legislature is not responsive. Only a few extremists believe, however, that this popular system can ever supersede really representative institutions. The absurdities inherent to the system were clearly illustrated at the election last November. On that occasion the electorate had to pass upon thirty-two different measures, and the results clearly showed that this was altogether too severe a tax upon the average voter. Of these thirty-two measures the people passed only nine. In nearly all of these cases they undoubtedly decided wisely; that is, the laws approved were nearly all good ones. It does not necessarily follow, however, that the twenty-three measures that they disapproved were rejected on their merits. The people voted "no," not because, after mature consideration, they had decided that they were unwise, but because they had no particular interest in them. A considerable number dealt with purely local questions, such as the creation of new counties, upon which the mass of the voters could have no intelligent opinion. Others proposed important governmental changes which the people did not understand and which had not yet become issues of sufficient prominence to develop any real public opinion. It is not improbable that many of these rejected measures represented worthy causes which, on a just consideration of their merits, should have passed. The point is that it is absurd to expect public interest to be stimulated to a white heat upon thirty-two different issues at the same time. The mere size of the ballot on such an occasion is itself appalling. "It's like voting a bed-quilt," remarked a policeman at the polls.

Legislature "Money Honest," but Still Non-Representative

The most far-reaching test that can be applied to the popular system is its effect upon the legislative bodies. The sanest advocates of the Referendum are convinced that its greatest usefulness consists in the fact that normally it ought to work an improvement on the character and efficiency of the representative chambers. What, then, has been the experience of Oregon? With the Referendum in full operation, the corrupt lobby has little excuse for

existence. A corporation is not likely to purchase legislation when it knows that anything the legislature does can be undone by the people. Again, the legislative "striker" — the industrious person who makes a specialty of introducing bills only for the purpose of being bought off — loses most of his vocation if the man or corporation at which he levels his attacks can carry their cases to the people. In other words, the political cormorants who have sought election from purely mercenary motives should disappear, for there will be no opportunity left for the exercise of their peculiar talents, and their places should be taken by men of a more honest type. This has been the case in Oregon. There is now no venal lobby at Salem. The old-fashioned striker has also retired from public life. A few years ago one of these strikers introduced a bill aimed directly at the interest of one of the leading capitalists in the State. This same capitalist had many times paid money to this and other members of the brotherhood as a consideration for withdrawing obnoxious bills. This time, however, he refused to "come across." "Go on and pass your bill," he told the enemy, "and I will referendum it. I am perfectly willing to trust the merits of this dispute to the people of Oregon." The mere threat of such a referendum in itself was enough to discourage the blackmailer, who promptly withdrew his bill. Whatever may be said of the legislature, therefore, it is at least honest in the sense that money no longer influences legislation. This in itself certainly is a great gain.

But the advocates of the Referendum have hoped for more than this. They have believed that the mere possession of this power by the people would in itself prove a powerful stimulus for good upon the representative body. Ordinary psychology would teach one that a really public-spirited legislature would not leave important legislation to be enacted by the people, when it has the power to enact this legislation itself. It would be only too anxious to do the reform work and "get the credit." If there were real leaders at Salem, they would not let unofficial citizens in the granges and labor unions and business offices assume the brunt of battle. But the Oregon legislature is far from being a useful or intelligent body. It is not aggressively a force for civic righteousness; it is dull, ignorant, reactionary, sullenly on bad terms with its public. The new system in Oregon has failed in that it has not yet brought out the best public talent of the State. It must be remembered, however, that the work is by no means yet finished. In the course of a few years there may be developed really representative institutions which will do acceptably the work that the people at the polls do now. In that event it will not be necessary for the people to vote upon thirty-two measures at a single election, for the legislature will handle these matters itself. The Initiative and Referendum will be reserve powers — to be used only rarely on questions upon which the people are thoroughly aroused and informed. The usual routine business of legislation, however, will be left, where it certainly belongs, in the hands of honest and efficient specialists. Until the Initiative and Referendum does work this reform, its greatest admirers can hardly regard it as a complete success. Meanwhile, there is no particular reason why the people should not experiment with law-making. The record shows that the voters of Oregon are a far abler and more conscientious body of lawmakers than their legislature, as at present constituted.

IN THE NEXT ARTICLE MR. HENDRICK WILL DESCRIBE THE ELIMINATION OF THE POLITICAL MACHINE IN OREGON AND THE STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY BETWEEN THE CITIZENS AND THE CORPORATIONS

The Case of Richard Meynell

by Mrs. Humphry Ward

XVII

WHEN Catherine returned to the little sitting-room, in which the darkness of a rainy October evening was already declaring itself, she came shaken by many emotions in which only one thing was clear — that the man before her was a good man in distress, and that her daughter loved him.

If she had been of the true bigot stuff she would have seen in the threatened scandal a means of freeing Mary from an undesirable attachment. But, just as in her married life her heart had not been able to stand against her husband, while her mind condemned him, so now. While in theory, and towards people with whom she never came in contact, she had grown even more bitter and intransigent since Robert's death than she had been in her youth, she had all the time been living the daily life of service and compassion which — unknown to herself — had been the real saving and determining force. Impulses of love, impulses of sacrifice towards the miserable, the vile, and the helpless — day by day she had felt them, day by day she had obeyed them. And thus all the arteries, so to speak, of the spiritual life had remained soft and pliant — that life itself in her was still young. It was there, in truth, that her Christianity lay — while she imagined it to lie in the assent to certain historical and dogmatic statements. And so strong was this inward and vital faith — so strengthened, in fact, by mere living — that when she was faced with this second crisis in her life, brought actually to close grips with it, that faith, against all that might have been expected, carried her through the difficult place with even greater sureness than at first. She suffered, indeed. It seemed to her all through that she was endangering Mary and condoning a betrayal of her Lord. And yet, she could not act upon this belief. She must needs act — with pain often, and yet with mysterious moments of certainty and joy — on quite another faith; the faith which has expressed itself in the perennial cry of Christianity: "Little children, love one another!" And therein lay the difference between her and Barron.

It was, therefore, in this mixed — and yet single — mood that she came back to Meynell, and asked him, quietly, the strange question: "What shall I do — what do you wish me to do or say — with regard to my daughter?"

Meynell could not for a moment believe that he had heard aright. He stared at her in bewilderment, at first pale, and then in a sudden heat and vivacity of colour.

"I — I hardly understand you, Mrs. Elsmere."

They stood facing each other in silence.

"Surely we need not inform her," he said at last, in a low voice.

"Only that a wicked and untrue story has been circulated — that you can not, for good reasons involving other persons, prosecute those responsible for it in the usual way. And if she comes across any signs of it, or its effects, she is to trust your wisdom in dealing with it, and not to be troubled. Is not that what you would like me to say?"

"That is indeed what I should like you to say." He raised his eyes to her gravely.

"Or — will you say it yourself?"

He started.

"Mrs. Elsmere!" — he spoke with quick emotion — "you are wonderfully good to me." He scanned her with an unsteady face — then made an agitated step towards her. "It almost makes me think — you permit me ——"

"No — no," said Catherine hurriedly, drawing back. "But, if you would like to speak to Mary — she will be here directly."

"No!" he said, after a moment, recovering his composure. "I couldn't! But — will you?"

"If you wish it." Then she added: "She will, of course, never ask a question; it will be her business to know nothing of the matter — in itself. But she will be able to show you her confidence, and to feel that we have treated her as a woman, not a child."

Meynell drew a deep breath. He took Catherine's hand and pressed it. She felt with a thrill — which was half bitterness — that it was already a son's look he turned upon her.

"You — you have guessed me?" he said, almost inaudibly.

"I see there is a great friendship between you."

"*Friendship!*" Then he restrained himself sharply. "But I ought not to speak of it — to intrude myself and my affairs on her notice at all at this moment." He looked at his companion almost sternly. "Is it not clear that I ought not? I meant to have brought her a book to-day. I have not brought it. I have been even glad — thankful — to think you were going away, although ——" But again he checked the personal note. "The truth is, I could not endure that through me — through anything connected with me — she might be driven upon facts and sorrows, ugly facts that would distress her and sorrows for which she is too young. It seemed to me, indeed, I might not be able to help it. But, at the same time, it was clear to me to-day that at such a time — feeling as I do — I ought not in the smallest degree to presume upon her — and your kindness to me. Above all,"— his voice shook,— "I could not come forward — I could not speak to her — as at another time I might have spoken. I could not run the smallest risk — of her name being coupled with mine — when my character was being seriously called in question. It would not have been right for her; it would not have been seemly for myself. So what was there — but silence? And yet I felt — that through this silence — we should somehow trust each other!"

He paused a moment, looking down upon his companion. Catherine was sitting by the fire near a small table on which her elbow rested, her face propped on her hand. There was something in the ascetic refinement, the grave sweetness, of her aspect that played upon him with a tonic and consoling force. He remembered the frozen reception she had given him at their first meeting, and the melting of her heart towards him seemed a wonderful thing. And then came the delicious thought, "Would she so treat him unless Mary — Mary!"

But, at the same time, there was in him the voice of the practical man, which plainly and energetically disapproved her! And presently he tried, with much difficulty, to tell her so, to impress upon her — upon her, Mary's mother! — that Mary must not be allowed to hold any communication with him, to show any kindness towards him, till this cloud had wholly disappeared and the sky was clear again. He became almost angry as he urged this — so excited, indeed, and incoherent, that a charming smile stole into Catherine's grey eyes.

"I understand quite what you feel," she said, as she rose, "and why you feel it. But I am not bound to follow your advice — or to agree with you — am I?"

"Yes, I think you are," he said stoutly.

Then a shadow fell over her face.

"I suppose I am doing a strange thing," — her manner faltered a little,— "but it seems to me right; I have been *led* — else why was it so plain?"

She raised her clear eyes, and he understood that she spoke of those "hints" and "voices" of the soul that play so large a part in the more mystical Christian experience. She hurried on:

"When two people — two people like you and Mary — feel such a deep interest in each other — surely it is God's sign?" Then suddenly the tears shone. "Oh, Mr. Meynell! — trial brings us nearer to our Saviour. Perhaps — through it — you and Mary — will find Him!"

He saw that she was trembling from head to foot; and his own emotion was great.

He took her hand again, and held it in both his own.

"Do you imagine," he said huskily, "that you and I are very far apart?"

And again the tenderness of his manner was a son's tenderness.

She shook her head; but she could not speak. She gently withdrew her hand and turned aside to gather up some letters on the table.

A sound of footsteps could be heard outside. Catherine moved to the window.

"It is Mary," she said quietly. "Will you wait a little while I meet her?" And, without giving him time to reply, she left the room.

He walked up and down, not without some humorous bewilderment in spite of his emotion. The saints were persons of determination! But,

after a minute, he thought of nothing, realised nothing, save that Mary was in the little house again, and that one of those low voices he could just hear as a murmur in the distance, through the thin walls of the cottage, was hers.

The door opened softly, and she came in. Though she had taken off her hat, she still wore her blue cloak of Irish frieze, which fell round her slender figure in long folds. Her face was rosy with rain and wind — the same wind and rain that had stamped such a grey fatigue on Alice Puttenham's cheeks. Amid the dusk, the firelight touched her hair and her ungloved hand. She was a vision of youth and soft life; and her composure, her slight, shy smile, would alone have made her beautiful.

Their hands met as she gently greeted him. But there was that in his look which disturbed her gentleness — which deepened her colour. She hurried to speak.

"I am so glad that Mother made you stay — just that I might tell you." Then her breath began to hasten. "Mother says you are — or may be — unjustly attacked — that you don't think it right to defend yourself publicly — and those who follow you and admire you — may be hurt and troubled. I wanted to say — and Mother approves — that, whoever is hurt and troubled, I can never be — except for you. Besides, I shall know and ask nothing. You may be sure of that. And people will not dare to speak to me."

She stood proudly erect.

Meynell was silent for a moment. Then, by a sudden movement, he stooped and kissed a fold of her cloak. She drew back with a little stifled cry, putting out her hands, which he caught. He kissed them both, dropped them, and walked away from her.

When he returned, it was with another aspect.

"Don't let's make too much of this trouble. It may all die away — or it may be a hard fight. But, whatever happens, you are going to Westmoreland immediately. That is my great comfort."

"Is it?" She laughed unsteadily.

He, too, smiled. There was intoxication he could not resist — in her presence, and in what it implied.

"It is the best possible thing that could be done. Then — whatever happens — I shall not be compromising my friends. For a while — there must be no communication between them and me."

"Oh, yes!" she said, involuntarily clasping her hands. "Friends may write."

"May they?" He thought it over, with a furrowed brow, then raised it, clear. "What shall they write about?"

An exquisite joyousness trembled in her look.

"Leave it to them!"

Then, as she once more perceived the anxiety and despondency in him, the brightness clouded; pity possessed her. "Tell me what you are preaching — and writing."

"*If* I preach — *if* I write. And what will you tell me?"

"'How the water comes down at Lodore,'" she said gaily. "What the mountains look like, and how many rainy days there are in a week."

"Excellent! I perceive you mean to libel the country I love."

"You can always come and see!" she said, with a shy courage.

He shook his head.

"No; my Westmoreland holiday is given up."

"Because of the Movement?"

And, sitting down by the fire, still with that same look of suppressed and tremulous joy, she began to question him about the meetings and engagements ahead. But he would not be drawn into any talk about them. In his heart of hearts he thought it quite possible — though perhaps not probable — that he might soon be ostracised from them all. But upon this he would not dwell; and though her understanding of the whole position was far too vague to warn her from these questions, she soon perceived that he was unwilling to answer them as usual. Silence, indeed, fell between them; but it was a silence of emotion. She had thrown off her cloak, and sat looking down, in the light of the fire. She knew that he observed her, and the colour on her cheek was due to something more than the flame at her feet. As they realised each other's nearness, indeed, in the quiet of the dim room, it was with a magic sense of transformation. Outside, the autumn storm was still beating — symbol of the moral storm that threatened them. Yet within were trust and passionate gratitude and tender hope, intertwined, all of them, with the sacred impulse of the woman towards the man, and of the man towards the woman. Each moment as it passed built up one of those watersheds of life from which henceforward the rivers flow broadening to undreamt-of seas.

When Catherine returned, Meynell was hat in hand for departure. There was no more expression of feeling or reference to grave affairs. They stood a few moments, chatting about ordinary things. Incidentally Hugh Flaxman's loss of the two gold coins was mentioned. Meynell inquired when they were first missed.

"That very evening," said Mary. "Rose always puts them away herself. She missed the

"Or — will you say it yourself?"

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"Mrs. Elsmere!" — he spoke with quick emotion — "you are wonderfully good to me." He scanned her with an unsteady face — then made an agitated step towards her. "It almost makes me think — you permit me ——"

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"You — you have guessed me?" he said, almost inaudibly.

"I see there is a great friendship between you."

"*Friendship!*" Then he restrained himself sharply. "But I ought not to speak of it — to intrude myself and my affairs on her notice at all at this moment." He looked at his companion almost sternly. "Is it not clear that I ought not? I meant to have brought her a book to-day. I have not brought it. I have been even glad — thankful — to think you were going away, although ——" But again he checked the personal note. "The truth is, I could not endure that through me — through anything connected with me — she might be driven upon facts and sorrows, ugly facts that would distress her and sorrows for which she is too young. It seemed to me, indeed, I might not be able to help it. But, at the same time, it was clear to me to-day that at such a time — feeling as I do — I ought not in the smallest degree to presume upon her — and your kindness to me. Above all," — his voice shook, — "I could not come forward — I could not speak to her — as at another time I might have spoken. I could not run the smallest risk — of her name being coupled with mine — when my character was being seriously called in question. It would not have been right for her; it would not have been seemly for myself. So what was there — but silence? And yet I felt — that through this silence — we should somehow trust each other!"

He paused a moment, looking down upon his companion. Catherine was sitting by the fire near a small table on which her elbow rested, her face propped on her hand. There was something in the ascetic refinement, the grave sweetness, of her aspect that played upon him with a tonic and consoling force. He remembered the frozen reception she had given him at their first meeting, and the melting of her heart towards him seemed a wonderful thing. And then came the delicious thought, "Would she so treat him unless Mary — Mary!"

But, at the same time, there was in him the voice of the practical man, which plainly and energetically disapproved her! And presently he tried, with much difficulty, to tell her so, to impress upon her — upon her, Mary's mother! — that Mary must not be allowed to hold any communication with him, to show any kindness towards him, till this cloud had wholly disappeared and the sky was clear again. He became almost angry as he urged this — so excited, indeed, and incoherent, that a charming smile stole into Catherine's grey eyes.

"I understand quite what you feel," she said, as she rose, "and why you feel it. But I am not bound to follow your advice — or to agree with you — am I?"

"Yes, I think you are," he said stoutly.

Then a shadow fell over her face.

"I suppose I am doing a strange thing," — her manner faltered a little, — "but it seems to me right; I have been *led* — else why was it so plain?"

She raised her clear eyes, and he understood that she spoke of those "hints" and "voices" of the soul that play so large a part in the more mystical Christian experience. She hurried on:

"When two people — two people like you and Mary — feel such a deep interest in each other — surely it is God's sign?" Then suddenly the tears shone. "Oh, Mr. Meynell! — trial brings us nearer to our Saviour. Perhaps — through it — you and Mary — will find Him!"

He saw that she was trembling from head to foot; and his own emotion was great.

He took her hand again, and held it in both his own.

"Do you imagine," he said huskily, "that you and I are very far apart?"

And again the tenderness of his manner was a son's tenderness.

She shook her head; but she could not speak. She gently withdrew her hand and turned aside to gather up some letters on the table.

A sound of footsteps could be heard outside. Catherine moved to the window.

"It is Mary," she said quietly. "Will you wait a little while I meet her?" And, without giving him time to reply, she left the room.

He walked up and down, not without some humorous bewilderment in spite of his emotion. The saints were persons of determination! But,

after a minute, he thought of nothing, realised nothing, save that Mary was in the little house again, and that one of those low voices he could just hear as a murmur in the distance, through the thin walls of the cottage, was hers.

The door opened softly, and she came in. Though she had taken off her hat, she still wore her blue cloak of Irish frieze, which fell round her slender figure in long folds. Her face was rosy with rain and wind — the same wind and rain that had stamped such a grey fatigue on Alice Puttenham's cheeks. Amid the dusk, the fire-light touched her hair and her ungloved hand. She was a vision of youth and soft life; and her composure, her slight, shy smile, would alone have made her beautiful.

Their hands met as she gently greeted him. But there was that in his look which disturbed her gentleness — which deepened her colour. She hurried to speak.

"I am so glad that Mother made you stay — just that I might tell you." Then her breath began to hasten. "Mother says you are — or may be — unjustly attacked — that you don't think it right to defend yourself publicly — and those who follow you and admire you — may be hurt and troubled. I wanted to say — and Mother approves — that, whoever is hurt and troubled, I can never be — except for you. Besides, I shall know and ask nothing. You may be sure of that. And people will not dare to speak to me."

She stood proudly erect.

Meynell was silent for a moment. Then, by a sudden movement, he stooped and kissed a fold of her cloak. She drew back with a little stifled cry, putting out her hands, which he caught. He kissed them both, dropped them, and walked away from her.

When he returned, it was with another aspect.

"Don't let's make too much of this trouble. It may all die away — or it may be a hard fight. But, whatever happens, you are going to Westmoreland immediately. That is my great comfort."

"Is it?" She laughed unsteadily.

He, too, smiled. There was intoxication he could not resist — in her presence, and in what it implied.

"It is the best possible thing that could be done. Then — whatever happens — I shall not be compromising my friends. For a while — there must be no communication between them and me."

"Oh, yes!" she said, involuntarily clasping her hands. "Friends may write."

"May they?" He thought it over, with a furrowed brow, then raised it, clear. "What shall they write about?"

An exquisite joyousness trembled in her look.

"Leave it to them!"

Then, as she once more perceived the anxiety and despondency in him, the brightness clouded; pity possessed her. "Tell me what you are preaching — and writing."

"*If* I preach — *if* I write. And what will you tell me?"

"'How the water comes down at Lodore,'" she said gaily. "What the mountains look like, and how many rainy days there are in a week."

"Excellent! I perceive you mean to libel the country I love."

"You can always come and see!" she said, with a shy courage.

He shook his head.

"No; my Westmoreland holiday is given up."

"Because of the Movement?"

And, sitting down by the fire, still with that same look of suppressed and tremulous joy, she began to question him about the meetings and engagements ahead. But he would not be drawn into any talk about them. In his heart of hearts he thought it quite possible — though perhaps not probable — that he might soon be ostracised from them all. But upon this he would not dwell; and though her understanding of the whole position was far too vague to warn her from these questions, she soon perceived that he was unwilling to answer them as usual. Silence, indeed, fell between them; but it was a silence of emotion. She had thrown off her cloak, and sat looking down, in the light of the fire. She knew that he observed her, and the colour on her cheek was due to something more than the flame at her feet. As they realised each other's nearness, indeed, in the quiet of the dim room, it was with a magic sense of transformation. Outside, the autumn storm was still beating — symbol of the moral storm that threatened them. Yet within were trust and passionate gratitude and tender hope, intertwined, all of them, with the sacred impulse of the woman towards the man, and of the man towards the woman. Each moment as it passed built up one of those watersheds of life from which henceforward the rivers flow broadening to undreamt-of seas.

When Catherine returned, Meynell was hat in hand for departure. There was no more expression of feeling or reference to grave affairs. They stood a few moments, chatting about ordinary things. Incidentally Hugh Flaxman's loss of the two gold coins was mentioned. Meynell inquired when they were first missed.

"That very evening," said Mary. "Rose always puts them away herself. She missed the

two little cases at once. One was a coin of Velia, with a head of Athene ——"

"I remember it perfectly!" said Meynell. "It dropped on the floor when I was talking to Norham, and I picked it up, with another — if I remember right, a Hermes!"

Mary replied that the Hermes too was missing — that both were exceedingly rare, and that in the spring a buyer for the Louvre had offered Hugh four hundred pounds for the two.

"They feel most unhappy and uncomfortable about it. None of the servants seem to have gone into that room during the party. Rose put all the coins on the table herself. She remembers saying good-bye to Canon France and his sister in the drawing-room,—and two or three others,— and immediately afterwards she went into the green drawing-room to lock up the coins. There were two missing."

"She doesn't remember who had been in the room?"

"She vaguely remembers seeing two or three people go in and out — the Bishop! — Mr. Dornal!"

They both laughed. Then Meynell's face set sharply. A sudden recollection shot through his mind. He beheld the figure of a sallow, dark-haired young man slipping, alone, through the doorway of the green drawing-room. And this image in the mind touched and fired others, like a spark running through dead leaves.

When he had gone, Catherine turned to Mary; and Mary, running, wound her arms close round her mother and laid her head on Catherine's breast.

"You angel! — you darling!" she said, and, raising her mother's hand, she kissed it passionately.

Catherine's eyes filled with tears, and her heart with mingled joy and revolt. Then, quickly, she asked herself, as she stood there in her child's embrace, whether she should speak of a certain event — a certain experience — which had, in truth, though Mary knew nothing of it, vitally affected both their lives.

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So that Mary never knew to what, in truth, she owed the painful breaking down of an opposition and a hostility that might in time have poisoned all their relations to each other.

But, when Mary had gone away to change her damp clothes, the visionary experience of which Catherine could not tell came back upon her; and again she felt the thrill, the touch of bodiless ecstasy.

It had been in the early morning, when all such things befall; for then the mind is not yet recaptured by life, and is no longer held by sleep. There is in it a pure expectancy, open to strange influences — influences from memory and the under-soul. It visualises easily, and dream and fact are one.

In this state Catherine awoke on a September morning, and felt beside her a presence that held her breathless. The half-remembered images and thoughts of sleep pursued her — became what we call "real."

"Robert!" she said aloud — very low.

And, without voice, it seemed to her that some one replied. A dialogue began into which she threw her soul. Of her body she was not conscious. And yet the little room, its white ceiling, its open windows, and the dancing shadows of the autumn leaves, were all present to her. She poured out the sorrow, the anxiety about Mary, that pressed so heavy on her heart; and the tender voice answered, now consoling, now rebuking:

"And we forbade him because he followed not us. . . . Forbid him not — *forbid him not!*" seemed to go echoing through the quiet air.

The words sank deep into her sense; she heard herself sobbing, and the unearthly presence came nearer — though still always remote, intangible, with the same baffling distance between itself and her.

The psychology of it was plain. It was the upthrust into consciousness of the mingled ideas and passions on which her life was founded, piercing through the intellectualism of her dogmatic belief. But, though she would have patiently accepted any scientific explanation, she believed in her heart that Robert had spoken to her, bidding her renounce her repugnance to Mary's friendship with Meynell — to Mary's love for Meynell.

She came down, the morning after, with a strange, dull sense of change and disaster. But the currents of her mind and will had set firmly in a fresh direction. It was almost mechanically — under a strong sense of guidance — that she had made her hesitating proposal to Mary to go with her to the Upcote meeting. Mary's look of utter astonishment had sent new waves of disturbance and compunction through the mother's mind.

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Upstairs Mary sat for long in the dark, thinking. Through her uncurtained windows she watched the obscure dying away of the storm, the calming of the trees, and the gradual clearing of the night sky. Between the upfurling clouds the stars began to show; tumult passed into a great tranquillity; and a breath of frost began to steal through the woods and over the water.

Catherine, too, passed an hour of reflection — and of yearning over the unhappy. Naturally, to Mary her lips had been sealed on that deepest secret of all, which she had divined for a moment in Alice. She had clearly perceived what was or had been the weakness of the woman, together with the loyal unconsciousness and integrity of the man. And, having perceived it, not only pity, but the strain in Catherine of plain simplicity and common sense, bade her bury and ignore it henceforward. It was what Alice's true mind must desire, and it was the only way to help her. She began, however, to understand what might be the full meaning of Alice's last injunction — and her eyes grew wet.

Mother and daughter started about eight o'clock for the cottage. They had a lantern with them, but they hardly needed it, for through the tranquillised air a new moon shone palely, and the frost made way. Catherine walked rejoicing apparently in renewed strength and recovered powers of exertion. Since her dream, some mining, crippling influence seemed to have been removed from her. And yet, even at this time, she was not without premonitions, physical premonitions, as to the future — faint signal voices that the obscure life of the body can often communicate to the spirit.

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"No, dear; it's all done — except our books. Come up with me while I pack them."

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"That's a nice way of putting it — a real gentlemanly way," said Hester, swaying backwards and forwards, her hands round her knees. "But, all the same, it's true. They're sending me away

because they don't know what I'll do next; they think I'll do something abominable."

The girl's eyes sparkled.

"Why will you give your guardians this anxiety?" asked Catherine, not without severity. "They are never at rest about you. My dear! — they only wish your good."

Hester laughed. She threw out a careless hand and laid it on Catherine's knee.

"Isn't it odd, Mrs. Elsmere, that you don't know anything about me, though — you won't mind, will you? — though you're so kind to me and I do like you so. But you can't know anything, can you? I wonder whether you know anything about girls — like me?"

And, looking up from where she lay deep in the arm-chair, she turned half-mocking eyes on her companion.

"I don't know — perhaps — about girls like you," said Catherine, smiling and shyly touching the hand on her knee. "But I live half my life — with girls."

"Oh — poor girls? Girls in factories — girls that wear fringes, and sham pearl beads, and six ostrich feathers in their hats on Sundays? No, I don't think I'm like them. If I were they, I shouldn't care about feathers or the sham pearls; I should be more likely to try and steal some real ones! No, but I mean really girls like me — rich girls — though, of course, I'm not rich, but you understand. Do you know any girls who gamble, and paint,— their faces, I mean,— and let men lend them money and pay for their dresses?"

Hester sat up defiantly, looking at her companion.

"No, I don't know any of that kind," said Catherine quietly. "I'm old-fashioned, you see — they wouldn't want to know me."

Hester's mouth twitched.

"Well, I'm not that kind, exactly! I don't paint because — well, I suppose I needn't! And I don't play for money because I've nobody to play with. As for letting men lend you money ——"

"That you would never disgrace yourself by doing!" said Catherine sharply.

Hester's look was enigmatic.

"Well, I never did it. But I knew a girl in London — very pretty, and as mad as you like. She had no mother, and her father didn't care twopence about her. She got into debt, and a horrid old man offered to lend her a couple of hundred pounds if she'd give him a kiss. She said no. And then she told a young uncle of hers who was supposed to look after her. And what do you suppose he said?"

Catherine was silent.

"'Well, you *are* a little fool!' That was all she got for her pains. Men are villains — *I* think! But they're exciting!" And Hester clasped her hands behind her head and looked at the ceiling, smiling to herself, while the dressing-gown sleeves fell back from her rounded arms.

Catherine frowned. She suddenly rose and, kneeling down by Hester's chair, she took the girl in her arms.

"Hester, dear! — if you want a friend — whenever you want a friend — come to me! If you are ever in trouble, send for me. I would always come — always!"

She felt the flutter of the girl's heart as she enfolded her. Then Hester lightly freed herself, though her voice shook.

"You're the kindest person, Mrs. Elsmere. You're awfully, awfully kind. But I'm going to have a jolly good time in Paris. I shall read all kinds of things — I shall go to the theatre — I shall enjoy myself famously."

"And you'll have Aunt Alice all to yourself."

Hester was silent. The lovely corners of her mouth stiffened.

"You must be very good to her, Hester," said Catherine, with entreaty in her voice. "She's not well — and very tired."

"Why doesn't she *trust* me?" said Hester, almost between her teeth.

"What do you mean?"

After a hesitating pause, the girl broke out with the story of the miniature.

"How can I love her when she won't trust me!" she cried again, with stormy breath.

Catherine's heart melted within her.

"But you *must* love her, Hester! Why, she has watched over you all your life. Can't you see — that she's had trouble — and she's not strong!"

And she looked down with emotion on the girl thus blindly marching to a veiled future — unable, by no fault of her own, to distinguish her lovers from her foes. Had a lie ever yet in human history justified itself? So this pure moralist! — to whom morals had come silently, easily, irresistibly, as the sun slips into the sky.

"Oh, I'll look after her," said Hester shortly. "Why, of course I will. I'm very glad she's going to Paris — it'll be good for her. And as for you," — she bent forward like a queen and lightly kissed Catherine on the cheek,— "I dare say I'll remember what you've said — you're a great, great dear! It was luck for Mary to have got you for a mother. But I'm all right — I'm all right!"

When the Elsmeres were gone, Hester still sat on alone in the drawing-room. The lamp had burnt dim, and the little room was cold.

Presently she slipped her hand into the white bodice she wore. A letter lay there, and her fingers caressed it. "I don't know whether I love him or not — perhaps I do and perhaps I don't. I don't know whether I believe Uncle Richard — or this letter. But — I'm going to find out! — I'm not going to be stopped from finding out."

And, as she lay there, she was conscious of bonds she was half determined to escape, half willing to bear — of a fluttering excitement and dread. Step by step, and with a childish bravado, she had come within the influences of sex, and her fate was upon her.

XVIII

MEANWHILE, amid this sensitive intermingling of the thoughts and feelings of women there arose the sudden tumult and scandal of the new elements that had arisen in what was already known to the religious world throughout England as the "Meynell case." During November and December that case came to include two wholly different things: the ecclesiastical suit in the Court of Arches, which, owing to a series of delays and to the illness of the Dean of the Court, was not to be heard, in all probability, before January; and the personal charges brought against the incumbent of Upcote Minor.

These fresh charges were formally launched by Henry Barron — the chief promoter also, as we know, of the ecclesiastical suit — in a letter written by him to Bishop Craye on the very night when Alice Puttenham revealed her secret to Catherine Elsmere. But, before we trace the effect of the letter, let us look for a moment at the general position of the Movement when this second phase of Meynell's connection with it began.

At that time the pending suits against the Modernist leaders — for there were now five instituted by different bishops, as test cases, in different parts of England — were already the subject of the keenest expectation and debate, not only in Church circles, but amid sections of the nation which generally trouble themselves very little about clerical or religious disputes. New births of time were felt to be involved in the legal struggle; passionate hopes and equally passionate fears hung upon it. There were old men in quiet country parsonages who, when they read the *Modernist* and followed the accounts of the Movement, were inclined to say to themselves, with secret joy and humility, that other men were entering into their labours and the fields were at last whitening to harvest; while others, like Newman of old, had "fierce thoughts towards the Liberals," talked of Meynell and the whole band of Modernist clergy as traitors with whom no parley could be kept, and were ready to break up the Church at twenty-four hours' notice rather than sit down at the same table of the Lord with heretics and Socinians.

Between these two groups of men, each equally confident and clear, though by no means equally talkative, there was a middle region that contained many anxious minds and some of the wisest heads in England. If, at the time of Norham's visit to Maudeley, Bishop Craye of Markborough, and many other bishops with him, were still certain that the Movement would be promptly and easily put down, so far at least as its organic effect on the Church of England was concerned, yet, as November and December wore on, anxieties deepened and confidence began to waver. The passion of the Movement was beginning to run through England, as it seemed to many, like the flame of an explosion through a dusty mine. What amazed and terrified the bishops was the revelation of pent-up energies, rebellions, ideals, not only among their own flocks, but in quarters and among men and women hitherto ruled out of religious affairs by general consent. They pondered the crowds that had begun to throng the Modernist churches, the extraordinary growth of the Modernist press, and the figures reported day by day as to the petition to be presented to Parliament in February. There was no orthodox person in authority who was not still determined on an unconditional victory; but it was admitted that the skies were darkening.

The effect of the Movement on the Dissenters — on that half of religious England that stands outside the national Church, where "grace" takes the place of authority and bishops are held to be superfluities incompatible with the pure milk of the Word — was in many respects remarkable. The majority of the Wesleyan Methodists had thrown themselves strongly on the side of the orthodox party in the Church; but among the Congregationalists and Presbyterians there was visible a great ferment of opinion and a great cleavage of sympathy; while among the Primitive Methodists, a body founded on the straitest tenets of Bible worship, yet interwoven none the less with the working-class life of England and Wales, and bringing day by day the majesty and power of religion to bear upon the acts and consciences of plain, poor, struggling men, there was visible a strong and definite current of acquiescence in Modernist ideas that was inexplicable until one came to know that among Meynell's friends at Upcote there were two or three Primitive local preachers

who had caught fire from him and who were now active members of his Church Council and ardent though persecuted missionaries to their own body.

Meanwhile, the Unitarians — small and gallant band! — were like persons standing on tiptoe before an opening glory. In their isolated and often mistaken struggle, they had felt themselves for generations stricken with chill and barrenness. Their blood now began to feel the glow of new kinships, the passion of large horizons. So, along the banks of some slender and much-hindered stream, there come blown from the nearing sea prophetic scents and murmurs, and one may dream that the pent water knows at last the whence and whither of its life.

But the strongest spectacle of all, perhaps, was presented by the orthodox camp. For in proportion as the Modernist attack developed was the revival of faith among those hostile to it or unready for it. For the first time in their lives, religion became interesting — thrilling, even — to thousands of persons for whom it had long lost all real savour. Fierce question and answer, the hot cut and thrust of argument, the passion of honest fight on equal terms — without these things, surely, there has been no religious epoch, of any importance, in man's history. English orthodoxy was at last vitally attacked, and it began to show a new life and express itself in a new language. There were times when men on all sides felt that stretching and straining of faculty which ushers in the days of spiritual or poetic creation — times when the most confident Modernist of them all knew well that he, no more than any one else, could make any guess worth having as to the ultimate future.

Of all this rapid and amazing development the personality and the writings of Richard Meynell had in a few months become the chief popular symbol. There were some who thought that he was likely to take much the same place in the Modernist Movement of the twentieth century as Newman had taken in the Oxford Movement of the nineteenth; and men were beginning to look for the weekly article in the *Modernist* with the same emotion of passionate hero-worship on the one hand, and of angry repulsion on the other, with which the Oxford of the '30's had been wont to look for each succeeding "Tract" or for Newman's weekly sermon at St. Mary's. To Newman's high subtleties of brain, to Newman's magic of style, Richard Meynell could not pretend. But he had two advantages over the great leader of the past: he was the disciple of a new learning that was inaccessible to Newman; and he was on fire with social compassions and enthusiasms to which Newman, the great Newman, was always pathetically a stranger. In these two respects Meynell was the representative of his own generation, while the influences flowing from his personal character and life were such that thousands who had never seen him loved and trusted him wholly. Men who had again and again watched great causes break down for want of the incommunicable something that humanity exacts from its leaders, felt with a quiet and confident gladness that in Meynell they had got the man they wanted, the efficacious, indispensable man.

And now, suddenly, incredible things began to be said. It was actually maintained that the leader around whom such feelings had gathered had been, since his ordination, the betrayer of a young and innocent girl belonging to a well-known family; that, although it had been in his power for twenty years to marry the lady whom he had wronged, he had never attempted to do so, but had rather, during all that time, actively connived at the fraud by which his illegitimate child had passed as the daughter of Sir Ralph Fox-Wilson; while over the whole period he had kept up relations — and who knew of what character? — with the child's mother, an inhabitant of the very village where he himself was Rector.

Presently it was added that Mr. Henry Barron, of Upcote, one of the prosecutors in the ecclesiastical suit, had obtained unexpected and startling confirmation of these extraordinary facts from the confession of a woman who had been present at the birth of the child, and had identified the Rector of Upcote as the father. Then, very soon, paragraphs of a veiled sort began to appear in some of the less responsible newspapers. The circulation of the anonymous letters began to be known. And the reader of a Modernist essay at an Oxford meeting caused universal consternation by telling an indiscreet friend, who presently spread it abroad, that Barron had already written to the Bishop of Markborough, placing in his hands all the facts relating to "this most lamentable business."

At first Meynell's friends throughout the country regarded these rumours as a mere device of the evil one. Similar things, they said, and with truth, are constantly charged against heretics who can not be put down. Slander is the first weapon of religious hatred. Meynell, they triumphantly answered, would put the anonymous letters in the hands of the police and proceed against Henry Barron. And they who had taken up such a weapon should themselves but perish by it the sooner.

But the weeks passed on. Not only were no proceedings taken or, apparently, in prospect by Meynell against his accusers; not only did the anonymous letters reappear from time to time,

untracked and unpunished: but reports of a meeting held at Upcote itself began to spread, a meeting where Meynell had been definitely and publicly challenged by Barron to take action for the vindication of his character, and had definitely and publicly refused.

The world of a narrow and embittered orthodoxy began to breathe again, and there was black depression in the Modernist camp.

Let, us, however, go back a little.

Barron's letter to the Bishop was the first shot in the attack. It consisted of six or seven closely written sheets, and it reached the Bishop at breakfast just after he had concluded a hot political argument with his little granddaughter Barbara.

"All Tories are wicked," said Barbara, who had a Radical father, "except Grandpapa; and he, Mummy says, is weally a Riberal." With which she had leaped into the arms of her nurse and was carried off gurgling, while the Bishop threatened her from afar.

Then, with a sigh of impatience as he recognised the signature on the envelope, he resigned himself to Barron's letter. When he had done it, sitting by the table in his library, he threw it from him with indignation, called for his coat, and hurried across his garden to the Cathedral for matins. After service, as with a troubled countenance he was emerging from the transept door, he saw Dornal in the close, and beckoned to him.

"Come into the library for ten minutes. I very much want to speak to you."

The Bishop led the way, and as soon as the door was shut he turned eagerly on his companion.

"Do you know anything of these abominable stories that are being spread about Richard Meynell?"

Dornal looked at him sadly.

"They are all over Markborough, and there is actually a copy of one of the anonymous letters — with dashes for the names — in the *Post* to-day!"

"I never hear these things!" said the Bishop, with an impatience which was meant half for a scandal-mongery world and half for himself. "But Barron has written me a perfectly incredible letter to-day. He seems to be the head and front of the whole thing. I don't like Barron, and I don't like his letters!"

And, throwing one slender leg over the other, while the tips of his long fingers met in a characteristic gesture, the little Bishop stared into the fire before him with an expression of mingled trouble and disgust.

Dornal, clearly, was no less unhappy. Drawing his chair close to the Bishop's, he described the manner in which the story had reached himself. When he came to the curious facts concerning the diffusion and variety of the anonymous letters, the Bishop interrupted him:

"And Barron tells me he knows nothing of these letters!"

"So I hear also."

"But, my dear Dornal, if he doesn't, it makes the thing inexplicable! Here we have a woman who comes home dying, and sees one person only,— Richard Barron,— to whom she tells her story ——"

The Bishop went through the points of Barron's narrative, and concluded:

"Then, on the top of this, after her death — her son denying all knowledge of his mother's history — comes this crop of extraordinary letters, showing, you tell me, an intimate acquaintance with the neighbourhood and the parties concerned. And yet Barron — the only person Mrs. Sabin saw — knows nothing of them! They are a mystery to him. But, my dear Dornal, how *can* they be?" The Bishop faced around with energy on his companion. "He must at least have talked incautiously before some one!"

Dornal agreed, but could put forward no suggestion of his own. He sat drooping by the Bishop's fire, his aspect expressing the deep distress he did not shape in words. That very distress, however, was what made his company so congenial to the Bishop, who felt a warmer affection for Dornal than for any other member of his chapter.

The Bishop resumed:

"As you see, I have not had a word from Meynell himself." Then he sighed. "I suppose he regards our old confidential relation as broken off. To me, until the law has spoken, he is always one of my clergy,"— the Bishop's voice showed emotion,— "and he would get my fatherly help just as freely as ever, if he chose to ask for it. But I don't know whether to send for him. The fact is, one feels the whole thing an outrage!"

Dornal looked up.

"That's the word!" he said gratefully. Then he added, hesitating: "I ought, perhaps, to tell you that I have written to Meynell — I wrote when the first report of the thing reached me. And I am sure that he can have no possible objection to my showing you his reply." He put his hand into his pocket.

"By all means, my dear Dornal!" cried the Bishop, with a brightening countenance. "We are both his friends, in spite of all that has happened and may happen. By all means show me the letter."

Dornal handed it over. It ran as follows:

My dear Dornal:

It was like you to write to me, and with such kindness and delicacy. But even to you I can only say what I say to other questioners of a very different sort. The story to which you refer is untrue. But, owing to peculiar circumstances, it is impossible for me to defend myself in the ordinary way, and my lips are sealed with regard to it. I stand upon my character as known to my neighbours and the diocese for nearly twenty years. If that is not enough, I can not help it.

Thank you always for the goodness and gentleness of your letter. I wish with all my heart I could give you more satisfaction.

The two men looked at each other, the same conjectures passing through both minds.

"I hear the Fox-Wilsons and Miss Puttenham have all gone abroad," said the Bishop thoughtfully. "Poor things! I begin to see a glimmer. It seems to me that Meynell has been the repository of some story he feels he can not honourably divulge. And then, you tell me, the letters show the handiwork of some one intimately acquainted with the local circumstances, who seems to have watched Meynell's daily life. It is, of course, possible that he may have been imprudent with regard to this poor lady. Let us assume that he knew her story and advised her. He may not have been sufficiently careful. Further, there is that striking and unfortunate likeness, of which Barron, of course, makes the most. I noticed it myself, on an evening when I happened, at Maudeley, to see that handsome girl and Meynell in the same room. It is difficult to say in what it consists, but it must occur to many people who see them together."

There was silence a moment. Then Dornal said:

"How will it all affect the trial?"

"In the Court of Arches? Technically, of course, not at all. But it will make all the difference to the atmosphere in which it is conducted. One can imagine how certain persons are already gloating over it — what use they will make of it — how they will magnify and embroider everything. It is the degradation of a great issue!"

The little Bishop frowned. As he sat there in the dignity of his great library, so scrupulously refined and correct in every detail of dress, yet without a touch of foppery, the gleam of the cross on his breast answering the silver of the hair and the frank purity of the eyes, it was evident that he felt a passionate impatience — half moral, half aesthetic — towards these new elements of the Meynell case. It was the fastidious impatience of a man for whom personal gossip and scandal ranked among the defiling indulgences of life. "Things, not persons!" had been the time-honoured rule for conversation in the Palace — persons, that is, of the present day. In those persons who had already passed into biography and history the Bishop's interest was boundless. All this tended to make him a little super- or infra-human; but it enhanced the fragrance and delicacy of his personality.

Dornal was no less free from any stain of mean or scandalous gossip than the Bishop; but his knowledge of the human heart was far deeper, his sympathy far more intimate. It was not only that he scorned the slander, but, hour by hour, he seemed to walk in the same cloud with Meynell.

After some further discussion, the Bishop took up Barron's letter again. "I see there is likely to be a most painful scene at the Church Council meeting — which, of course, will be one of their campaign meetings — the day after to-morrow. Barron declares that he means to challenge Meynell publicly to vindicate his character. Can I do anything?"

Dornal did not see that anything could be done.

"It is a miserable, miserable business!" said the Bishop unhappily. "How can I get a report of the meeting — from some one else than Barron?"

"Mr. Flaxman is sure to be there?"

"Ah! — get him to write to me!"

"And you, my lord — will send for Meynell?"

"I think," said the Bishop, not without soreness, "that, as he has neither written to me nor consulted me, I will wait a little. We must watch — we must watch. Meanwhile, my dear fellow!" — he laid his hand on Dornal's shoulder,— "let us think how to stop the talk! It will defile everything. Those who are fighting with us must understand there are weapons we can not stoop to use!"

As Dornal left the Palace, on his way past the Cathedral he met young Fenton, the High-Churchman who some months earlier had refused to recognise Meynell after the first Modernist meeting in Markborough. Fenton was walking slowly and reading the local newspaper — the same that contained the anonymous letter. His thin, finely modelled face, which in a few years would resemble the Houdon statue of St. Bruno, expressed an eager excitement that was not unlike jubilation. Dornal was virtually certain that he was reading the paragraph that concerned Meynell, and certain also that it gave him pleasure. He hurriedly passed over to the other side of the street, that Fenton might not accost him.

Afterwards he spent the evening partly in writing urgently in Meynell's defence to certain of his own personal friends in the diocese, and

partly in composing an anti-Modernist address, full of a sincere and earnest eloquence, to be delivered the following week at a meeting of the Church party in Cambridge.

The meeting of the Church Council of Upcote was held in the Church House of the village a few days after the conversation between the Bishop and Dornal. It was an evening long remembered by those who shared in it. The figure of Meynell, instinct with a kind of fierce patience; the face rugged as ever, but paler and tenderer in repose, as of one who, mystically sustained, had been passing through deep waters; his speech, sternly repressed, and yet, for the understanding ear, enriched by new tones and shades of feeling — on those who believed in him the effect of these slight but significant changes in the man they loved was electrical.

And three fourths of those present believed in him, loved him, and were hotly indignant at the scandals that had arisen. They were, some of them, the élite of the mining population, men whom he had known and taught from childhood; there were foremen and sub-inspectors; there was a miner's agent, who was also one of the well-known local preachers of the district; there were half a dozen women,— the schoolmistress, the wife of the manager of the coöperative store, and three or four wives of colliers,— women to whom other women in childbirth, or the girl who had gone astray, or the motherless child might appeal without rebuff, who were, in fact, the Rector's agents in any humanising effort.

All these persons had come to the meeting eagerly expecting to hear from the Rector's own lips the steps he proposed to take for the putting down of the slanders circulating in the diocese, and the punishment of their authors. In the rear of the Council — who had been themselves elected by the whole parish — there were two or three rows of seats occupied by other inhabitants of the village who made an audience. In front sat the strange spinster, Miss Nairn, a gaunt and thread-paperish woman of fifty, in rusty black clothes, holding her head high; not far from her the ex-publican who had been Maurice Barron's companion on a certain walk some days before. There, too, were Hugh and Rose Flaxman. And, just as the proceedings were about to begin, Henry Barron opened the heavy door, hat in hand, came in with a firm step, and took a seat at the back, while a thrill of excitement went through the room.

It was an ancient room, near the church, and, like it, built of red sandstone. It had once been the tiny grammar school of the village. Meynell had restored and adapted it, keeping still its old features — the low ceiling heavily beamed with oak, and the rows of desks inscribed with the scholars' names of three centuries. Against the background of its white walls he stood, thrown out in strong relief by the oil lamp on the table in front of him, his eyes travelling over the rows of familiar faces.

He spoke first of the new liturgy, of which copies had been placed on the seats. He reminded them that they were all — or nearly all — comrades with him in the great Modernist venture; they had given him the help of their approval and support at every step, and were now rebels with him against the authorities of the day. He spoke of his approaching trial, and of the probability — nay, the certainty — of his deprivation. He asked them to be steadfast with him. And then he spoke of the amazing spread of the Movement, of the immense responsibility resting upon its first leader and disciples, of the Spirit of God with them, and the need for gentleness and charity. The room was hushed in silence.

Next he proceeded to put the adoption of the new liturgy to the vote. Suddenly Barron rose from his seat at the back. Meynell also rose. The audience looked in suppressed excitement from one to the other.

"I regret," said the Rector courteously, "that we can not hear Mr. Barron at this moment. He is not a member of the Church Council. When the proceedings of the Council are over, this will become an open meeting, and Mr. Barron will then, of course, say what he wishes to say."

Barron hesitated a moment, then sat down.

The revised liturgy was adopted by twenty-eight votes to two. One of the two dissentients was Dawes, the colliery manager, a sincere and consistent evangelical of the Simeon School, who made a short speech in support of his vote, dwelling, in a voice that shook, on the troubles coming on the parish.

"We may get another rector," he said, as he sat down. "We shall never get another Richard Meynell."

A deep murmur of acquiescence ran through the room.

Meynell rose again from his seat.

"Our business is over. We now become an open meeting. Mr. Barron, I believe, wishes to speak."

The room was now densely crowded, and every face turned towards the tall and portly form that rose from the back. In the flickering lamplight it could be seen that the face, usually so ruddy and full, was blanched by determination and passion.

"My friends," said Barron, "it is with sorrow and grief that I rise to say the few words that I

intend to say. You have just been led — misled — into an act of heresy and rebellion by the man who should be your pastor in the faith, who is responsible to God for your souls. *Why* have you been misled? *Why* do you follow him?"

He flung out his hand towards Meynell.

"Because you admire and respect him — because you believe him a *good* man — a man of honest and pure life. And I tell you — or, rather, remind you, for, indeed, you all know it — that your Rector lies at this moment under a painful and disgraceful charge; that this charge has been circulated — in a discreditable way, a way for which I have no defence and of which I know nothing — throughout this diocese, and indeed throughout England; that your fair fame as well as his are concerned; and nevertheless he refuses to take the only steps that can clear his character and repay you for the devotion you have shown him! I call upon you, sir!" — the speaker bent forward, pointing impressively to the chairman of the meeting and emphasising every word,— "to take those steps at once! They are open to you at any moment. Take them against myself; I have given, I will give you, every opportunity. But, until that is done, do not continue, in the face of the congregation you have deceived and led astray, to assume the tone of hypocritical authority in which you have just spoken! You have no moral right to any authority among us; you never had any such right; and, in Christian eyes, your infidel teaching has led to its natural results. At any rate, I trust that now, at last, even these your friends and dupes will see the absolute necessity, before many days are over, of either *forcing* you to resign your living — or *forcing* you to take the only means open to honest men of protecting their character!"

He resumed his seat. The audience sat petrified a moment. Then Hugh Flaxman sprang to his feet, and two or three others, the local preacher among them. But Meynell had also risen.

"Please, Mr. Flaxman — my friends!"

He waved a quiet hand towards those who had risen, and they unwillingly gave way. Then the Rector looked round the room for a few silent instants. He was very pale, but when he spoke it was with complete composure.

"I expected something of this kind to happen — and, whether it had happened or no, I should have spoken to you on this matter before we separated. I know — you all know — to what Mr. Barron refers — that he is speaking of the anonymous letters concerning myself and others which have been circulated in this neighbourhood. He calls upon me, I understand, to take legal action with regard both to them and to the reports that he has himself circulated by word of mouth. Now I want you plainly to understand" — he bent forward, his hands on the table before him, each word clear and resonant — "that I shall take no such action! My reasons I shall not give you. I stand upon my life among you and my character among you all these years. This only I will say to you, my friends and my parishioners. The abominable story told in these letters — the story that Mr. Barron believes, or tries to make himself believe — is untrue. But I will say no more than that — to you or any one else. And if you are to make legal action on my part a test of whether you will continue to follow me religiously — to accept me as your leader — or no, then, my friends, we must part! You must go your way and I must go mine. There will still be work for me to do. And God knows our hearts — yours and mine."

He paused, looking intently into the lines of blanched faces before him. Then he added:

"You may wish to discuss this matter. I recognise it is natural you should wish to discuss it. But I shall not discuss it with you; I shall withdraw. Mr. Dawes, will you take the chair?"

He quietly beckoned to the colliery manager, who automatically obeyed him. The room broke into a hubbub, men and women pressing around Meynell as he made his way to the door. But he put them aside, gently and cheerfully.

"Decide it for yourselves!" he said, with his familiar smile. "It is your right."

And in another moment the door had opened and shut, and he was gone.

He had no sooner disappeared than a tumultuous scene developed in the church room.

Beswick, the sub-agent and local preacher, a sandy-haired, spectacled, and powerfully built man, sprang to the platform, to the right hand of Dawes, and at last secured silence by a passionate speech in defence of Meynell and in denunciation of the men who, in order to ruin him ecclesiastically, were spreading these vile tales about him and "a poor lady that has done many a good turn to the folk of this village, and nothing said about it, too!"

"Don't you, sir," he said, addressing Barron with a threatening finger — "don't you come here, telling us what to think about the man we've known for twenty years in this parish! The people that don't know Richard Meynell may believe these things if they please — it'll be the worse for them! But we've seen this man comforting and uplifting our old people in their

last hours; we've seen him teaching our children — and givin' just a kind, funny word now and again to keep a boy or a girl straight. Aye, an' he did it, too — they knew he had his eye on 'em. We've seen him go down these pits, when only jest a handful would risk their lives with him, to help them as was perhaps past hope; we've seen him skin himself to the bone, that other men might have plenty; we've heard him Sunday after Sunday. We *know* him!" The speaker brought one massive hand down on the other, with an emphasis that shook the room. "Don't you go talking to us. If Richard Meynell won't go to law with you and the likes of you, sir, he's got his reasons — and good ones, I'll be bound. And don't you, my friends,"— he turned to the room,— "don't you be turned back from this furrow you've begun to plough. You stick to your man! If you don't, you're fools — aye, and ungrateful fools, too! You know Albert Beswick isn't a parson's man! You know that I don't hold with Mr. Meynell in many of his views. There's his view about 'election' and the like o' that — quite wrong, in my 'umble opinion. But what does that matter? You know that I never set foot in Upcote Church till three years ago — that bishops and ceremonies are nothing to me — that I came to God, as many of you did, by the Bible class and the penitent form. But I declare to you that Richard Meynell and the men with him are out for a big thing! They're out for breaking down barriers and letting in light; they're out for bringing Christian men together and letting them worship freely in the old churches that our fathers built; they're out for giving men and women new thoughts about God and Christ, and for letting them put them into new words if they want to. Well, it's a *big thing!* And Satan's out, too, for stopping it! Don't you make any mistake about it! This bad business — of the libels that are about — is one of the obstacles in our race. Now I put it to you — let us clear it this very night, as far as we're concerned! Let us send the Rector such a vote of confidence from this meeting as'll show him just enough where he stands in Upcote — aye, and show others, too! And as for these vile letters that are going round — I'd give my right hand to know the man who wrote them! — and the story that you, sir,"— he pointed again to Barron,— "say you took from poor Judith Sabin when her mind was clouded and she near her end — why, it's base minds that harbour base thoughts about their betters. He shall be no friend of mine — that I know! — that spreads these tales. Friends and neighbours, let us keep our tongues from them — and our children's tongues! Let us show that we can trust a man that deserves our trust. Let us stand by a good man that's stood by us. Let us pray God to show the right!"

The greater part of the audience, sincerely moved, rose to their feet and cheered. Barron endeavoured to reply, but was scarcely listened to. The ex-publican sat twirling his hat in his hands, sarcastic smiles going out and in upon his fat cheeks, his furtive eyes every now and then consulting the tall spinster who sat beside him, grimly immovable, her spectacled eyes fixed apparently on the lamp above the platform. Flaxman wished to speak, but was deterred by the reflection that as a newcomer in the district he had scarcely a valid right to interfere. He and Rose stayed till the vote of confidence had been passed by a large majority,— though not so large as that which had accepted the new liturgy,— after which they drove home, rather depressed and ill at ease. The plague of anonymous letters was rather increasing than abating. Flaxman had had news that day of the arrival of two more among their own country-house acquaintance of the neighbourhood; and he intended to go to London on the morrow to consult his own solicitors as to the best means of tracking the writer.

Meynell received the vote of confidence very calmly, and wrote a short note of thanks to Beswick. Then, for a week or two, while the discussion of his case in its various aspects, old and new, ran raging through England, he went about his work as usual, though the earth he trod seemed to him very often a strange one. He prepared his defence for the Court of Arches; he wrote for the *Modernist;* and he gave as much mind as he could possibly spare to the unravelling of Philip Meryon's history. For this matter, however, he made but very slow and disappointing progress. He became more and more convinced, and his solicitor with him, that there had been a Scotch marriage some eighteen months before this date between Meryon and the sister of a farmer in the Lothians, with whom he had come in contact during a fishing tenancy. But what appeared in the course of investigation was that the woman concerned and all her kindred were now just as anxious — aided by the ambiguities of the Scotch marriage law — to cover up and conceal the affair as was Meryon himself. She could not be got to put forward any claim; her family would say nothing; and the few witnesses hitherto available were tending to disappear. No doubt Philip was at work corrupting them; and the supposed wife was evidently quite willing, if not eager, to abet him.

Still Meynell persevered; and meanwhile he heard every week from Alice Puttenham.

Hester seemed to be in love with Paris, was taking lessons in dancing and elocution, and turning the heads of her teachers. The family who had taken her in were doing their best; but there was no doubt that her provocative beauty and reckless ways made her an anxious charge to a quiet household. Alice wrote with passionate yet always disappointed affection; it was evident that, as far as she was concerned, Hester took all and gave almost nothing.

But of Philip Meryon there were apparently no signs. And of the situation at Upcote — the letters, the tales in circulation — Hester clearly knew nothing. So far, so good. They might save the child yet.

One night in December Meynell came in late from a carpentering class of village boys. The usual pile of letters and books awaited him, among them one letter the sight of which sent a thrill through his tired nerves. He took it up, kissed it, and read it. The littered room melted from his sight. The fells rose about him, touched with snow; a stream rushed foaming through a winding dale; and beside it walked Mary, her eyes shining into his. He read it twice; smoked a pipe over it by the fire, among his dogs; and read it again.

Then reluctantly he began upon the unopened letters beside him. And as he read them and put them aside, one by one, his face steadily changed and darkened. He recalled a saying of Amiel's about the French word *considération* — what it means to a man to have enjoyed unvarying and increasing *considération* from his world, and then, suddenly, to lose it. Life and consciousness drop, all in a moment, to a lower and a meaner plane.

Finally he lit on a letter from one of his colleagues on the Central Modernist Committee. For some months it had been a settled thing that Meynell should preach the sermon in Dunchester Cathedral on the great occasion in January when the new liturgy of the Reform was to be inaugurated with all possible solemnity in one of England's most famous churches.

His correspondent wrote to suggest that, after all, the sermon would be more fitly entrusted to the Modernist Bishop of Dunchester himself. "He has worked hard and risked much for us. I may say that some inquiry has been made, and we find he is willing."

No apology — and very little explanation. Meynell understood.

He put the letter away, conscious of a keenly smarting mind. Catherine Elsmere's advice — to go to the Bishop — recurred to him, as it constantly did; and there was a certain perplexity in his thoughts — humiliation, too. He had counted on the power of his mere word, backed by his character and reputation, to put the thing down; and they did not seem to be strong enough. No doubt many friends had rallied warmly round him; but the activity of Barron and his supporters was immense, and seemed to be increasing. A proud and sensitive man forced himself to envisage the possibility of an eventual overthrow.

He opened a drawer in order to put away the letter. The drawer was very full, and, in the difficulty of getting it out, he pulled it too far and its contents fell to the floor. He stooped to pick them up — perceived, first, the anonymous letter that Barron had handed to him, the letter addressed to Dawes; and then, beneath it, a long envelope deep in dust, labelled, "M. B.— Keep for three years." He took up both letter and envelope with no distinct intention. But he opened the anonymous letter, and once more looked searchingly at the handwriting.

Suddenly an idea struck him. With a hasty movement, he lifted the long envelope and broke the seal. Inside was a document headed "A Confession." And at the foot of it appeared a signature — "Maurice Barron."

Meynell put the two things together — the "Confession" and the anonymous letter. Of course! — there could be no question about it.

The handwriting of the anonymous letter was disguised; but certain characters, certain strokes, certain words here and there, were unmistakable. He now understood the vague recollection that had disturbed him when he first saw the letter.

He stood motionless a little, expressions chasing one another across his face. Then he locked up both letters, reached a hand for his pipe, called a good night to Ann, who was going upstairs to bed, and, with his dogs about him, fell into a long meditation, while the night wore on.

TO BE CONTINUED

A CITY AFTERNOON

BY

EDITH WYATT

GREEN afternoon serene and bright, along my street you sail away
Sun-dappled like a ship of light that glints upon a rippled bay.
Afar, freight-engines call and toll; the sprays flash on the fragrant grass;
The children and the nurses stroll; the charging motors plunge and pass.
Invisibly the shadows grow, empurpling in a rising tide
The walks where light-gowned women go, white curb, gray asphalt iris-dyed.
A jolting trolley shrills afar; nasturtiums blow, and ivy vines;
Wet scents of turf and black-smoothed tar float down the roof-trees' vergent lines.
Where will you go, my afternoon, that glints so still and swift away,
Blue-shaded like a ship of light bound outward from a wimpled bay?
Oh—thrilling, pulsing, dark and bright, shall you, your work, your pain, your mirth,
Fly into the immortal night and silence of our mother earth?
She bore all Eden's green and dew, and Persia's scented wine and rose,
And, flowering white against the blue, acanthus leaf and marbled pose.
And deep the Maenad's choric dance, Crusader's cross, and heathen crest
Lie sunk with rose and song and lance all veiled and vanished in her breast.

And all those afternoons once danced and sparkled in the sapphire light
And iris shade as you have glanced, green afternoon, in vibrant flight.
As, down dim vistas echoing, dead afternoons entreat our days,
What breath of beauty will you sing to souls unseen and unknown ways?
How close and how unanswering, green afternoon, you pulse away,
So little and so great a thing—deep towards the bourne of every day.